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A MONTHLY REVIEW

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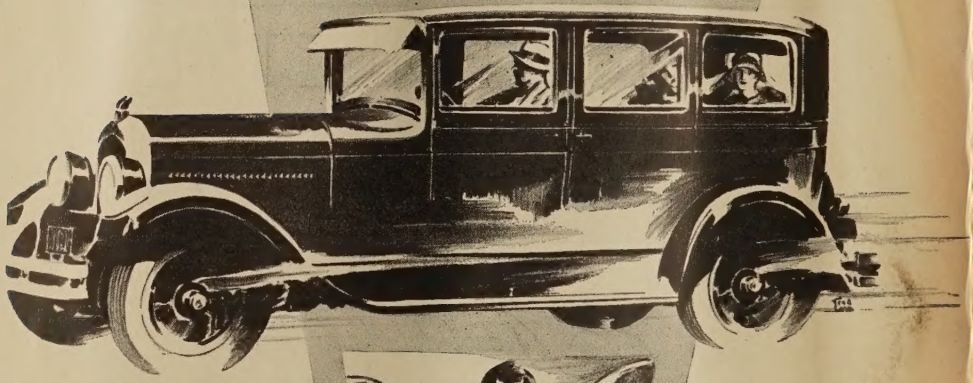

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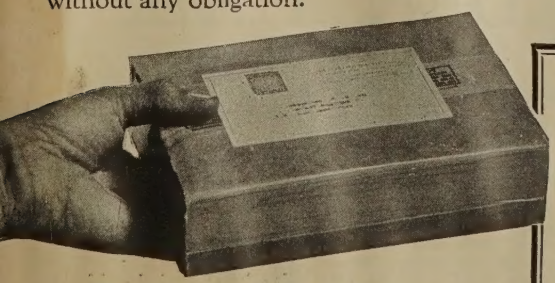

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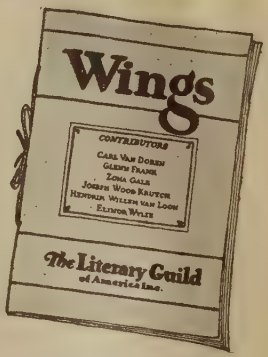

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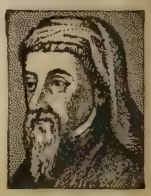

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573. Barnes Djuna. The BOOK of REPULSIVE WOMEN with 5 full page plates by "the Beardsley of America" 12mo orig wraps, N. Y. 1915. 2.00

204. CLARA TICE ILLUSTRATIONS.—ETERNAL MOMENTS, one of 1000 copies signed by author 12mo pict covers N. Y. 1921 14 of Clara Tice's cleverest nudes of her earliest (and sadly must it be recorded) best period. Scarce 3.75

601. TICE, CLARA. FIRST EXHIBIT OF DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS including a set of illustrations of the ARABIAN NIGHTS, with six plates on Japan Paper with preface and annotations etc etc, one of 50 copies sm 12mo orig pict wraps red silk cord, N. Y. 1915 7.50

90. CURIOUS OF THE REPRESENTATION OF CONJUGAL LOVE BY MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS. Emanuel Swedenborg's Posthumous Tract concerning Marriage From his manuscript in the Royal Academy of Stockholm for the first time translated from the Latin. 8vo orig wraps N. Y. 1865 17.50

372. BIERCE, AMBROSE. Twenty One Letters by, one of 950 copies privately printed in Cleveland 1922 12mo orig boards. A fine sidelight upon Bierce's mellowed character in his last year among the living. 2.00

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I Scoffed

at this new way to learn French

—*until I found it was easy as A-B-C*

WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques ault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. controlled a large part of my com- ny's foreign business. The vice-presi- nt of my firm asked me if I would mind ertaining Lebault.

While escorting the Frenchman to my ne, I discovered to my horror that he oke only a few words of English. My art sank. How could we carry on a nversation? I knew only a little French t I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But ery minute the conversation grew more ained—more halting. When I thought my wife who was waiting at home to et us, I grew panic-stricken. She had ver spoken a word of French in her life! hat would she do?

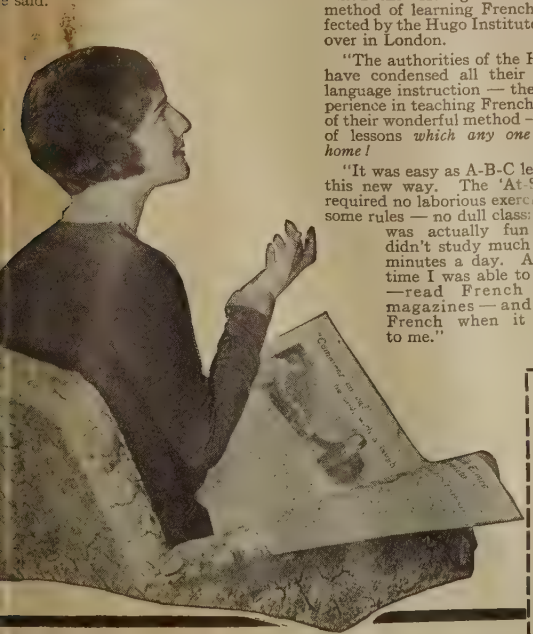
"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful eting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. e Frenchman bowed low and kissed r wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de re votre connaissance!"

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! My wife swered Monsieur Lebault *in French!* "Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," e said.



To my further amazement, my wife *continued to talk French* with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away — gaily — easily — as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

When he departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly to my wife when we were alone. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French?"

Jane laughed. "Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked — "that advertisement for a new kind of French course? Do you remember how you scoffed at it? —how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?"

I nodded.

"Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
FOR SEPTEMBER

(Out August 25th)

In this issue (barring acts of God and the public enemy) there will be, among other things, the following:

MAD MOVIE MONEY *By Welford Beaton*

Mr. Beaton, who is editor of the *Film Spectator*, here tells the story of the grotesque and almost incredible extravagance that goes on at Hollywood—not among the actors, but among the master-minds of the screen. No one knows the movies and their imbecilities better than he does.

ADVOCATUS DIABOLI *By Adolph E. Meyer*

The tale here is of Brann the Iconoclast. He threatens to be forgotten, but in his time he was one of the most adept theologians in this great land. Mr. Meyer presents the essential facts about him in a refined and informing way.

PITTSBURGH PLUS *By W. M. Walker*

Pittsburgh Plus is Birmingham, the metropolis of Alabama. Mr. Walker has been familiar with it since infancy, and describes its rich, exuberant, gaudy life *con amore*. Birmingham aspires to be an Athens. We shall see.

DAYS OF WICKEDNESS *By Herbert Asbury*

Mr. Asbury is at work upon a moral history of New York City. In this chapter he describes its life when it was genuinely sinful. The center of its deviltry was the old Fourth Ward. But even the old Fourth Ward, as he shows, finally suffered a spiritual awakening.

LIFE, DEATH AND THE NEGRO *By Louis I. Dublin*

Dr. Dublin is a professional statistician, and there are many figures in his article, but it is immensely interesting for all that. It will console both those who fear the multiplication of the colored brother and those who look forward gloomily to his extinction.

AARON COPLAND AND HIS JAZZ *By Isaac Goldberg*

Dr. Goldberg believes that the music of Copland is better than that of the other jazz-babies, and tries to prove it. Let there be no alarm among those who hate either music or jazz: the article is very short.

There will be many other good things in the September issue, including a short story by Ruth Suckow, or maybe one by Ferner Nuhn or Sara Haardt. The usual departments will be in full blast, with an especially appetizing dose of "Americana."

The circulation of THE AMERICAN MERCURY keeps on growing. The Rotarians, the Methodist parsons and the generality of the dull continue to call upon the *Polizei* to suppress it, but its customers seem to like it.

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AM 8-27

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

FROM BISMARCK TO THE WORLD WAR.
By Erich Brandenburg. *The Oxford University Press*
$7 9⅜ x 5¾; 542 pp. *New York*

Dr. Brandenburg, who is professor of modern history at Leipzig, here reviews the history of German foreign policy from 1870 to the outbreak of the Great War. His study is quite thorough, but not altogether as cool-headed and scientific as he boasts in his preface. Regarding Germany's part in bringing about the war he says: "It [German foreign policy during 1870–1914] can justly be accused of short-sightedness, lack of method, want of forethought and of understanding of the psychology of other peoples; we can blame Germany's vacillation and her sudden recklessness, as in the Morocco question, for instance. But no one can maintain with any show of reason that at any given time she either was for war or strove to bring it about. Had Germany really wanted war, no more favorable time could have been found than during and after the Russo-Japanese War. . . . Our policy was, in fact, too anxious and too peace-loving rather than militant. We never wanted to win at the expense of others." On the question of personal guilt he agrees with the revisionist historians: "So far as personal guilt can be brought home to individual personalities in the World War, these two men [Iswolski and Poincaré] stand convicted." "Unfortunately," adds Dr. Brandenburg, "we [Germany] possessed no statesman who was competent to deal with these clever and unscrupulous diplomatists." There is an appendix in which the author sharply attacks Lord Grey's recently published book of memoirs, "Twenty-five Years." The translation is by Miss Annie Elizabeth Adams.

AMERICAN OPINION OF FRANCE. *From Lafayette to Poincaré.*
By Elizabeth Brett White. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅝ x 6¼; 346 pp. *New York*

Dr. White has here brought together an enormous mass of material gathered from official documents and the public press proving that our relations with France since the founding of this country have fluctuated from friendliness to enmity in just about the same manner in which they have fluctuated in the last fifteen years. The book is well ordered, and highly readable.

THE PEACEMAKERS OF 1864.
By Edward Chase Kirkland. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 279 pp. *New York*

There is little that is new in this work, but it adequately summarizes facts that are given relatively little space in most histories of the Civil War. The principal episodes discussed are the peace mission of Francis Preston Blair and the Hampton Roads Conference. There is a very valuable annotated bibliography.

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. *Volume II. From 2111 to 1441 B.C. The Twelfth to the Eighteenth Dynasties.*
By Arthur Weigall. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$6 8¾ x 5¾; 424 pp. *New York*

In this volume the author—late Inspector-General of Antiquities in Egypt—discusses fully his new chronology of the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Dynasties in a highly interesting and convincing manner. He introduces much new material and it leads to a clearer and more complete interpretation of hitherto obscure events in Egyptian history. The book lacks a formal bibliography, but it is heavily documented throughout and there is a general statement of sources in the preface. It has an index and contains numerous illustrations.

THE SCIENCES

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.
By George Sarton. *The Williams & Wilkins Co.*
$10 10¼ x 6⅞; 839 pp. *Baltimore*

This huge work, the fruit of almost incredible industry, is less a formal history of the sciences than a copiously annotated bibliography. It is strictly chronological in plan. There is a chapter for each century down to the fifth B.C.; from that time onward there is a chapter for each half century. Every chapter begins with a succinct survey of the period covered, and there follows an account of its principal scientists with lists of their works, notes about editions, and lists of commentaries. The present volume closes with the Eleventh Century. Two more will follow. Mr. Sarton is a Belgian, and the work is published at the cost of the Carnegie Institution.

THE TIRED CHILD.
By Max Seham and Grete Seham.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 342 pp. *Philadelphia*

Dr. Max Seham is a physician specializing in children's diseases and Dr. Grete Seham, his wife, is a

Continued on page xviii

by PAUL MORAND

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"THE glorious story of the oil man and his son Bunny rushes on. It is told, with great skill, through the eyes of the boy, a typically American kid. A marvelous panorama of Southern California life. It is story telling with an edge on it."—*William McFee in The New Republic.*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

former professor of medical chemistry. In this comprehensive and useful book they deal, not with that kind of fatigue which naturally follows activity, but with the pathological kind. They describe its symptoms at great length, discuss the causes which underlie it, and then proceed to its prevention and its cure. They show a wide familiarity with the literature of their subject, and append extensive bibliographies to their various chapters.

CREATION. *A History of Non-Evolutionary Theories.*
By Edwin Tenney Brewster. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 295 pp. *Indianapolis*

Curiously enough, this is the first detailed account of creationist theories, from Biblical days to the present, ever written. In Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's "From the Greeks to Darwin" and in various other volumes there are excellent summaries of the progress of evolutionist theory, but the creationists have hitherto lacked a competent historian. Mr. Brewster performs his task with great learning and considerable charm. His book has many interesting illustrations, and at the end there is a useful bibliographical note.

SAVING EYESIGHT AFTER MIDDLE LIFE.
By J. Herbert Waite. *The Harvard University Press*
$1 6⅝ x 4¼; 48 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Dr. Waite advocates periodic examinations by an oculist as a protection against such serious diseases of the eye as cataract and glaucoma. The latter, he says, may be checked if taken in time. His little book is No. 14 of the series of Harvard Health Talks.

THE MEDICINE MAN. *Memoirs of Fifty Years of Medical Progress.*
By E. C. Dudley. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 369 pp. *New York*

The progress of medicine in America during the last fifty years, described by one of the leaders of the profession. Dr. Dudley writes with great charm and humor: his story moves with the swiftness and color of a romantic narrative. He has achieved portraits of the medicine men of fifty years ago and of today that are vivid and striking.

YOUR NERVOUS CHILD.
By Erwin Wexberg. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$1.75 7¾ x 4½; 178 pp. *New York*

A discussion of the problem of the nervous child from the standpoint of Alfred Adler's "Individual Psychology," which the author believes is the key to the understanding of the child soul. He presents his data in three chapters: "The Manifestations of Nervousness in the Child," "The Causes of Nervousness in Children" and "Prophylaxis and Treatment of Nervousness in Children." Not a startling or profound book, but Mr. Wexberg draws some sound conclusions and he puts them clearly and in popular form.

MENTAL GROWTH AND DECLINE.
By H. L. Hollingsworth. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 396 pp. *New York*

A summary of the known facts about the development of the human individual, from birth to death. The subject has been elaborately studied in late years, and there is an immense accumulation of observations. All these Dr. Hollingsworth reduces to a coherent form, with various comments of his own.

TRAVEL

TRADER HORN.
Edited by Ethelreda Lewis. *Simon & Schuster*
$4 9 x 6; 302 pp. *New York*

An extraordinarily novel and interesting record. Alfred Aloysius Horn, now an old man, spent several years of his youth as a trader on the Ivory Coast of West Africa, and there had certain high adventures. Encountering him accidentally in Johannesburg, Mrs. Lewis, who is a well-known South African novelist, put him to writing his story, and here she prints it *verbatim et literatim*, but with glosses at the ends of the different chapters. The tale falls far outside ordinary human experience, and it is told superbly.

JUNGLE PATHS AND INCA RUINS.
By William Montgomery McGovern. *The Century Co.*
$5 9 x 6; 526 pp. *New York*

Dr. McGovern, the famous ethnologist and explorer of the University of London, here describes graphically his recent travels through the jungles of the upper Amazon and over the Andes. The major part of this book is a record of his observations among the ruins of the Inca civilization. There are numerous excellent reproductions of photographs.

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA.
By Edward J. Thomas. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9¼ x 6; 297 pp. *New York*

This volume is thirtieth in the History of Civilization series, edited by C. K. Ogden. It is an excellent piece of work, scholarly in every detail, presenting for the first time material hitherto unknown to Western readers. The chapters on Buddhism as a religion

Continued on page xx

A Haunting Romance by the Author of "One Braver Thing"

The Sower of the Wind

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There is both vivid drama and adventurous romance in this tale of the love of Gaspar Barboas, the ruthless Anglo-Spanish-Hebrew pearler and the beautiful aboriginal, Safra, a native of the Antipodes who has been educated in Europe. It is a novel of power and beauty—strange, imaginative, haunting. $2.50

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

and a philosophy are particularly instructive and valuable. The book is heavily documented and has an extensive bibliography and an index.

JAMES BRYCE.
By H. A. L. Fisher. *The Macmillan Company*
$8 8½ x 5¾; 360 + 360 pp. *New York*

This biography of Lord Bryce is written mainly from his letters and diaries. "It has been my object to present a portrait of the man rather than a full catalogue of the events and transactions with which he was concerned," writes the author in his introduction; "I have not . . . attempted to follow Lord Bryce into all his activities." An interesting, very readable piece of work. There are numerous illustrations, a chronological table at the end of the second volume, an appendix and an index. It lacks a formal bibliography, but a statement of sources is to be found in the preface.

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS.
By Luther Burbank and Wilbur Hall.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$4 8¼ x 5½; 296 pp. *Boston*

A biography of Burbank compiled from his many notes and journals and setting forth the details of his early life, something about his plant experiments, and his friendships and philosophy. An informative book, but entirely undistinguished in presentation. Mr. Hall contributes an introductory biographical sketch that is full of sloppy writing.

THOMAS PAINE. *Prophet and Martyr of Democracy.*
By Mary Agnes Best. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 6; 413 pp. *New York*

Miss Best has done a capital job. She is a great admirer of Paine, but by no means blind to the many blemishes in his character. Her book is well put together and excellently written. The chapters on Paine's early life, about which little has heretofore been written, are of especial interest.

DISRAELI.
By D. L. Murray. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 299 pp. *Boston*

This is a satisfactory job. Happily, Mr. Murray is not obsessed with a desire to be smartly epigrammatic, but is content to present his facts clearly and interestingly. His book is one of the "Curiosities of Politics," a series of biographical studies edited by Philip Guedalla.

RELIGION

SPIRITUAL VALUES AND ETERNAL LIFE.
By Harry Emerson Fosdick. *The Harvard University Press*
$1 7¼ x 4½; 40 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

The annual Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality has been an institution at Harvard since 1896, when it was first delivered according to the terms of the will of Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll. Until about 1920 it was justly famous: it enlisted such honest and able thinkers as William James, Josiah Royce, William Osler, Wilhelm Ostwald and George A. Reisner. Since that time its fame has been sinking steadily; only tenth-rate theologians, like Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale Divinity School, and Professor E. S. Brightman, of Boston University, have been allowed the privilege of its platform. With Dr. Fosdick, who, in his book, "The Assurance of Immortality," said, "Immortality is an hypothesis, if you will, but so is gravitation," the value of the Ingersoll Lecture becomes precisely nothing. In the book under consideration he isn't even definitely nonsensical, as in the excerpt just quoted. He jumps from one meaning of immortality to another and finally lands on the definition that faith in immortality is faith in the permanence of spiritual values.

JUDAISM IN THE FIRST CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.
By George Foot Moore. *The Harvard University Press*
$10 9½ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 552+486 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

A monumental and laborious work by the professor of the history of religion at Harvard. It aims "to represent Judaism in the centuries in which it assumed definitive form, as it presents itself in the tradition which it has always regarded as authentic." Professor Moore's viewpoint is that of the historian: he has collected a vast amount of information and he sets it forth clearly and with telling impartiality. A book that should prove of the greatest value to both Jewish and Christian students. Exhaustive references to the sources are given in the footnotes and there are full indexes, both of topics and of Biblical passages.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

COVERING WASHINGTON.
By J. Frederick Essary. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8¼ x 5¼; 280 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Essary is the chief Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, and has had many years of newspaper experience at the Capital. His account of the

Continued on page xxii

The Best of the New Books

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

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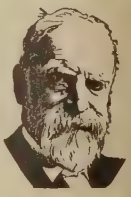

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The Macmillan Company • **New York**

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

way the government is run, and especially of the way its doings are conveyed to the public, is full of first-hand knowledge, and extremely interesting. Of particular value are his chapters on the Supreme Court, on the lobby, and on the travels of Presidents.

SACRIFICED: *The Story of Police Lieut. Charles Becker.*
By Henry H. Klein. *The Isaac Goldman Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 432 pp. *New York*

Mr. Klein is a New York lawyer, and was chief investigator for the Citizens' Committee organized to investigate the police after the Rosenthal murder, in 1912. He is convinced that Lieut. Becker did not instigate that celebrated crime, and was thus executed unjustly. Here he reviews the evidence in minute detail, and adds to it many facts outside the record. It must be said for him that he makes out an extremely persuasive case.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
By Sarah Gertrude Millin. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Millin is the author of "God's Stepchildren," the best book that has come out of South Africa since "The Story of an African Farm." Here she describes her country and its people at length—the history of the colonies, the struggle between Briton and Boer, the economic situation, and, above all, the race conflict. It is a somewhat depressing story, and Mrs. Millin does not try to conceal or ameliorate the facts. Her book is sound in information, and is written with all her usual skill.

THE GREAT DELUSION.
By "Neon." *The Dial Press*
$4 9 x 6; 288 pp. *New York*

This book is of the first importance. The author's thesis is this: "Airships can never be safe or practical as commercial long-distance vessels, and they are useless in war; æroplanes can never be made to pay in peace as passenger or freight carriers, and in war they have proved themselves to be unreliable, ineffective and unprofitable, no matter how brave the pilots or spectacular their exploits. While prodigal of life and treasure, ærial warfare has only succeeded in sowing mistrust and enmity, breeding fear, encouraging frightfulness, provoking thereby a manifest return to barbarism." All these assertions are supported by a mass of quotations from official and otherwise authoritative sources. The chapters dealing with the value of air vessels in warfare are of unusual interest: they run counter to all the propaganda issuing from the government aircraft departments, and are highly persuasive.

EIGHT O'CLOCK CHAPEL.
By Cornelius Howard Patton and Walter Taylor Field.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 345 pp. *Boston*

A series of stray essays on the faculties and student bodies of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Brown, Bowdoin, Wesleyan and Tufts in the eighties of the last century. Most of the worthies discussed, with the exception of such men as Charles W. Eliot and William G. Sumner, are known and of interest only to their former pupils. The rest of the book, dealing with the college life of those days, is made up, in the main, only of reminiscent gossip.

WHAT AND WHY IN CHINA.
By Paul Hutchinson. *Willett, Clark & Colby*
$1 7½ x 5; 131 pp. *Chicago*

This is a good book. It tells in clear and simple language what has been happening in China since the founding of the Republic in 1911, and makes comprehensible the revolution going on there now. The activities of the various Foreign Powers, including the United States, are treated accurately. The intelligent and interested newspaper reader should find this book of great value.

JOHN THE COMMON WEAL.
By Henry Noble MacCracken.
The University of North Carolina Press
$1.50 8 x 5¼; 117 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Dr. MacCracken is president of Vassar College, and has little to say. He attempts an analysis of the dissatisfaction with the way things are running experienced by the common man, and makes the following highly illuminating remarks: "Men and women must get together"; "[It is] the duty of the individual to play his part in the social welfare of the nation"; and "It is the art of life to discover [friendships]. . . . For what else is insight given to us?"

HARMONY BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.
By Oscar Newfang. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2 8¾ x 5½; 238 pp. *New York*

The first part of this book is given over to a description of the capitalistic system and the various welfare and profit-sharing schemes now in vogue. In the second part the author unbosoms himself of his notions about doing away with all the industrial ills of this world. He is quite sure it can be done in this way: "After capital has been paid a fair dividend, all the

Continued on page xxiv

K. K. K.

—But not what you think, dear sir and madam. They are only the initials of Mr. Karl Kae Knecht, Secretary of the NATIONAL CIRCUS FANS' ASSOCIATION, and incidentally the cartoonist of the Evansville Courier. Like a lot of other people, he has discovered

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remaining earnings of industry should be distributed to labor, that is, to the management and the workers, in the proportion that the salary or the wage of each person bears to the total payroll. . . . The fixed rate of dividend allowable upon capital [will be] determined annually by public authorities selected for that purpose." When that happy time comes, "both lockouts and strikes could be forbidden as conspiracies in restraint of trade."

REPRINTS

WHAT'S SO AND WHAT ISN'T.
By John M. Work. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4¾; 158 pp. *New York*

OUT OF THE PAST.
By R. W. Postgate. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7¼ x 4¾; 110 pp. *New York*

The first of these reprints is a primer on Socialism. A good idea of the kind of book it is may be gained from a reading of pages 6 and 7, wherein the author, in grim seriousness, says that at the door of capitalism is to be laid the blame for the spread of suicide, insanity and prostitution and for the prevention of "the development of humanity into a super-race." The Postgate book, first published in 1922, is a series of studies of such champions of the proletariat as Blanqui, Ferré, Richard Parker, the Rev. J. E. Smith, Louis Blanc and Louis Pujol.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS.
By George Douglas Brown. *The Modern Library*
95 cents 6¾ x 4¼; 314 pp. *New York*

SOME CHINESE GHOSTS.
By Lafcadio Hearn. *The Modern Library*
95 cents 6¾ x 4¼; 203 pp. *New York*

"The House with the Green Shutters" was first published in 1900 as by "George Douglas," but in this edition the author's full name is given. There is an introduction by George Blake. The Hearn reprint has an introduction by Manuel Komroff. There are some helpful notes and a glossary.

THE HALF-BREED AND OTHER STORIES.
By Walt Whitman. *The Columbia University Press*
$4.50 8¾ x 6¾; 129 pp. *New York*

This volume includes a short novel, "The Half Breed," and four sketches, "Shirval, A Tale of Jerusalem," "Richard Parker's Widow," "Some Fact Romances," and "My Boys and Girls," originally published in the *Aristidean*, the *Rover* and the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and all belonging to the period of the poet's apprenticeship. The book is a beautiful piece

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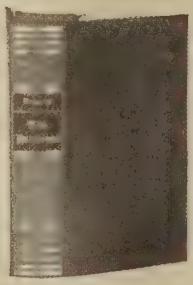

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By Tobias Smollett. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
80 cents 7 x 4⅜; 428 pp. *New Y*

THE POEMS AND PROPHECIES OF WILLIA BLAKE.
E. P. Dutton & Comp
80 cents 7 x 4⅜; 431 pp. *New Y*

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY *and* THE JOURNA TO ELIZA.
By Laurence Sterne. *E. P. Dutton & Comp*
80 cents 7 x 4⅜; 222 pp. *New Y*

WAR, PATRIOTISM, PEACE.
By Leo Tolstoi. *The Vanguard Pr*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 125 pp. *New Y*

THE PROFITS OF RELIGION.
By Upton Sinclair *The Vanguard Pr*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 315 pp. *New Y*

The first three of these reprints belong to the exc lent Everyman's Library. The Smollett book has introduction by H. W. Hodge, the Blake has one Max Plowman, and the Sterne has one by Geor Saintsbury. The Tolstoi book is a collection of so of his pacifist essays and letters, brought together Scott Nearing, who is also the author of the bri foreword.

CRITICISM

LE ROMAN AMÉRICAIN D'AUJOURD'HUI.
By Régis Michaud. *Boivin &*
Fr. 50 7¾ x 5⅜; 248 pp. *Pa*

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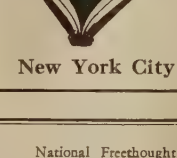

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up, in turn, Henry James, Mrs. Wharton, How Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, Cabell, Miss Cather, M Gale, Dell, Hergesheimer and Waldo Frank. I final chapter he considers such violent rebels as Hecht and William Carlos Williams. The book serves to be translated into English.

ONE MORE WORD ON BROWNING.
By Frances Theresa Russell. *The Stanford University P*
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9 x 6; 157 pp.

This book on Browning is something of an ex tion: it is free of all mush, it is well-informed, a though the author is a professed admirer of the p it is devoid of toe-kissing. There is an excellent cla fied bibliography. Mrs. Russell is associate profe of English at Stanford.

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Continued from page xxviii

duces include not only oils, but also miniatures and silhouette. She unearthed them, after great labo from various private collections, and has a great de that is interesting to say about some of the sitte Among the painters represented are Stuart, Sull Peale and Malbone. There are fifty-eight reprodu tions, with notes upon about 130 other portraits. T book is beautifully printed.

FICTION

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By Villiers De L'Isle-Adam. *Alfred A. Kn*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 273 pp. *New Yo*

These twenty-seven tales were first published France in 1883, and they are here reprinted in th Blue Jade Library. They are uneven in effectiveness some, in fact, are quite feeble—, but they are all finel cut and readable.

BERNARD QUESNAY.
By André Maurois. *D. Appleton and Compa*
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The author of "Ariel: The Life of Shelley" draw an interesting picture of character and family influenc against a backdrop of modern French industrialism The daughter of a life-long business rival marri Antoine Quesnay and saves him from the despotis of Grandpapa Quesnay. Bernard Quesnay, anothe grandson, stays and is gradually changed from young idealist to a commercial tyrant.

MISCELLANEOUS

INDIA'S PAST.
By A. A. Macdonell. *The Oxford University Pre*
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An excellent introduction to the literature, r ligions, architecture and philosophies of India. Dr Macdonell is professor emeritus of Sanskrit at Oxford and what he has to say is thus of the highest authority The book is made the more intelligible by the gener ous number of maps and illustrations.

THE OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF NA POLEON.
Edited by Lewis Claflin Breed.
The Four Seas Company
$5 8¼ x 5½; 534 pp. *Bosto*

A collection of some of the more noteworthy say ings of the Corsican. The book would be much th better without the sophomoric introduction an interpolations of the editor.

Continued in back advertising section, page xli

The Escape from the Natives

"He rushed up the enclosure like a tornado, pressing the girl to his breast, her head hanging back over his arm, her eyes closed and her long hair nearly touching the ground." From "An Outcast of the Islands", *by Joseph Conrad*

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She gazed at him. Here was a man ifferent from any she had ever known.

"I am the daughter of the blind Omar," ie answered. "And you—you are the hite trader—the great man of this place."

"Yes," he said, "I am white. But I m the outcast of my people."

She listened to him gravely. Through he mesh of scattered hair her face looked ke the face of a golden statue with living yes.

"You are beautiful," he whispered—a trange emotion creeping into his heart—stirring of sensations long asleep—an wakening of new hopes, new fears, new lesires.

She looked at him again. In one quick lash her glance ran over his sunburnt eatures, his broad shoulders, his straight, all, motionless figure. Then she smiled nd her smile was the forerunner of sunise and thunder—the beginning of the trangest romance ever told.

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VOLUME XI NUMBER 44

The American
MERCURY

August 1927

IN PRAISE OF WAR

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. —*Jeremiah* IV, *19*.

THOSE sentimentalists who take the above as their text, in framing their indictment against war, allege that it is a devourer of youth. If war, they say, does not kill or maim the body, it inevitably scars the soul; the young man who has felt its clutch goes through life a psychic cripple.

As one who experienced war when a youth, I dissent from this theory. Many young men, to be sure, must die in war, but to die young is not necessarily an evil. Some, again, are maimed, and no one can look on these without sadness—but their country cares for them, which is more than is done when the crippling of youth is by act of God, and not by that of the public enemy. Their honorable wounds are a title to the compassion of all men, warriors or pacifists. They receive a moral compensation for their infirmities and gain a consideration from other men that they would not otherwise have. But the majority come back from the wars whole or with healed wounds, and it is with these that this article will principally be concerned. I shall attempt to argue that for them war has been worth while, and that no average man among them feels himself to have been degraded by it—on the contrary, that he feels it has made him a more complete being, better able to face life, and to extract from it whatever satisfaction it may contain.

The views and experience here set forth are mostly personal. It would be more convincing, perhaps, to institute a scientific inquiry, and examine the opinions of thousands who have fought, and then compile statistics, and draw deductions. Unfortunately, I have no means of doing all this, so I must fall back on my own reactions. I believe that they are, in the main, quite normal, and that what I think about war expresses the sentiments of the average young man who fought in the last one—though, of course, most of the ex-soldiers are not given to introspection, and have never formulated, perhaps, any very coherent ideas on the subject.

I am aware that there is a body of evidence from ex-soldiers which goes contrary to what I have to say. Most of the books that were written in the years following 1918 condemned war bitterly, and the pacifists cite them extensively. These lamentations had several causes, first among them, the fact that people were weary of and oppressed by war, and that the only kind of writing on it which would sell was the kind which promised, or at any rate advocated, the ending of it.

Again, the books had to be striking to get any attention, and the easiest way for an author to achieve that effect was to pile on the horrors. Generals who wished to be held in popular esteem, for political or other purposes, rivalled the politicians in denouncing the settlement of international disputes by force of arms and, beating their breasts, wailed over the widows, the cripples and the devastation.

Also, the returned hero, recounting his experiences to his admiring best girl and his envious uncles, if he possessed any gift of narration at all, would not be likely to explain that war was a business which anyone normally virile found himself well adapted to. No, it had to be made out a stupendous affair—and if the narrator had performed no overt acts of heroism, it had to be shown that merely refraining from running away or behaving in a disgraceful manner in the face of the enemy gave proof that he had a high and stalwart soul. So terror was made to stalk by day and pestilence by night. The muter sort of soldier did not trouble to deny the assumptions that were made by the civilian populace on the evidence cited above, and his silence generally was held to portend still more awful memories of bloodshed, destruction and misery, gallantly withstood, which he could reveal if he chose, but refrained from revealing in order not to harrow the souls of the war-innocent unduly.

The war correspondents also had a good part in propagating the idea that the late war was one in which every participant was necessarily a hero, and that the launching of more wars must be prevented, under penalty of the earth becoming a desert and the human beings who survived their lethal agencies becoming completely imbecile from nerve-strain. A distinguished soldier has observed of Sir Philip Gibbs' writings: "They do not give the point of view of the man at the front, but that of a maiden-aunt at Tooting, shell-shocked by *Daily Mail* accounts of German atrocities." Most observers who visited the front did not care to say anything in contravention of this myth of universal danger, misery, sacrifice and heroism. Bernard Shaw, however, when given a tin hat and led around the Somme battlefield and allowed to see the shells burst, caused a grave scandal on his return to England by writing that he saw no reason for calling all soldiers heroes, since he hadn't been particularly terrified himself. He was nearly thrown into the Tower.

A great deal is also made of the disillusionment of the soldier, who thought he was fighting for poor, downtrodden little Belgium, or a land fit for heroes to live in, or to make the world safe for democracy. This innocent, one hears, came back from the war, having performed his part in attaining the above laudable consummations, and found that nobody was prepared to reward him. After the grand parade down Fifth avenue, he was left to find a job for himself, and soon discovered that the wise little fellows who stayed at home had the best jobs and intended to keep them, and that the big fellows who stayed at home had the money and the power, and intended to keep them also. But this so-called disillusionment, in my opinion, was simply a natural chagrin at being elbowed out of the spotlight. The soldier was, during the war, the centre of public attention —the momentary hero of the crowd, or, more exactly, the idea-hero who, through the mechanism of projection, satisfied the crowd-man's longing for glory and distinction. When peace came the crowd turned to other idols and worshipped Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey instead of Sergeant Alvin C. York, or Eddie Rickenbacker. This was intensely irritating to the more simple-minded sort of soldier, and he did his best to combat and upset the new idols, as witness the American Legion's attitude toward Dempsey.

As for those who can be rightfully said to be disillusioned (and not merely jealous) I observe that a man who goes to war, deluding himself that he is fighting for any abstract thing like the salvation of the world or the suppression of militarism,

must be a singularly infantile idealist, and as everyone knows, idealists spend their lives being disillusioned, and no doubt come to take a masochistic delight in it. I shall now leave generalities for a while, and proceed with a case history.

II

In 1914, when war threatened the British Empire, I had a powerful objection to dying for my country, or for anything else. I had been in a militia cavalry regiment, and it came as a considerable relief to me to learn that it was not proposed to mobilize the Canadian militia forthwith and send it to fight in France. The incentive of a soldier's glory was quickly extinguished by the thought of filling a soldier's grave. So instead of going to war, I went to college, and spent the first nine months of the war there. I was subjected to the usual crowd-compulsion during those nine months, and my attitude toward the war changed without my perceiving it. The older students all went off to serve in one capacity or another in the British or Canadian armies, and the best ones went first. I saw those whom I admired going to fight, and so the idea that it was the natural thing to do gradually became established in my mind. No one in authority harangued us to the effect that we should enlist. The matter, indeed, was not discussed among us—that is, the question as to whether it was one's duty to go was not discussed, but only questions of ways and means, and the merits of respective arms of the service. When I attained the age of eighteen, I obtained a commission in a technical corps.

After that, the military machine moved with its usual halts and jerks, and in due course I found myself in France, having been troubled meantime with few thoughts of annihilation, and having had, on the whole, a most amusing time, enjoying the frank and free companionship of my fellows, a normal amount of favor from the ladies, and the usual self-important thrill of the young man when he feels that he has stopped learning things and commenced doing things.

At the front I was fortunate enough to get what was currently described as a bomb-proof job: that is, for most of the time I was a mile or more back from the front line, and so was not subjected to the continual strain and danger which oppressed some of the infantrymen. I realize that this may discount a good deal of what I have to say, as it will be held that one who has not suffered everything which war can inflict in the way of hardship and terror, continuously and at wholesale, is not competent to assess its effects. Nevertheless, contact and discussion with those who served as infantrymen have convinced me that their final attitude toward the war is precisely the same as mine.

In a certain celebrated battle in 1917, I had to go over the top with the infantry for the purpose of establishing an observation post on a piece of high ground which was included in the objective of the brigade I was attached to. I had a motley group of signallers, observers, telephonists, linemen, pigeonmen, runners and carriers, and the arrangements for communications forward had been worked out in considerable detail. Preliminary work kept my mind well occupied until four or five hours before zero hour, when I lay down to try to get some sleep.

This proved to be more desirable than feasible, and I began to be made very uncomfortable by the idea that the next few hours might very well witness the extinction of my existence. During a couple of actions on the Somme I had become accustomed to shellfire and had learned how to avoid the worst of it; also, I had been sniped at on occasion, and had found nothing very appalling in that. However, today's job was a good deal harder to contemplate with peace of mind than anything I had done up to that time. It was difficult to forget that from five to twenty per cent of the men got killed in big attacks. Every healthy man believes in his personal good

fortune, but this instinctive feeling, in war, is often shaken by doubts. "Over the top, with the best of luck," ran the sardonic phrase of the infantryman when he got his attack orders. The joke was that someone always had to have the worst of luck.

Under the circumstances, it became necessary for the soldiers to perform a certain amount of conjury, to bolster up their natural feeling of invulnerability. This normally took the form of prayer—or so I was led to believe by the literature then current, purporting to describe the state of mind of men in my position. However, though I still had some remnants of belief in the God of the Scriptures (I was then nineteen years old), I could not bring myself to address Him on my own behalf, and finally dismissed the matter with the conclusion that if He were interested in me, and had plans for the future in which I was to play an indispensable part, no doubt He would take care that no German bullet or shell should cut me off. If, on the other hand, He should permit me to be killed, plainly it would be because He had no further use for me, and if that were so, it seemed a matter of indifference whether I should die in the next few hours, or continue to exist for some fifty more years, without any distinction or usefulness superior to that of any other undifferentiated human animal. This was the conclusion reached by my consciousnesss. However, my nervous system, which reported the sensations in my digestive tract, refused to be comforted by any such reasonable suggestions, and did not permit me to sleep, except by snatches.

But once the business of getting my crowd into the jumping-off trench was under way, the nervous tension was relaxed, and as I recollect it, when we started to plough across No-Man's-Land in the growing light of the dawn, my principal emotions were curiosity and a not unpleasant excitement. The noise of the barrage dominated all other impressions: you will have a fair idea of what it was if you can imagine the loudest clap of thunder you ever heard, multiplied by two, and prolonged indefinitely. The sky was a cupola of lead, and the appalling uproar, reflected down from it, pressed on one like deep water. The shells burst only thirty rods ahead, but they were invisible, save for brief flames and showers of sparks. Our supporting machine-guns poured forth their eight hundred shots a minute in insane stammering rhythms, just audible against the deep note of the artillery. No doubt all this noise had a stimulating psychological effect, and built up a sense of power in the attackers. I could identify no enemy reply; the barrage, on our immediate front, at least, seemed fully effective.

After a brief pause in the German front line trench, during which I sent a message back reporting progress, and interviewed a small and terror-stricken Bavarian who hopped up and down precisely like a small boy who has wet his trousers, we started on toward the high ground beyond. By this time a few other oddments of personnel—ammunition carriers and the like—had attached themselves to my party. Now the real fun started. The barrage had got some distance in advance, and the surviving enemy now crawled out of their refuges and commenced practice upon us. A burst of machine-gun fire from directly in front and under a hundred yards distant was my first intimation of this new state of affairs.

III

There is no more vicious noise in the world, so far as I am aware, than that of an active machine-gun trained directly at one: in the half-light long streaks of flame reached out like adders' tongues. Fortunately, shell-holes were everywhere, waterlogged, and rim to rim, and the man who carried my telephone and I took cover with great alacrity. As we did so I heard a faint clang from my tin hat, and, when well down, removed it to find a neat longitudinal crease. Fritz had nearly rung the bell! I did not reflect long on this narrow shave, for just then a man came up from behind,

one of the ammunition carriers I have mentioned. He was a middle-aged fellow, with a foolish, fat face, and stood grinning in a diffident manner, as if to apologize for intruding on our privacy. (It was not a very large shellhole.)

"Get down, you damned fool!" I yelled at him, and down he came—knees sagging first, and then gently collapsing until he rested on his back, his feet doubled under him, on the rear face of the shellhole. The grin had faded before he fell, and as he slumped down his eyes rolled upward with a mechanical finality, till only the whites were showing. There was no sign to show where he had been hit; I judge it was in the heart. Once he was dead and a corpse, he took his place in the general category of corpses—phenomena of the battlefield to which I was by this time accustomed.

After ten minutes or so, I decided to go back and see what had happened to the remainder of my followers. This was achieved by a rapid scuttle from one shellhole to another. The telephonist who was following me got a neat blighty, through the *gluteus maximus*, just as we arrived among the rest of the men. It turned out that several of them had been wounded in the first burst of fire. We were now all immobilized by the rifles of a group of the enemy who occupied a mine crater to our left front. These were bold fellows; they were standing, exposed from the waist upward, apparently as unconcerned as if they were shooting at bottles in a pond. I was in a shellhole with an infantryman—a straggler from one of the last waves, I suppose.

"Have a shot at those Fritzes," I suggested. He gaped at me as if I had ordered him to capture the Kaiser single-handed. He didn't seem scared, but he told me he hadn't fired his rifle since he had come to France—that that was the business of the sniping specialists. After some persuasion he cautiously loosed off a few rounds, but I don't think he hit anything. An interesting example of the way in which morale deteriorates when training for skill-at-arms has been neglected! That man had not been properly trained in musketry; hence he thought he was helpless against his enemies, who probably were no braver than he was, but who knew how to shoot.

About this time I observed an officer and a couple of men making their way up what had been a communication trench (now practically obliterated by shellfire) some twenty or thirty yards to the left. I saw they would walk right into the enemy if they kept on, and as the noise of the barrage would have made it impossible to hear a shout, I ran over, from shellhole to shellhole, and intercepted them. These people were a scouting party sent up from the headquarters of one of the battalions to ascertain the situation. I told the officer what was going on immediately around us, and suggested that he might get forward by going toward the right flank, where I had seen some men of the next brigade moving. I had seen nothing of the infantry of our own brigade since reaching the German front line, but judged that in their first rush after the barrage they must have passed over the enemy detachments who were now troubling us. The scout officer thanked me, and went off in the direction suggested. I heard afterwards that he got through, and back to his battalion to report. Making a second trip, he was wounded.

From the ruined communication trench I got back to the old German front line, which I had left an hour before—more or less; I have no clear memory of the lapse of time. I found eight or ten men—some of my party, and some infantrymen—sitting on their sterns with no idea of what the immediate future was to bring forth, but quite cheerful, on the whole, in this comparative safety. Two or three of them had rifles. A Lewis gunner, a lance corporal, arrived just then, his gun covered with mud and out of action. I told him to clean it, set some of the men to collecting German bombs, and posted a sentry. It appeared to me that a supplementary attack would soon be made by our reserves,

and that in the meantime the best thing to do was to hold on where we were.

This done, curiosity (or it may have been a subconscious desire for safety) led me to enter a deep dugout, in which some of the men were ferreting about, and I spent a quarter of an hour or so prying into the affairs of the late occupants. A mail had apparently come up to the trenches just before the attack. One fair-sized parcel, on being opened, yielded food, and I made my breakfast off a small cake (a cake that could be so called only by courtesy, for it contained neither shortening, eggs nor sugar) which some German mother had sent her son for his birthday. I wondered if he were dead, or if he were one of the riflemen that had been harassing me. Wherever he was, I had his cake, and ate it with some pallid lardy stuff, which from the smell and taste I judged to be *ersatz* butter. After I had finished, I recounted, for the better appetite of the men who were still eating, the humorous propaganda about the *Kadaververwertungsanstalten*, and the variation of the tale which hinted that some of the products were used by the unspeakable Hun for food purposes.

Just then someone shouted down the entrance: "Mr. Conway, Mr. Conway, quick! Fritz is counter-attacking." I climbed the stairs, telling myself that I must try to appear less frightened than the men. On arrival in the trench I soon found the counter-attack to be nothing more than a dozen or so kamerades, nearly three hundred yards away, making for our lines under escort. As we watched, one of their own five-nine shells dropped in their midst, and hoisted a couple—a pure chance, not deliberate punishment for their recreancy.

One of the men warned me not to expose myself in a certain direction, saying in an awed voice that there were snipers further down the trench we were in. I peered over the parapet cautiously, and saw two or three Germans standing waist high in the trench, just as the others in the mine-crater had stood, and not more than a hundred and fifty yards away. The contrast between their behavior and that of the men with me irritated me exceedingly. I asked one gaping buck private what he thought he had a rifle for, and taking it from him, fired several shots. Heinie and company disappeared, and I was feeling very pleased with my handiness with the *bandoop* when a shot struck the parapet a foot from me, sending a shower of tiny stone splinters into my face, and making a most demoralizing crack. I was considerably shaken by this, and squatting down, asked the man next to me anxiously if I had been hit. He inspected my face solemnly and reported only a few scratches.

I was given no time to be appalled by thoughts of the death barely escaped, for one of the other men, a smallish, red-haired intelligence observer, called our eyes to him by staggering and making strange whistly noises. I caught him, and saw he had been shot through the jugular vein, probably by the bullet which had just missed me. There was a neat slit, about an inch and a quarter long, purplish at the edges, sucked inwards at each contraction of his heart, which produced the queer whistle alluded to. I had a notion that if this gap could be closed, he might live, and endeavored to do this with my fingers, but as I held him his face became scarlet, and then purple, and he ceased to breathe. Possibly the bullet had gone on through the spine. At any rate, he made no articulate sound in dying. I laid him down at the side of the trench, and wiped my fingers on his jacket.

The rest of my personal history on that day may be told briefly. A short time later, I endeavored to work around by the right flank, to see what the situation was there. This attempt was terminated by a bullet through my gas respirator—a third warning which it seemed to me should be heeded. After seeing that my little post in the old German front line was all right (by this time the Lewis gun was ready for action), I went back across No-Man's-Land and reported to Brigade Headquar-

ters. A fresh battalion which had been in reserve made an attack later, and cleaned out the few remaining Germans. They had fought bravely, and had taken a heavy toll from us, but in the end they were wiped out.

IV

Now, I contend that this experience was a valuable one to me, and one which I would not willingly erase from my memory. This was a hard-fought battle, a stricken field (of all the officers in our brigade who made the attack at dawn, I was the only one unwounded at nightfall), and I had taken my part in it. This part was far from being a heroic one—a really aggressive natural fighter or an ordinarily well-trained infantry officer would have organized an attack on the machine-guns, or on the detachments of German sharpshooters who were disputing the terrain in this small section of the battlefield. However, my temperament and training were not such as to suggest such an enterprise to me; I had gone out to do a certain job; unforeseen circumstances prevented me from doing it, and I had adapted my action to these circumstances as seemed best at the time. Death had been very close, and I had felt fear, but that fear had not incapacitated me for action.

Having thus confronted death, and learned that its presence does not paralyze, and having known that while fear may clutch, it does not necessarily strangle, I feel that I am a happier man. I reason (perhaps fatuously), What am I likely to experience that will be harder to bear than that which I have borne? Or, put otherwise, I feel that I possess resources which will enable me to contend honorably against whatever adversities or calamities God is likely to throw in my way. This is my sentiment, and, I believe, will be found to be the sentiment of the vast majority of men who have known war.

I have never met a soldier who has been sorry he went to war. They always feel, it seems to me, that they have something which no man who has not walked in peril of his life possesses. They may envy the profiteer his wealth, and cite their own poverty as evidence of the injustice of Providence, but they would not exchange souls with the money-hog. I am not saying that the ex-soldier is invariably a noble fellow; I merely say he has gained a certain element of contentment, and is on the whole better for having taken his place in battle.

What of the men who are killed? Can the spiritual satisfaction of those who return to their homes be held to compensate for the cutting off of so many in their youth and strength? I contend that those who die are not necessarily the unluckiest. Death will take us all in the end, so why not die all at once, while one is still a man, rather than little by little? We know that Time is remorseless and that decay is its companion, and that surely, surely one's strength and faculties will be filched away so that, at the end, the click from what we call life to what we call death will be merely the signal for the removal of clay that has long been useless. Young men who die in battle are remembered and regretted as few old men who die in their beds are.

War inoculates men with a rude but effective philosophy, for the soldier experiences much of life in little time. If he desires it, he may have woman's love, for man's primary instinct calls to woman's primary instinct, and not knowing why, women forget to drive hard bargains when the drums beat. The soldier becomes familiar with death, and is no longer horrified by the word. He realizes that many of the spectres which oppress men's souls and the shibboleths which exercise their understandings have little real significance. He is improved in intelligence, which is primarily the ability to distinguish realities from appearances. The supreme realities of life have been indelibly impressed on his consciousness—they have become a part of himself, and are no longer abstract words, dimly comprehended. Hence he can differentiate between the things which

really matter and the things which matter only in the imagination of interested propagandists. The stridencies and vaporings of the politicians whom the test of war proved incompetent and shoddy cannot command the ex-soldier's attention; great moral causes no longer enlist his enthusiasm, for he knows that someone must do a prodigious amount of dirty work in the most moral of crusades; he is uninterested in the debates of theological buffoons as to the personal characteristics and preferences of a primitive tribal God.

It is not pretended that the man who has seen war becomes, *ipso facto*, a Solomon or a Socrates. Sometimes the educative effect fails entirely, and the soldier degrades himself by becoming a costive Tory, a Progressive wind-sucker, a theosophist, or a Ku Kluxer, but this is merely to say that some men cannot be educated. With the vast majority, the rude contacts of war scour away agglomerations of mental rubbish. The average man who has been through the grinding and buffing comes out wiser. He comes out with more self-respect, born of self-knowledge; there is no man he cannot look in the eye, and there are many who cannot look in his. If he longs for posterity, he may without shame ask the woman of his choice to risk her life in bearing him children, for he has risked his own life, and the verdict of the gods has been that he should survive. He has met the immemorial test of his sex, and has come out with honor.

THE CAUCASIAN STORMS HARLEM

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

It might not have been such a jolt had my five years' absence from Harlem been spent otherwise. But the study of medicine includes no courses in cabareting; and, anyway, the Negro cabarets in Washington, where I studied, are all uncompromisingly black. Accordingly I was entirely unprepared for what I found when I returned to Harlem recently.

I remembered one place especially where my own crowd used to hold forth; and, hoping to find some old-timers there still, I sought it out one midnight. The old, familiar plunkety-plunk welcomed me from below as I entered. I descended the same old narrow stairs, came into the same smoke-misty basement, and found myself a chair at one of the ancient white-porcelain, mirror-smooth tables. I drew a deep breath and looked about, seeking familiar faces. "What a lot of 'fays!" I thought, as I noticed the number of white guests. Presently I grew puzzled and began to stare, then I gaped—and gasped. I found myself wondering if this was the right place—if, indeed, this was Harlem at all. I suddenly became aware that, except for the waiters and members of the orchestra, I was the only Negro in the place.

After a while I left it and wandered about in a daze from night-club to night-club. I tried the Nest, Small's, Connie's Inn, the Capitol, Happy's, the Cotton Club. There was no mistake; my discovery was real and was repeatedly confirmed. No wonder my old crowd was not to be found in any of them. The best of Harlem's black cabarets have changed their names and turned white.

Such a discovery renders a moment's recollection irresistible. As irresistible as were the cabarets themselves to me seven or eight years ago. Just out of college in a town where cabarets were something only read about. A year of graduate work ahead. A Summer of rest at hand. Cabarets. Cabarets night after night, and one after another. There was no cover-charge then, and a fifteen-cent bottle of Whistle lasted an hour. It was just after the war—the heroes were home—cabarets were the thing.

How the Lybia prospered in those happy days! It was the gathering place of the swellest Harlem set: if you didn't go to the Lybia, why, my dear, you just didn't belong. The people you saw at church in the morning you met at the Lybia at night. What romance in those war-tinged days and nights! Officers from Camp Upton, with pretty maids from Brooklyn! Gay lieutenants, handsome captains—all whirling the lively onestep. Poor non-coms completely ignored; what sensible girl wanted a corporal or even a sergeant? That white, old-fashioned house, standing alone in 138th street, near the corner of Seventh avenue—doomed to be torn down a few months thence—how it shook with the dancing and laughter of the dark merry crowds!

But the first place really popular with my friends was a Chinese restaurant in 136th street, which had been known as Hayne's Café and then became the Oriental. It occupied an entire house of three stories, and had carpeted floors and a quiet, superior air. There was excellent food and incredibly good tea and two unusual entertainers: a Cuban girl, who could so vary

popular airs that they sounded like real music, and a slender little "brown" with a voice of silver and a way of singing a song that made you forget your food. One could dance in the Oriental if one liked, but one danced to a piano only, and wound one's way between linen-clad tables over velvety, noiseless floors.

Here we gathered: Fritz Pollard, All-American halfback, selling Negro stock to prosperous Negro physicians; Henry Creamer and Turner Layton, who had written "After You've Gone" and a dozen more songs, and were going to write "Strut, Miss Lizzie;" Paul Robeson, All-American end, on the point of tackling law, quite unaware that the stage would intervene; Preacher Harry Bragg, Harvard Jimmie MacLendon and half a dozen others. Here at a little table, just inside the door, Bert Williams had supper every night, and afterward sometimes joined us upstairs and sang songs with us and lampooned the Actors' Equity Association, which had barred him because of his color. Never did white guests come to the Oriental except as guests of Negroes. But the manager soon was stricken with a psychosis of some sort, became a black Jew, grew himself a bushy, square-cut beard, donned a skull-cap and abandoned the Oriental. And so we were robbed of our favorite resort, and thereafter became mere rounders.

II

Such places, those real Negro cabarets that we met in the course of our rounds! There was Edmonds' in Fifth avenue at 130th street. It was a sure-enough honky-tonk, occupying the cellar of a saloon. It was the social center of what was then, and still is, Negro Harlem's kitchen. Here a tall brown-skin girl, unmistakably the one guaranteed in the song to make a preacher lay his Bible down, used to sing and dance her own peculiar numbers, vesting them with her own originality. She was known simply as Ethel, and was a genuine drawing-card. She knew her importance, too. Other girls wore themselves ragged trying to rise above the inattentive din of conversation, and soon, literally, yelled themselves hoarse; eventually they lost whatever music there was in their voices and acquired that familiar throaty roughness which is so frequent among blues singers, and which, though admired as characteristically African, is as a matter of fact nothing but a form of chronic laryngitis. Other girls did these things, but not Ethel. She took it easy. She would stride with great leisure and self-assurance to the center of the floor, stand there with a half-contemptuous nonchalance, and wait. All would become silent at once. Then she'd begin her song, genuine blues, which, for all their humorous lines, emanated tragedy and heartbreak:

> Woke up this mawnin'
> The day was dawnin'
> And I was sad and blue, so blue, Lord—
> Didn' have nobody
> To tell my troubles to—

It was Ethel who first made popular the song, "Tryin' to Teach My Good Man Right from Wrong," in the slow, meditative measures in which she complained:

> I'm gettin' sick and tired of my railroad man
> I'm gettin' sick and tired of my railroad man—
> Can't get him when I want him—
> I get him when I can.

It wasn't long before this song-bird escaped her dingy cage. Her name is a vaudeville attraction now, and she uses it all —Ethel Waters. Is there anyone who hasn't heard her sing "Shake That Thing!"?

A second place was Connor's in 135th street near Lenox avenue. It was livelier, less languidly sensuous, and easier to breathe in than Edmonds'. Like the latter, it was in a basement, reached by the typical narrow, headlong stairway. One of the girls there specialized in the Jelly-Roll song, and mad habitués used to fling petitions of greenbacks at her feet—pretty nimble feet they were, too—when she sang that she loved 'em but she had to turn 'em down. Over in a corner a group of 'fays would huddle and grin and think they were

having a wild time. Slumming. But they were still very few in those days.

And there was the Oriental, which borrowed the name that the former Hayne's Café had abandoned. This was beyond Lenox avenue on the south side of 135th street. An upstairs place, it was nevertheless as dingy as any of the cellars, and the music fairly fought its way through the babble and smoke to one's ears, suffering in transit weird and incredible distortion. The prize pet here was a slim, little lad, unbelievably black beneath his high-brown powder, wearing a Mexican bandit costume with a bright-colored head-dress and sash. I see him now, poor kid, in all his glory, shimmying for enraptured women, who marveled at the perfect control of his voluntary abdominal tremors. He used to let the women reach out and put their hands on his sash to palpate those tremors—for a quarter.

Finally, there was the Garden of Joy, an open-air cabaret between 138th and 139th streets in Seventh avenue, occupying a plateau high above the sidewalk—a large, well-laid, smooth wooden floor with tables and chairs and a tinny orchestra, all covered by a propped-up roof, that resembled an enormous lampshade, directing bright light downward and outward. Not far away the Abysinnian Church used to hold its Summer camp-meetings in a great round circus-tent. Night after night there would arise the mingled strains of blues and spirituals, those peculiarly Negro forms of song, the one secular and the other religious, but both born of wretchedness in travail, both with their soarings of exultation and sinkings of despair. I used to wonder if God, hearing them both, found any real distinction.

There were the Lybia, then, and Hayne's, Connor's, the Oriental, Edmonds' and the Garden of Joy, each distinctive, standing for a type, some living up to their names, others living down to them, but all predominantly black. Regularly I made the rounds among these places and saw only incidental white people. I have seen them occasionally in numbers, but such parties were out on a lark. They weren't in their natural habitat and they often weren't any too comfortable.

But what of Barron's, you say? Certainly they were at home there. Yes, I know about Barron's. I have been turned away from Barron's because I was too dark to be welcome. I have been a member of a group that was told, "No more room," when we could see plenty of room. Negroes were never actually wanted in Barron's save to work. Dark skins were always discouraged or barred. In short, the fact about Barron's was this: it simply wasn't a Negro cabaret; it was a cabaret run by Negroes for whites. It wasn't even on the lists of those who lived in Harlem —they'd no more think of going there than of going to the Winter Garden Roof. But these other places were Negro through and through. Negroes supported them, not merely in now-and-then parties, but steadily, night after night.

III

Now, however, the situation is reversed. It is I who go occasionally and white people who go night after night. Time and again, since I've returned to live in Harlem, I've been one of a party of four Negroes who went to this or that Harlem cabaret, and on each occasion we've been the only Negro guests in the place. The managers don't hesitate to say that it is upon these predominant white patrons that they depend for success. These places therefore are no longer mine but theirs. Not that I'm barred, any more than they were seven or eight years ago. Once known, I'm even welcome, just as some of them used to be. But the complexion of the place is theirs, not mine. I? Why, I am actually stared at, I frequently feel uncomfortable and out of place, and when I go out on the floor to dance I am lost in a sea of white faces. As another observer has put it to me since, time was when white people went to Negro cabarets to see how Negroes

acted; now Negroes go to these same cabarets to see how white people act. Negro clubs have recently taken to hiring a place outright for a presumably Negro party; and even then a goodly percentage of the invited guests are white.

One hurries to account for this change of complexion as a reaction to the Negro invasion of Broadway not long since. One remembers "Shuffle Along" of four years ago, the first Negro piece in the downtown district for many a moon. One says, "Oh yes, Negroes took their stuff to the whites and won attention and praise, and now the whites are seeking this stuff out on its native soil." Maybe. So I myself thought at first. But one looks for something of oppositeness in a genuine reaction. One would rather expect the reaction to the Negro invasion of Broadway to be apathy. One would expect that the same thing repeated under different names or in imitative fragments would meet with colder and colder reception, and finally with none at all.

A little recollection will show that just what one would expect was what happened. Remember "Shuffle Along's" successors: "Put and Take," "Liza," "Strut Miss Lizzie," "Runnin' Wild," and the others? True, none was so good as "Shuffle Along," but surely they didn't deserve all the roasting they got. "Liza" flared but briefly, during a holiday season. "Put and Take" was a loss, "Strut Miss Lizzie" strutted about two weeks, and the humor of "Runnin' Wild" was derided as Neo-Pleistocene. Here was reaction for you—wholesale withdrawal of favor. One can hardly conclude that such withdrawal culminated in the present swamping of Negro cabarets. People so sick of a thing would hardly go out of their way to find it.

And they *are* sick of it—in quantity at least. Only one Negro entertainment has survived this reaction of apathy in any permanent fashion. This is the series of revues built around the personality of Florence Mills. Without that bright live personality the Broadway district would have been swept clean last season of all-Negro bills. Here is a girl who has triumphed over a hundred obstacles. Month after month she played obscure, unnoticed rôles with obscure, unknown dark companies. She was playing such a minor part in "Shuffle Along" when the departure of Gertrude Saunders, the craziest blues-singer on earth, unexpectedly gave her the spotlight. Florence Mills cleaned up. She cleaned up so thoroughly that the same public which grew weary of "Shuffle Along" and sick of its successors still had an eager ear for her. They have yet, and she neither wearies nor disappoints them. An impatient Broadway audience awaits her return from Paris, where she and the inimitable Josephine Baker have been vying with each other as sensations. She is now in London on the way home, but London won't release her; the enthusiasm over her exceeds anything in the memory of the oldest reviewers.

Florence Mills, moreover, is admired by her own people too, because, far from going to her head, her success has not made her forgetful. Not long ago, the rumor goes, she made a fabulous amount of money in the Florida real-estate boom, and what do you suppose she plans to do with it? Build herself an Italian villa somewhere up the Hudson? Not at all. She plans to build a first-rate Negro theatre in Harlem.

But that's Florence Mills. Others have encountered indifference. In vain has Eddie Hunter, for instance, tried for a first-class Broadway showing, despite the fact that he himself has a new kind of Negro-comedian character to portray—the wise darkey, the "bizthniss man," the "fly" rascal who gets away with murder, a character who amuses by making a goat of others instead of by making a goat of himself. They say that some dozen Negro shows have met with similar denials. Yet the same people, presumably, whose spokesmen render these decisions flood Harlem night after night and literally crowd me off the dancing-floor. If this is

a reaction, it is a reaction to a reaction, a swinging back of the pendulum from apathy toward interest. Maybe so. The cabarets may present only those special Negro features which have a particular and peculiar appeal, leaving out the high-yaller display that is merely feebly imitative. But a reaction to a reaction—that's differential calculus.

IV

Some think it's just a fad. White people have always more or less sought Negro entertainment as diversion. The old shows of the early nineteen hundreds, Williams and Walker and Cole and Johnson, are brought to mind as examples. The howling success—literally that—of J. Leubrie Hill around 1913 is another; on the road his "Darktown Follies" played in numerous white theatres. In Harlem it played at the black Lafayette and, behold, the Lafayette temporarily became white. And so now, it is held, we are observing merely one aspect of a meteoric phenomenon, which simply presents itself differently in different circumstances: Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson, Jean Toomer and Walter White, Charles Gilpin and Florence Mills—"Green Thursday," "Porgy," "In Abraham's Bosom"—Negro spirituals—the startling new African groups proposed for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Negro stock is going up, and everybody's buying.

This doesn't sound unreasonable when it refers to certain things. Interest in the shows certainly presents many features of a fad. As in some epidemic fevers, there are sudden onset, swift contagion, brief duration, and a marked tendency to recur. Consider "Shuffle Along," for example, as a fad. Interest waned, as it will with fads. Disruption was hastened by internal dissension in the company: Sissle and Blake had written the songs and insisted on keeping the royalties therefrom, and Miller and Lyles had helped make the songs famous and contended that they too deserved a share of the proceeds. There was a deadlock and a split. "In Bamville" went one way and "Runnin' Wild" another, but neither went the prosperous way of the parent fad, "Shuffle Along."

Meanwhile, Creamer and Layton, among others, had found that the fad no longer infected. But if America was barren ground was not Europe virgin soil?

So, while Creamer remained to run the Cotton Club, Layton packed off to England, where already Hayes had done admirably in recital and Robeson was becoming well known on the stage. Layton and his new partner, Tandy Johnstone, were amazed at their success in England, and there they are at this writing. They earn more in a week there than they used to in many months over here. They have transplanted their fad into other susceptible communities—communities likely to become immune less swiftly. They are London vaudeville headliners, and their jazz has captivated the British. These entertainers will probably not soon lose that peculiar knack of striking a popular response. Turner Layton's father was for many years assistant director of music in the Washington public schools, and it is said that this imposing gentleman could get music out of a hall full of empty chairs. There may be something hereditary therefore in the way in which the most lifeless instrument responds to Turner's touch.

Followed Sissle and Blake to England, whence they have recently returned successful. Noble Sissle was the friend and companion of Jim Europe, who organized the New York Clef Club and was the most popular Negro musician of his day. After Europe's unfortunate death, Sissle and Eubie Blake became an extremely popular vaudeville team. Earlier, Blake used to play the piano for house-parties and dances around Baltimore, and later played in cabarets. Certain of his Baltimore friends point to him proudly now, and well they may: the accuracy and agility with which his fingers scamper over the keyboard is always a breath-taking wonder. Sissle and Blake, too, have learned the lessons taught

by struggle and disaster. Time was when the "Shuffle Along" company, coming to Washington from New York for a Sunday afternoon engagement at the world's best Negro theatre, the Lincoln, entered the town with all the triumphal glamor of a circus. Almost every principal in the show had his or her own automobile, and they weren't designed or painted with an eye for modest retirement. The principals drove down from New York in their cars, if you please; which was entirely their own business, of course. The point is that they *could*. Sissle and Blake, it appears, still can. Such is the profitable contagion of a fad.

Pending a contemplated reunion of these unusual teams, Miller and Lyles have been playing with various Broadway revues. These comical fellows are both college graduates, and eminently respectable and conservative in private life. It is, by the way, a noteworthy thing about all of these men, Creamer, Johnstone, Layton, Sissle, Blake, Miller, and Lyles, that one never hears the slightest murmur of social criticism about any one of them. They have managed to conduct themselves off stage entirely above reproach. It is no accident that the private lives of these dark-skinned stars are so circumspect. It is part of the explanation of their success.

V

It is only a part, however; and the fad-like characteristics of their experience may be another part. It may be a season's whim, then, this sudden, contagious interest in everything Negro. If so, when I go into a familiar cabaret, or the place where a familiar cabaret used to be, and find it transformed and relatively colorless, I may be observing just one form that the season's whim has taken.

But suppose it is a fad—to say that explains nothing. How came the fad? What occasions the focusing of attention on this particular thing—rounds up and gathers these seasonal whims, and centers them about the Negro? Cabarets are peculiar, mind you. They're not like theatres and concert halls. You don't just go to a cabaret and sit back and wait to be entertained. You get out on the floor and join the pow-wow and help entertain yourself. Granted that white people have long enjoyed the Negro entertainment as a diversion, is it not something different, something more, when they bodily throw themselves into Negro entertainment in cabarets? "Now Negroes go to their own cabarets to see how white people act."

And what do we see? Why, we see them actually playing Negro games. I watch them in that epidemic Negroism, the Charleston. I look on and envy them. They camel and fish-tail and turkey, they geche and black-bottom and scronch, they skate and buzzard and mess-around—and they do them all better than I! This interest in the Negro is an active and participating interest. It is almost as if a traveler from the North stood watching an African tribe-dance, then suddenly found himself swept wildly into it, caught in its tidal rhythm.

Willingly would I be an outsider in this if I could know that I read it aright—that out of this change in the old familiar ways some finer thing may come. Is this interest akin to that of the Virginians on the veranda of a plantation's big-house—sitting genuinely spellbound as they hear the lugubrious strains floating up from the Negro quarters? Is it akin to that of the African explorer, Stanley, leaving a village far behind, but halting in spite of himself to catch the boom of its distant drum? Is it significant of basic human responses, the effect of which, once admitted, will extend far beyond cabarets? Maybe these Nordics at last have tuned in on our wave-length. Maybe they are at last learning to speak our language.

SKYSCRAPERS FOR ART MUSEUMS

BY LEE SIMONSON

AMERICAN art museums are today the department stores of art. They have expanded in typically American fashion by adding department to department and showcase to showcase until the curators themselves have begun to recognize a new malady and named it museum fatigue. Visitors come to worship and remain to stray. Doubtless they often long for a friendly floorwalker in the aisles of Chinese ceramics or Egyptian monuments. At the crowded first views elderly patronesses jostle one another with something of the eagerness of bargain-hunters, and exclaim (like the two whom I overheard recently) "My dear, have you seen all the high spots?" Trustees point to an annual total of visitors mounting into the hundreds of thousands with much the same pride that the directors of industrial corporations point to fifty millions of gross annual sales, and we are apt to be as easily impressed by the totals in one case as in the other. But it is more important to analyze the museum balance-sheets, and determine of what, æsthetically and socially, the net profit of their turnover consists.

If the art museums of the United States today find themselves engaged in selling beauty by lectures, classes and personally conducted tours in a way entirely analogous to the selling campaigns of an overstocked store, it is not only because archeologists have uncovered whole domains of art faster than the public can assimilate them, but also because the growth of our museums has been directed by men who have never conceived, let alone answered, the problem of organizing countless "art objects" in a way that will make their æsthetic value clear and their social importance effective. Curators, directors and trustees alike have proceeded upon the assumption that merely showing works of art would somehow educate the public, just as the original founders of the museums, in the Brownstone Age, assumed that all art was "fine art" and beauty itself a thoroughly genteel thing, a "refining influence," that could be recognized as soon as it was sequestered in a gilded frame or isolated on a marble pedestal. The mere sight of a sufficient number of bronzes, marbles and paintings was supposed to nurture the artist, and endow the uneducated with an abiding sense of the good, the beautiful and the true, particularly if the subject matter was sufficiently edifying as in "The Dying Slave" or "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

Originally, our museums enshrined whatever the millionaires of yesterday considered worthy of their front parlors, just as they enshrine today whatever the contemporary millionaires consider worth collecting. It is typical that American colonial furniture finally reached the museum public as "art" at about the time it began to command top prices in the auction-rooms. Fortunately, this reliance upon the taste of millionaire donors has proved safe enough, for they have rarely relied upon their own; instead they have followed the judgment of art dealers and their so-called experts—who thereby won a share of the new American fortunes by inciting competition until the few old masters remaining at large began to change hands at half a million dollars apiece. When the accepted art markets became too

restricted to be generally profitable these same art dealers began to educate our merchant princes and enlarge their taste,until finally it included Persian ceramics, Gothic ivories, Byzantine enamels and early Chinese sculpture—fields already so depleted by European connoisseurs that competition in them was as keen as for the paintings of the masters, and the stakes almost as high, and the objects acquired, sooner or later, certain to become invaluable.

A few curators, such as Fitzroy Carrington in Boston a decade ago, Dr. John Cotton Dana in Newark today, and Stewart Culin in Brooklyn, succeed from time to time in ignoring this process; they add African wood carvings or Czechoslovak pottery to their museums as parts of a coherent scheme for enlarging the scope of the institutions, and demonstrating the æsthetic importance of tribal or peasant craft. But, in the main, if American museums could be stripped of their bequests and left with their purchases, their æsthetic poverty would be as obvious as any beggar's, stripped of his borrowed fur overcoat. They have grown up, like so much in American life and most of American industry (whose profits indirectly endowed them) into a kind of inflated maturity, and they have solidified this inflation in vast congeries of halls, grouped about some architectural counterpart of a Roman bath—records of the fortunes of a few archeological expeditions, colossal monuments to the haphazard growth of taste in the American leisure classes.

Had American art museums been able to remain picture palaces, ornamented with occasional statuary, they might ultimately have achieved some measure of expression, and, by weeding out second-rate examples and sequestering their few masterpieces, presented an adequate if abridged history of the "fine" arts. But the variety of precious objects with which they have been endowed has so cluttered their galleries that neither the layman nor the artist nor the critic can establish any real contact with whatever art these objects embody. Our museums consider their function primarily educational; they exist, in intention at least, to stimulate creative effort, educate taste, and reveal the evolution of beauty. But the layman is merely bewildered by a cosmic *revue*, and the artist's eye is hustled between this and that, and left without a single coherent picture of the influence of a master or the growth of tradition in any age, least of all his own. Any attempt to illustrate the thread that binds the Orient to the Occident, or even successive centuries of one epoch to each other, is so plainly lacking that for the scholar American museum collections, on the whole, remain little more than footnotes to his memories of travel, or to the documents in his library.

II

If American museums are really impotent to do anything which can justify their existence except as necessary storehouses, it is because the varied tastes of the millionaire donors, in their eagerness to endow us with "the finest examples of art to be found anywhere in the world," have broken down the old distinction between the "fine" arts and all other art. The elder Morgan's career as a collector was perhaps the greatest single factor in bringing about this change. After the first public exhibition of his collections, already a legend before they were seen in New York thirteen years ago, America realized at last that almost anything could be art—jeweled book-bindings, Bishop's staffs, enameled goblets, salt-cellars, watches, snuff-boxes—what not. The treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb, touted for the last two years in the Sunday rotogravure sections, have reinforced that conception, for apart from the mummy itself and its golden mask, these treasures consist of such things as chairs, walking-sticks, toilet-boxes and alabaster perfume-jars, the obvious counterparts of the bedroom suites, the fitted dressing-cases, the bathroom appointments and the wardrobes of any modern plutocratic household.

Our museums have demonstrated, despite themselves, that an artist is not an exhibitionist, but a craftsman whose prime object is to adorn things used, and that even in Golden Ages pictures and statues were nothing more than spectacular examples of the business that art has always been engaged in: ornamenting and enhancing, symbolizing and dramatizing significant moments in the routine of life or its ritual. Unless a museum can revive that significance it has no fundamental reason for continuing to exist. Its business is not to chronicle art as a fact but to enact it as an event and to dramatize its function. Its rôle is not that of a custodian but that of a showman. All its present efforts at conservation and classification are as futile as any attempt to preserve the meaning of these sentences by breaking up the type in which they are set, placing it in a showcase and then hiring a lecturer to read its meaning aloud to a class of students; as superfluous as hermetically sealing a meal with its menu under glass and then verbally evoking a sensation of taste, or framing a page of the Eroica with the instruments for which it was scored. These are all pedantic substitutes for the direct sensuous experience of reading a sentence, hearing music or tasting food. Æsthetic experience is as directly sensuous. The average visitor to a museum can experience beauty as directly and, on the whole, as satisfactorily as he can eat a meal, provided it is properly prepared for him.

The method which will make this possible is the simplest application of a few principles of stage setting and architectural arrangement. Instead of arranging, in a procession of showcases, its thousand or five thousand examples of Japanese art, swords, lacquer, netsuke, vases, paintings and screens, let the museum build a Japanese room, construct a tokonoma, hang within it the one painting it was meant to frame, and arrange a branch of cherry blossoms according to Japanese tradition for some particular feast day or ceremony in a jar that reveals its beauty because it was designed by the potter to be used in just that place for just such an arrangement of flowering branches. Let the teacups and the lacquered trays be set on a table, and let the swords be placed in their ornamented sword-rack as they were always intended to be seen, as part of the furniture of a real room. Let the design of even the floor matting be apparent, and likewise the fitness of the textures used everywhere, even in the cedar beams and the paper panels of the sliding doors, so characteristic of the thriftiness of all Oriental craftsmanship. In such a room even the most "priceless" examples of Japanese painting, the golden rivers of Koyetsu and the silver waves of Korin, leaping like an army of dragons about vermilion headlands, would take on new significance precisely because they could be seen as part of the screen for which they were painted and which originally served as well to keep out the draft.

The doors might open into a temple's antechamber, with a Buddha in bronze in his shrine, sitting between pilasters painted and fretted with cranes and dragons, and the lamps and candlesticks visibly part of the sacramental mystery which they were originally designed to evoke. This shrine could lead in turn to a garden wherein dwarf pines, stone lanterns and barrel bridges would emphasize the same æsthetic creed working out into new and perfect patterns. Or it might lead to a Chinese terrace, overlooking a stone boat moored among lotus flowers. (The suggestion is not fantastic. There is a pond of lotus that blooms every Summer near Long Island Sound.) If this were done, though the objects in any three such rooms amounted to only one-fiftieth or one five-hundredth of those now displayed in any important Oriental collection in America, the most casual visitor would be arrested by a sense of what Japanese art meant to those who made it, and those who used it, and of the kind of perfection which, at its best,

it achieved. His reaction would translate itself, not into the perfunctory "Gee, ain't it gorgeous," or "Isn't it beautiful," but into that more fundamental impulse to linger which even the most unsophisticated American tourist feels under the storied windows of Chartres Cathedral—an impulse to rest and dream in that garden, if not of the soul of Asia, at least of his own.

If our modern fervor for culture signifies anything at all, it means that we are, like Faust, constantly seeking up all the avenues of the present and down all the vistas of the past that moment to which we can also say, "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön!*" To evoke that feeling and that moment within its walls is a museum's first function. Once experienced, the moment is enough. The spectator has become an art consumer (or, if one prefers the language of culture, an art lover); he has literally tasted beauty. If his appetite for it is to be aroused by a museum it can be effectively aroused in no other way.

Whether there be one such pavilion or six, leading the visitor in turn through Renaissance palaces, Mohammedan courtyards, French manors or Hungarian farmyards, is unimportant so long as he is unable, at any point, to debouch into galleries which will break the spell, for it is a spell that the museum must cast. And every pavilion should of course be complete enough to show the art of its epoch as that art affected a complete cycle of human activity, so that, standing in a courtyard, as he steps from one epoch to another, this same visitor may look back at façades fundamentally related to the smallest teacup or the most trivial piece of furniture they conceal.

Three new rooms reproducing a salon in a Venetian palace and a Renaissance and a Swiss interior have been recently completed at the Brooklyn Museum, and in the De Forest wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art colonial furniture has been placed in rooms that are replicas of the mansions of the period, even to the wall-paper, the bell-pulls and the door-knobs. These rooms make a valiant beginning, but, like the Japanese wing of the Boston Art Museum, they are too incomplete and too unrelated to the entire museum scheme to be effective. It is important to see not only the drawing-room in a colonial mansion, but the kitchen as well, and to recognize the colonial impulse in the design of, say, ornamental cake-molds. We should be able, too, to visit the carpenter's shed and observe the relation of hand-hammered nails to hand-hewn beams. We should be able to inspect a stable, see the coach, and, walking from there into a garden, rest among the clipped yews and perennial borders where the people of that epoch refreshed themselves, under a façade typifying the best architectural traditions of the period. Somewhere in the mansion we should also be able to see the clothes worn by the people who used this furniture and baked these cakes, and so complete our understanding of the temper of a century in American life which produced an art of which a shoe-buckle or a post-chaise, as well as the most precious maple highboy, is equally an expression.

III

The bulk of any museum's collections, I think, should be arranged in a skyscraper tower rising twenty or thirty stories from the center of its pavilions and easily lighted from all points of the compass. A student could then go directly in an elevator to the Tenth Century enamels on the fifth floor or to the Nineteenth Century paintings on the twentieth, and be far better served than by the pilgrimages he must now perform. In the Metropolitan Museum today, on his way to Manet's "Boy with a Sword," he must pass directly, so that he cannot avoid seeing them, four Ionic columns, a statue of Washington, a statue of Adam, a statue of Eve, a case of iridescent Roman glass, sixteen Corinthian columns, a heroic head of Beethoven, a Madonna by Raphael, portraits by Van

Dyck and Piombo, paintings by Dewing, Kronberg, Sargent, Whistler and Chase, a gallery of silverware, a full-size plaster cast of the pediment of the temple of Zeus at Olympus and another of the cupola of the choregic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. If he turns his head to right or left the list is nearly doubled, beginning with four Flemish tapestries and three Egyptian sarcophagi. He may avoid this only by harnessing himself rigidly in mental blinders. But an express elevator is obviously a better method of arriving at the French impressionists, and a necessary one, if the museum is to help in any way to establish that habit of critical re-appraisal which produces what is usually termed a knowledge of art.

The kind of concentration which enables anyone to study a painting while standing in front of it, despite the protestations of professional æsthetes to the contrary, is almost impossible to sustain for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch; it is a fugitive state of attention extremely susceptible to the slightest shock or least distraction. And precisely because an art critic or a painter is sensitive to visual impressions, the more certain it is that any irrelevant object, even if it be a masterpiece, will set off reverberating trains of distracting ideas in his mind. Everything that enters even the corner of his eye literally stings his mind until by the time he finally reaches Manet in the Metropolitan half his energy is wasted in a process of mental itching and scratching. But nothing as fundamental to their business as the rudimentary psycho-physical processes of the association of ideas and the mental reactions to visual stimuli is ever, seemingly, considered by museum directors, who ignore them with the bland and persistent ignorance of witch doctors exorcising a headache by beating a tom-tom. The result is that the traditional arrangement of a museum depletes the kind of attention that ripens into criticism as effectively and methodically as it fails to focus the attention and arouse the interest of the visitor who comes in without any specific purpose whatever.

In a skyscraper tower, the absence of sky-lights would make impossible the constant use of parallel walls and the meaningless parade of pictures drawn up in regimental perspective, and force the arrangement of related groups of paintings in such a way that our steps would actually retrace the paths established by comparative criticism. It seems likely, to my mind, that here the methods of the stage designer would prove most valuable. If Renoir's portrait of Madam Charpentier were shown in an alcove fitted with the furniture and knick-knacks of the 70's, and the forms and texture of the painter's pigment opposed to the actuality of what we call stuffiness, would not most of us, who use so glibly such terms as interpretation, style or design, gain a fresh insight into the creative processes? Here would be a visible demonstration of how even corpulent cushions and the pussy-willow fuzziness of chenille fringes and braids can be transmuted into pictorial patterns. There are other juxtapositions that in themselves would be more effective comments on the development of modern painting than a shelf of treatises—say, Renoir's "Baigneuse" near a facsimile of Girardon's bas-relief of bathing nymphs in the garden of Versailles, or a Goya in an alcove adjoining any Manet, or any example of Greco near the Picassos and Cézannes.

The tower might have as many separate floors as were needed for the miniatures, pottery, furniture, wrought iron, prints and engravings or whatever other collections the museum happened to possess, and between the collections there might be intermediate floors where processes such as mezzotinting or etching could be demonstrated from the blank plate to the final impression, or the successive steps of the historic methods of glazing pottery shown so that craftsmen could enlarge the technique of their craft by gaining a knowledge of processes still standard or of the lost secrets scholars have recovered for them.

Any part of any collection might be further analyzed on other floors set apart for the research student or historian; there he could study the objects with the freedom of a scientist in a laboratory, and, whenever necessary, take a convenient elevator to establish points of comparison and return with a minimum of fatigue and distraction to his desk.

I can see the stacks of a library running perpendicularly up the rear of such a tower. On every floor and for every group of floors there would be a separate reading-room with related material immediately available, and, above all, a complete set of reproductions, so that if the museum possessed but one Breugle it would be but a step to the Viennese State Press folio reproducing in color all his known work. There is no reason why one should be limited, so far as research or critical reflection is concerned, to the particular examples an American museum may happen to have. All that is needed is an architectural plan making comparison and reference as direct and as easy as a short walk from one object to another.

IV

My project is architecturally sound and avoids the immense waste of ground involved in spreading out from one Corinthian temple into another in order that a single second story may be used for skylights over the galleries. The average visitor, whom the museum exists to edify, would, in the most fundamental sense, get in on the ground floor, and there he could experience the meaning of beauty and react to it. The artist or critic could mount a tower-encyclopedia of all the ages of art, wherever his needs led him.

If museums are to become alive and meet the needs of contemporary life they must do so far more continuously and completely than by occasional exhibitions of foreign silverware and furniture, or by assembling annually specimens of the best objects of American manufacture. Unless they are structurally reconceived, the really formative moments in the development of American taste will be the moments when increasing hordes of Winter and Summer travelers stand for the first time under the columns of the Parthenon or see the roseate temple, Der el Bahari, across the Nile at Luxor.

Amid their noisy rushing to and fro, the clicking of movie cameras, and the business of hunting souvenirs and mailing postcards, such tourists are nevertheless experiencing, even today, moments when beauty smites them with the force of first love and enraptures them like a half-forgotten, half-familiar tune. If our museums do not rebuild themselves, the agencies in American life which will breed æsthetic taste and determine our sense of beauty will be, not art museums at all, but travel bureaux: Raymond Whitcomb, Thomas Cook & Sons and the American Express Company.

COLLEGE ELMS AND CHORUS-GIRLS

BY LILLIAN BARRETT

When I think of Yale, from which my two brothers were graduated, it is never the campus that comes into my mind. The cloistral peace of an austere seat of learning, the murmur of innumerable bees in immemorial elms, old Connecticut Hall under the moonlight, the students flapping reverently into chapel with their wide-open galoshes, like so many Pusses-in-Boots,—no, for me New Haven has no such idyllic and classical connotation. I see the college buildings, the class-rooms and the dormitories only as so many vague shapes in the remote background. The focal point of university interest, accepting my brother's confidential yarns, was (and I suspect still is) that garishly lighted block just around the corner from the campus—the block that boasts the Taft Hotel and the Shubert Theatre. Here the extra-curriculum activities about which the Yale catalogue speaks so pompously reach their height.

"I'm well but working terribly hard." Thus righteously would a two-page letter start off. "Had to read the whole of 'Tom Jones' this week for my 'Age of Johnson' course. It's really too much to expect of anyone." But young ebullience and animal spirits would get the better of canny diplomacy at the end of page two. "A new Winter Garden show opened at the Shubert the other night—first performance wasn't over till after one o'clock. It's here for the week. Marilyn Miller sat at the next table to me in the Taft Grill last night." And the inevitable P.S. to the effect that money was running low, that there were dozens of books to buy, and *would* it be possible ——? Naïve, transparent little missives, proving beyond a doubt that college "men" are after all only children! The age of toy railroad trains and other mechanical playthings is past; the period of show-girl worship occupies the years between eighteen and twenty.

That a divinity doth hedge a chorus-girl, in the estimation of these mildly flaming youths of our great universities, is undeniable. Coming for the most part from estimable and prosperous families, and educated in sound secondary schools, they prostrate themselves in spirit before the cheap, shoddy, wise little virgins of the Broadway shows. However lamentable and mistaken such an attitude may be, it at least shows a pathetic sort of idealism, a floundering devotion to beauty. That the idealism persists comes from the fact that few of the boys ever meet their goddesses face to face. The awful glamour of the footlights, like a flaming two-edged sword, warns them off their Eden; more and worse, the allowances that have such an unfortunate habit of running low wouldn't go far with the hard-headed ladies of the chorus. But, beyond all that, the boys keep a respectful distance because in their hearts they probably fear that actual contact with the girls will be a bruising ordeal for their sensibilities and bring their mystical yearnings to an end with a horrible jolt. I think they have their suspicions as to the general type of mind and soul to be found in a Broadway chorus. But they can refuse to admit it, even to themselves, if they remain in the background and just look and look with sentimental eyes.

It is quite in line with this attitude that the typical American college boy believes

implicitly in the time-worn legend that all chorus-girls are protected by millionaires, and have fortunes in jewels and Rolls-Royces, and that every one of them is madly in love with some penniless youth for whom she would make any sacrifice. Preposterous nonsense, of course; but one shouldn't be too scornful about it. Middle-aged men, even geniuses of world-wide renown, cherish the same flimsy notions. Witness Balzac's "Illusions Perdues." If ever the Yale or Harvard boy's attitude was immortalized in print, it is in that tale of Lucien de Rubempré and his Coralie. Certainly you remember Coralie: the rich old roué's darling who threw away all her glorious chances for the indigent Lucien, and died in poverty because of that reckless infatuation. George Moore, supposed to be so worldly-wise and unsentimental, tells the same tale over and over again. His Marie Pellegrin is simply Coralie—and she's a New Haven boy's Winter Garden girl, too. Moore himself, in his "Confessions of a Young Man," is a positively slavish imitation of Lucien. The critical world falls for George and Honoré and yet babbles of realism. Realism? Bah! School-boy pipe-dreams, and not a bit closer to the sordid facts than our kid brothers'.

Stanley Joyce was a class-mate of my older brother at Yale. Being a millionaire in his own right, he was less snugly protected in his ideals than the others. He had the honor to become the husband of the most famous of all the Ziegfeld girls—Peggy Hopkins. I'll wager that Mr. Joyce now knows exactly how far off the truth Balzac was in his touching dealing with Mademoiselle Coralie.

But the average American youth—at a random guess, I should say 75% of any given class—comes in contact with the chorus only through his eyes and ears and imagination. My brothers, with their rich fancy and lean pocket-books, represent the majority; they have both counted up for me on their fingers the rare and privileged minority of their friends who have actually drunk wine in the distinguished company of stage beauties and performed the heroic and appalling feat of registering with them at road-houses. One of these road-houses, in the outskirts of New Haven, was raided during the junior year of my younger brother. Two of his acquaintances became famous overnight because they had written on the incriminating register "Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson" and "Mr. and Mrs. James Boswell." They eluded the police and returned to their dormitory to point out their gaudy pseudonyms in the next morning's papers and to receive the awe-struck applause of their colleagues.

II

There *is* a sinister quality to some of these gay wild-cat scatterings. A great many audacious lads, with far more of youthful animal spirits than of honest wickedness in their makeup, sowed the wind in those jolly years and later reaped the whirlwind. Pretty far gone, some of them are today—drunkards, hangers-on around Broadway, full of sordid wisdom but still incorrigible fools. So one particular little idyll, a bit of charming romance between a Yale boy and a Winter Garden girl, comes back to me with a refreshing wholesomeness, all too rare in such relationships.

Babe Leahy, which wasn't her name, was the sort of chorus-lady who would step out of the ranks two or three times in an evening to feed a joke to Al Jolson. Such fortunate beings are of course the envy and despair of their lowly sisters; but Babe's head wasn't turned by the honor. She appeared in two Shubert shows, "Maid in America" and "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." Then she retired from the stage and married. It sounds simple enough; as a matter of fact, she achieved her status of matron only after a long and hard struggle against tremendous odds.

The boy in the case happened to have money and family and a rigid tradition back of him. Steve fell wildly in love with Babe at first sight, during a performance

of "Maid in America" at Cambridge on the night after a Yale-Harvard game. He sent her flowers and wrote her romantic notes. Babe replied in a week's time—an amusing little letter, frank and to the point. She did spell "admiration" with three *a's*—but that was only proof that the goddess was, after all, a mere erring mortal. Steve's ardor waxed an hundredfold, but like Kiki, Babe made it plain that she was what is called a good girl and knew how to take care of herself. "Maid in America" was doing the Subway Circuit for the next three weeks; Steve therefore cut classes for the three week-ends and did the Subway Circuit too. Soon they were engaged—most honorably engaged, and for the rest of that Winter, Steve mooned and moped till all his friends began to wish that Babe had never been born. She was on the road, far far away from him; moreover, there were his parents—stiff-necked conservatives—to be approached at some hideous future day.

At last Babe returned to town for rehearsals of the new Winter Garden show, and after that Steve became only a transient figure on the Yale campus. Babe lived somewhere in the Bronx; she was the oldest child of sturdy Irish parents and she had half a dozen little brothers and sisters. She and Steve used to spend rapturous evenings in each other's company on the roof of the Leahy tenement. They never went out to restaurants or night clubs; Babe didn't drink, and beside they preferred to be alone with the Spring moon and the chimney-pots. It was an old-fashioned courtship—and somewhere near dawn, Steve would gallantly escort Babe to early mass and, catching the milk-train to New Haven, would usually arrive just in time to miss chapel.

Then the swift catastrophe! Steve's parents found out. It was war to the death for six months; but so tremendous was the boy's determination that he won. Babe was summoned and put through a third degree; she stood the ordeal like a Trojan—and all of a sudden Babe Leahy disappeared from the earthly scene forever, and Miss Barbara Leahy entered a celebrated convent-school up the Hudson. Steve completed his course at Yale and the marriage took place a week after his graduation. The last my brother saw of Steve was at a reunion dinner. He looked almost offensively the happy husband; and into the ears of all and sundry he whispered that Barbara was expecting. Poor Steve and Babe! Though my brother has lost track of them, the last class-book, which announces such things as births and marriages and deaths, lists Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Blank (Barbara Leahy), but has no mention of any children. The baby must have died.

Unfortunately, there are few such story-book romances as this of Steve and his Babe. Students do marry chorus-girls, of course, but such matches seldom last. If, in our bets, we give them a year, we're apt to lose. The queer part of it is that the old sentimental adage, "The woman pays," holds good even here. The man may emerge from the fiasco badly damaged, but he's taken back by his family and put on an allowance, and usually marries a nice young thing for his second wife. The girl, on the other hand, is almost invariably ruined by her little excursion into so-called society.

Take a list of your Ziegfeld or Winter Garden beauties of the past ten years who have had their day of front-page headlines as heroines of elopements with college boys. Where are they now? Out of sight entirely, most of them. For one Rosie Quinn, still the wife of an Omaha boy, there are dozens of up-rooted Jessie Reeds. "Hard as nails, these chorus girls." They *are*, in the main, a cold-blooded, business-like crew, but for that one can only admire them, for the struggle of life is fiercer and more intense in their case than in any other. And their equipment has its mysterious, inexplicable flaws. They know what they want, they go after it and get it—and the next thing you hear, they're down and out, and everything has gone from them.

Some one well versed in the Broadway jargon and Broadway values once summed it up: "If you're too hard-boiled, you end up in the same boat with the Dumb Doras." That's rather neat, but fallacious, for these hard-boiled ones *are*, nine times out of ten, Dumb Doras. Of resourcefulness, real cleverness, they know nothing. They have the one relentless purpose—money, money, money—but it's money to spend on silly display, seldom money to bank. They dig their gold and throw it away in the competitive scrimmage to show themselves better dressed, more gaudily bejeweled than their rivals. Clothes, food, drink. Their harsh policy lacks originality; moreover, it is founded on an unsound system of economics. Their harsh but shallow common-sense carries them just so far; then their amazing ignorance and appalling stupidity conquer them. No wonder Gaby Deslys has achieved a posthumous prestige greater than her fame while she lived; for Gaby left a fortune of something like ten million francs. Inside her beautiful head there functioned the brain of a financier, far above the typical show-girl equipment of gray-matter. Gaby died possessed of both pearls and gilt-edged securities. I doubt very much if many American girls could match her.

III

One day in New Haven—it was a blue Monday morning after a new Winter Garden show had been whipped into shape at the Shubert Theatre for its New York opening—there occurred a vulgar little brawl in the lobby of the Taft Hotel. A trivial, senseless row it was—but interesting in its side-lights on the cruel makeshifts that chorus-girls are heiresses to, and even more interesting as evidence of the sort of shoddy consolations they grab for in their troubles; rather illuminating, too, in the way it revealed the rather sorry chivalry of the boys involved. Even as my brother related it to me with all the false glow of his student romanticism, it didn't sound very inspiring. He was as much of an outsider in the affair as I was; but an outsider with rosy spectacles on, while I could watch the thing from a cold north-light viewpoint.

Dick and Rufe and Fred, the three heroes of the occasion, were my brothers' friends, three gallant musketeers. Dick and Rufe were rich; Fred wasn't, but spent more money than either of the other two. On the fateful Monday morning, Dick's car waited outside the Taft to take three chorus-girls to the railroad-station. Dick and Rufe and Fred went inside, to hang about the lobby with an heroic air of proprietorship while Doris and Madda and Tot paid their hotel bills. The fun started when Tot discovered that she was charged sixteen dollars extra for breaking the plate-glass top of her bureau. Righteous indignation at once! The first thing she'd noticed when she entered the room last week was the big crack in that plate-glass. She'd meant to speak of it to the management—but she'd been so busy with rehearsals, etc., etc.

Her speech was cut into very tartly by the clerk: he begged her pardon *but*—the chambermaid, coming into the room last Thursday, had seen her ironing a stocking on the bureau; to do one's laundry in a first-class hotel was forbidden, anyhow, and the chambermaid had warned her—didn't she remember?—that the electric flat might do some damage. The clerk was reluctant to call Tot a liar right out, but he stuck to his contention that the crack in the plate-glass had appeared that particular Thursday morning. Trapped, Tot burst into tempestuous hysterics. She was a lady, she'd never been insulted like this before. Doris and Madda soothed her melodramatically and the three of them ended by screaming out in chorus a very picturesque line of combined back-stage and gutter vernacular. It was all very loud and violent and ineffectual.

The Yale boys, scared at the sudden untamed savagery of their girl friends, tried to retire out of range, but Doris—a privi-

eged character, having just won a beauty contest—turned on them. "Here, you! One of you step up and pay the poor kid's bill. Come on, you dirty little sneaks!" Dick, who had a certain innate caution and respect for the proprieties, did step up—though unwillingly. The account was settled and the outraged Tot was supported out of the lobby by her two friends, with the three brave youths stealing after them. Apparently, the sensitive Tot would never be consoled for this blow to her pride. She continued her bawling in Dick's car, halfway to the station. Then Doris, the most resourceful of the party, spied a bottle on the floor of the automobile—a quart-bottle of manufactured Manhattan cock-tails, a horrid beverage that was having a brief and inglorious popularity just then with the young and dashing. "Here," said Doris to Tot. "Take that, you damned fool, and shut up!" Tot took it, her sobs quieted, the lily-cups were brought out. By the time the motor drew up at the station, the humiliating episode was forgotten.

What has become of those three girls and their gallant swains? Well, Dick and Rufe and Fred are all married to girls in their own sets. Three prosperous, estimable households—Dick and Rufe with more money than they can possibly spend; Fred with a father-in-law with more money than any son by marriage could possibly fritter away. As to Madda and Doris and Tot—Madda is still a chorus-girl, not one of the choice beauties these days, just a routine hack. There's nothing spectacular in store for her; she's been around too long; Broadway accepts her as it accepts any reliable old prop. No apartment on Riverside Drive for her! Probably she lives in one of those appalling theatrical boarding-houses in the West Forties.

Doris, cleverer than most beauty contest winners, has done better—in fact, rather well. She has been married to two foolish boys and had them snatched away from her by incandescent parents, but the two sad experiences have failed to spoil her good looks. She is exceptional among chorus-girls, for she has some talent in her chosen art. She dances beautifully and she can sing just a little. Last Winter she had a part in a musical show and understudied the star. She has in all probability reached the high point of her career; but at least she has a certain drag with managers and she is seen about pretty regularly in the smart night clubs.

But Tot has disappeared. Nobody knows whether she is dead or only drifting somewhere in the limbo to which the stupider among the band of chorus-girls are consigned. And when one speaks of the stupider in that class, one implies an almost incredible depth of ignorance and unimaginative dumbness. One must take that into account in conjecturing the shabby end of these Tots. Picturesque catastrophes, resounding melodramas aren't in their line. If Tot is living today with one of the lower order of bootleggers, she's doing as well for herself as can be expected, considering her equipment in brains.

IV

But, as I have said before, these are the rare cases—not only the little quiet idylls of a Steve and his Babe, the louder and more raucous adventures of a Stanley Joyce and his Peggy, but even the casual week-end parties like that of Dick and Rufe and Fred and their three ladies of the ensemble. The newspapers, naturally, give their columns to the restaurant brawls and the clandestine marriages and the motor smashes of college boys and chorus-girls. They don't bother to remind their readers that on the night Helen Barnes and a Yale junior were killed on their way to Savin Rock, twelve hundred other Yale students were going about their own gloomy business in Christian decorum. From reading the papers, one is apt to believe that every evening, every member of all our great universities is out on a wild joy ride with a girl.

In a way, perhaps, this preposterous generalization isn't so far wrong as the cold

facts would argue; for, of those twelve hundred circumspect youths smoking their pipes in the dormitories and studying their lessons, perhaps eleven hundred *are* on a glamorous party, speeding suicidally through the moonlight at ninety miles an hour—in their imagination. It is quite true, too, that the students without much money, without motors and the necessary brazenness to get acquainted with chorus-girls, feel in their hearts a wistful envy of their bolder, badder brethren. And yet, how much more fortunate these impecunious lads really are! They come out of their insubstantial sprees without broken bones or aching heads. Beside, they never awaken to the depressing realization that the most beautiful girls on Broadway look a bit tarnished and brassy under the electric lights of a restaurant at 3 A.M.; they never learn by experience the cheapness and illiterate stupidity of those remote divinities. It's better to have dinner at the next table to Marilyn Miller and fool oneself into the belief that the average chorus-girl is just as charming, just as talented and needs only a lucky break to prove it. Yes, it's far better than to sit at the same table with the raw material of a star—raw material that, nine times out of ten, never passes the nebulous gaseous stage, never solidifies into an actual heavenly body—and watch her guzzle her food and break every known law of civilized manners and shatter every rule of English grammar to boot.

When you come right down to it, it's Don Quixote and his sluttish slatternly Dulcinea all over again. For centuries, critics have wept at the pathos of the Spanish knight's adoration. I, for my part, feel inclined to shed a furtive tear or two for these callow American Squires of Dames, but, on the side, I thank Heaven that no opportunity has been given them to call their Dulcineas' bluffs.

EDITORIAL

The name of the man who first made a slave of fire, like the name of the original Franklin Pierce man, is unknown to historians: sweat as they will, their efforts to unearth it are always baffled. And no wonder! For isn't it easy to imagine how infamous that name must have been while it was still remembered, and how diligent and impassioned the endeavor to erase it from the tablets of the race? One pictures the indignation of the clergy when so vast an improvement upon their immemorial magic confronted them, and their herculean and unanimous struggle, first to put it down as unlawful and against God, and then to collar it for themselves. Bonfires were surely not unknown in the morning of the Pleistocene, for there were lightnings then as now, but the first one kindled by mortal hands must have shocked humanity. One pictures the news flashing from cave to cave and from tribe to tribe—out of Central Asia and across the grasslands, and then around the feet of the glaciers into the gloomy, spook-haunted wilderness that is now Western Europe, and so across into Africa. Something new and dreadful was upon the human race, and by the time the *Ur*-Mississippians of the Neader Valley heard of it, you may be sure, the discoverer had horns and was in the pay of the Devil.

His fate at home, though his name is unknown, presents no difficulties to adepts at public psychology. The bad boys of the neighborhood, no doubt, got to the scene first of all and were delighted by the show, but upon their heels came the local pastor, and in two minutes he was bawling for the *Polizei*. The ensuing trial, one may guess, attracted such crowds that for weeks the sabre-toothed tiger (*Machærodus neogæus*) and the woolly rhinoceros (*R. antiquitatus*) roamed the wilds unmolested, feasting upon missionaries to *Pithecanthropus erectus* and wandering flint pedlars. The fellow stood confronted by his unspeakable and unparalleled felony, and could only beg for mercy. Publicly and without shame, he had performed a feat never performed by man before: *ergo*, it was as plain as day that he had engaged, anteriorly, in commerce with the powers of the air. So much, indeed, was elemental logic: even a lawyer could grasp it. But *what* powers? There the clergy certainly had something to say, and what they said must have been instantly damning. They were themselves the daily familiars of all reputable powers of the air, great and small. They knew precisely what could be done and what could not be done. Their professional skill and knowledge were admitted everywhere and by all. What they could not do was thus clearly irregular and disreputable: it issued out of an unlawful transaction with fiends. Any other theory would be laughable, and in plain contempt of court. One pictures the learned judge (himself, no doubt, an ecclesiastic of high rank) summing up, and one pictures the headsman spitting on his hands. That night there was a head on a pole in front of the episcopal cave of the ordinary of the diocese, and more than one ambitious cave hyena (*H. spelæa*) wore himself out trying to shin up.

But the secret did not pass with the criminal. He was dead, his relatives to the third degree were sold into slavery to the Chellean heathen down the river, and it was a capital offense, with preliminary tortures, to so much as mention his name. But in his last hours, one must bear in mind, he had a spiritual adviser, to hear his confession and give him absolution for his sorcery, and that spiritual adviser, it is

reasonable to assume, had just as much natural curiosity as any other clergyman. So it is not hard to imagine that he wormed the trick out of the condemned, and later on, as in duty bound, conveyed it to his bishop. Nor is it hard to imagine its plans and specifications becoming generally known, *sotto voce*, to the adjacent clergy, nor some ingenious holy clerk presently discovering that they could be carried out without bringing any fiends into the business. The lawful and laudable powers of the air, already sworn to the service of Holy Church, were quite as potent: a hint from the bishop was sufficient to set them to work. And so, if there is no flaw in my reasoning, the making of fire soon became one of the high privileges and prerogatives of the sacred office, forbidden to the laity upon penalty of the stone ax, and reserved in practice for high ceremonial uses and occasions. The ordination of a new pastor, I suppose, was such an occasion. The consecration of a new cave was another. And among the uses were the laying of demons, the pursuit and scotching of dragons and other monsters, the abatement of floods and cyclones, the refutation of heresies, and the management of the sun, so that day always followed night and Spring came after Winter. I daresay fees were charged, for the clergy must live, but there was never any degradation of the new magic to sordid, secular uses. No one was allowed a fire to keep warm, and no one was allowed one to boil a bone.

II

It would be interesting to try to figure out, by the doctrine of probabilities, how long fire was thus reserved for sacramental purposes. The weather being too hot for mathematical exercises, I content myself with a guess, to wit, 10,000 years. It is probably over-moderate. The obvious usefulness of fire was certainly not enough to bring it into general use. It had to wait for the slow, tedious, extremely bloody growth of skepticism. No doubt there were heretics, even during the first two or three millennia, who set off piles of leaves far back in the woods, gingerly, cautiously and half expecting to be potted by thunderbolts. Perhaps there were even renegade clergymen who, unsettled in their faith by contemplation of *Pithecanthropus erectus* (the remote grandfather of *P. biblicus* of today), threw off the sacerdotal chemise, took to flight, and started forest fires. But the odds against such antinomians, for many centuries, must have been almost as heavy as the odds against a Unitarian in Tennessee today. They existed, but only as outlaws, with the ax waiting for them, and Hell beyond the ax. The unanimous sentiment of decent people was against them. It was plain to everyone that a world in which they went unscotched would be a world resigned to sin and shame.

Nevertheless, they continued to exist and, what is worse, to increase gradually in numbers. Even when the regular force of police was augmented by bands of volunteer snouters, organized to search out unlawful fires in the deep woods and remote deserts, there were heretics who persisted in their contumacy, and even undertook to defend it with all the devices of sophistry. At intervals great crusades were launched against them, and they were rounded up and butchered by the hundred, and even by the thousand. The ordinary method of capital punishment prevailing in those times—to wit, decapitation with fifteen or twenty strokes of a stone ax—was found to be ineffective against such agents of the Devil, and so other and more rigorous methods were devised—chief among them, boiling to death in a huge pot set over a temple fire. More the ordinary criminal procedure had to be changed to facilitate convictions, for the heretics were highly skilled at turning the safeguards of the law to their baleful uses. First, it was provided that a man accused of making fire should be tried, not by the judges who sat in common criminal cases, but by judges especially nominated for the purpose by the priests, or by the Anti-Fire

eague, an organization of citizens pledged
) law and order. Then it was provided
iat no such prisoner should be permitted
) consult counsel, or to enjoy the privi-
ge of bail, or to call witnesses in his be-
alf. Finally, after all these half measures
ad failed, it was decided to abandon the
vhole sorry hocus-pocus of trial and judg-
nent, and to hand the accused over to the
ublic executioner at once, without any
rivolous inquiry into his guilt.

III

This device seemed to work very well for a time. It worked very well, indeed, for nearly 5,000 years. There were times during that long period when contraband fire-making seemed to be practically extinct in the world. Children grew up who had never seen a fire save in its proper place: a place of worship. Come to maturity, they begat children equally innocent, and so the thing went on for four or five generations. But always, just as the fire heresy seemed about to disappear from human memory, some outlaw in the wilds revived it. These revivals sometimes spread as rapidly as their own flames. One year there would be complete peace everywhere and a spirit of obedience to the law; then next year bonfires would suddenly sparkle in the hills, and blasphemous whispers would go 'round. The heretics, at such times, made great play at the young. They would lure boys into the groves along the river-bottoms and teach them how to roast chestnuts. They would send in spies disguised as Chellean serving-maids to show little girls how much easier it was to do the family washing with hot water than with cold. The constituted authorities answered such defiances with vigorous campaigns of law enforcement. Fireleggers were taken by the thousand, and put to death at great public ceremonials. But always some escaped.

In the end (or, at all events, so I work it out by the devices brought in by the new science of biometrics) enough escaped to make further proceedings against them dangerous and even impossible. No doubt it happened in what is now Southern France, in the region called the Dordogne. The fireleggers, taking to the hills, there organized a sort of outlaw state, and presently began passing laws of their own. The first of such laws, no doubt converted fire-making from a crime into a patriotic act: it became the principal duty of every right-thinking citizen to keep a fire burning in front of his cave. Amendments soon followed. It became a felony to eat uncooked food, or to do the family washing in cold water. It became another to put out a fire, or to advocate putting it out, or to imagine putting it out.

Thus priests were barred from that outlaw state, and it became necessary to develop a new class of men skilled in public affairs, and privy to the desires of the gods. Nature responded with politicians. Anon these politicians became adept at all the arts that have distinguished them ever since. They invented new and more rigorous laws, they imposed taxes, they broke the fireleggers to military service. One day, having drilled a large army, they marched down into the plains, tackled the hosts of the orthodox, and overcame them. The next day the priests who had led these hosts were given a simple choice: either they could admit formally that fire-making for secular purposes was now lawful and even laudable, or they could submit to being burned alive upon their own sacramental pyres. Great numbers of them went valiantly to the stake, firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection. The rest, retiring to their crypts and seeking divine guidance, emerged with the news that the gods were now in favor of universal fire-making. That night there was a cheerful blaze in front of every cave for miles around, and the priests themselves sat down to a hearty banquet of roast megatherium (*M. cuvieri*). Eight thousand years later a heretic who revived the primeval pagan habit of eating raw oysters was put to death for atheism.

H. L. M.

THE HISTORIANS CUT LOOSE

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The memorable event of June 28, 1914, put a heavy strain upon the academic historians of this great Republic. For a century before that fatal day, following their German tutors, they had been poring over professional manuals which exhorted every disciple of Clio to purge himself of all the passions of his race and time, and to lift himself to a lofty objectivity in dealing with all human records. Dire warnings were sounded against every variety of bias and prejudice, racial, national, or partisan. Elaborate guide-books on methodology, from the ponderous Bernheim to the thin but cogent epitome of H. B. George, were provided to safeguard the beginning professors from the awful abyss of special pleading. Precise and formidable laws of historical evidence were drawn up, and emphasis was laid upon the indispensability of adequate, impartial, and credible evidence. Particularly it was specified that the historian must reserve his judgment on every moot point until all of the relevant documentary material was available.

Of all the perilous forms of potential seduction for him, war was pictured in every erudite *Grundriss der historischen Methode* as the most deadly. Mars was represented as the one wooer to whom Clio could offer no effective resistance, once he had got her by the neck. Graduate students were made to see with horror just how the Father of History had distorted his account of the Persian Wars, how Livy had erred in representing the gods as ever solicitous for the Roman arms, how Villehardouin and Joinville had misrepresented the Infidel, how Froissart had exaggerated the prowess of the English, how Clarendon had elevated the Royalists and debased th Roundheads, how Napier had flattere Wellington, and how Sybel had erected colossal and highly dubious Bismarckia epic. A considerable group of progressiv American historians, led by Robinso Shotwell, Beard and Dodd, were goin even further: they were recommendin eloquently that less space be given to wa in the history books, and more to th achievements of peace through industry science and art.

Next to war, and closely associated wit it in its ravages upon historical objectivity was placed racial and national bias. Dro sen and Raynouard, Sybel and Martin Kipling and Henry Cabot Lodge were ex hibited as horrible examples of what mus be avoided by the aspiring practitioner The Aryan Myth was scornfully laid a rest, and there was general agreement tha patriotism was the most vulgar malady t which a learned man could be subject There was, in those days, great respect i American academic halls for the heavy an minute German variety of historical schol arship, with its penchant for a multitud of footnotes and voluminous bibliog raphies. A majority of the more venerabl American historians, indeed, had bee trained in Germany, and the subsequen generation had been instructed mainly i the schools of history established in thi country by those two indefatigable Ger manists, Herbert Baxter Adams and Joh William Burgess. Not even Harvard, Chi cago and Cornell were without the tain of Teutonic erudition in their historica faculties.

The etiquette prevailing among Ameri

n historians was no less exquisite than eir professional ideals. Sober decorum d immaculate taste pervaded the histor- al circle and were always on display at e annual pow-wows of the American istorical Association. Here, in fact, there revailed a gravity not surpassed at a ational meeting of the W.C.T.U. or the ideon Society. Not a ribald snort had isturbed the unruffled calm of this God- aring aggregation for a generation. There as an unwritten law that no historian till living should be subjected to discus- ion, and contemporary events were carcely admitted to be historical. The listinguished professor of modern Euro- ean history at Columbia, who always ound up his course sharply with midnight f December 31, 1869, was by no means nique. Frank and plain talk between nembers of the association was unthink- able. A Rotary Club session was a congress f hyenas compared to its business meetings and sectional dinners.

Once a few timid observations of a mildly insurgent group in the association, such as would have been regarded as almost encomiums among business partners, pre- cipitated a session filled with blank amaze- ment and smothered indignation. Voices choked and tears flowed before an emo- tional discharge compounded of astonish- ment and an outraged sense of decency. Had Brother Latané then launched against the Brahmin clique such an anathema as that hurled against the Teuton two years later by Brothers Thayer and Hazen, the assembled professors would have com- mitted hari-kari unanimously in sheer pro- fessional shame.

From the seminars and libraries of these placid pedants there flowed a steady stream of doctoral dissertations upon the strategy of Alcibiades, the statecraft of Louis the Fat, the historiography of Lambert of Hersfeld, the regimen of Gregory VII, the statesmanship of Oxenstiern, and the diplo- macy of Wolsey. Others, equally earnest and full of piety, labored mightily upon editions of Parliamentary debates or the dispatches of Kaunitz. That Colonel House was even then as important a figure for his- torians as Sir John Finch would have been conceded by none; that the historian should take an active part in practical political life was deemed scandalous and profession- ally suicidal. Indeed, the earlier American historians, such as Motley, Bancroft and Andrew D. White, who had been distin- guished in public affairs, were looked down upon with scorn. The classic description of Mr. Coolidge by Frank R. Kent: "To the end of the row, sincere, sound, solemn and ineffectual," admirably describes the imperturbable host which did homage to Thucydides, Polybius, Blondus, Mabillon, Ranke, Waitz, Monod, Stubbs, Adams and Burgess in the year 1914.

And then, out of a cloudless and smiling sky, came the deluge. Bang! went Princip's pistol at Sarajevo, and bang! went all the professors. By the end of July they were restive and fuming; by the end of August they were in violent eruption. And there- after, for five long years, the word objec- tivity was abolished from their vocabu- laries. They harangued Kiwanis, they wrote letters to the newspapers, they preached in churches, they invaded the movie-parlors, they roared like lions. And in 1917 they submitted themselves, eagerly and almost unanimously, to the high uses of the Creel Press Bureau.

II

There were, of course, a few who held back, but they were quickly suspect. I re- call, at random, Professor Sill of Cornell, Professors Schevill and Thompson of Chi- cago, Professor W. R. Shepherd of Co- lumbia, and Professor Preserved Smith, then unattached. There were, too, Professors John William Burgess and William Milli- gan Sloane: both of them spoke out boldly for a reasonable consideration of the Ger- man case. But the first group could make no headway against the storm, and the last two were soon overwhelmed, for were they not former Roosevelt exchange pro-

fessors at Berlin, and wasn't that enough to damn them? The rest all swallowed the official theory of the causes and nature of the war that came from Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Headlam-Morley and M. Tardieu. Many soon began to embellish it with contributions of their own—often mere gossip. For instance, Dr. E. E. Sperry added force to an argument by declaring, "The other day a man told me that a month before the ultimatum to Serbia he saw Turkish troops under German officers marching up and down the streets of Jerusalem." The culminating example of this sort of thing was the Potsdam Conference story, unloaded on the world by Mr. Morgenthau and Burton J. Hendrick, and swallowed by practically all the professors. Almost as absurd was the unanimous acceptance of the Pan-German nonsense of André Cheradame and Professor Roland G. Usher, and of the Tardieu version of affairs in Morocco.

It must not be presumed that only the smaller fry fell for these absurdities. Practically all the fish were landed in the same net, and probably the most astonishing nonsense of all was written by the eminent William Roscoe Thayer, A.B., A.M., LL.D., Litt.D., L.H.D., Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazarro, now of consecrated memory. The National Security League enlisted the enthusiastic support, among others, of Professors Albert Bushnell Hart and Robert McNutt McElroy, official biographer of Grover Cleveland and lately appointed to the Harmsworth professorship of American history at Oxford. And the organizer of the National Board for Historical Service, designed to line up all the historians in the Allied cause, was none other than the learned Professor James T. Shotwell, once described by a severe critic of orthodox historians thus:

> He has been one of the leaders in the development of an interest in the history of thought and culture; his philosophic grasp is so well recognized that one of his colleagues once remarked that his greatest service lay in keeping the department in touch with the cosmic processes; he is almost unrivaled among historians in his knowledge of the social sciences as a group; and he has been second only to Professor James Harvey Robinson as a protagonist of the newer history in this country.

Thus, with the world aflame, the learned professors slid down the pole, and before long they had put the case of God and virtue into the following scientific propositions:

1. The growth of Germany was predicated on fraud and diabolical ambition, and her hellish prophets were Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and von Bernhardi.

2. Since 1870 Germany had been carefully preparing for war on land and sea. She was *the* militaristic power in Europe, and the active and conscious source of the next war. The Pan-German writers gave expression to her actual aims. Her eventual purpose was world dominion: first conquer France and Russia, then England, then the United States. The rest of the world would fall as a matter of course.

3. Germany held Austria under her thumb and, when the Serajevo crisis developed she seized upon it as an excuse to bathe Europe in blood and realize her ambitions.

4. The final decision to take this course was made at a meeting held at Potsdam, July 5, 1914.

5. After that date Germany resolutely opposed any move that would necessitate retreat, and consequently frustrated the pacific efforts of Lord Grey, and the attempts at conciliation made by Russia.

6. Therefore, the World War was the product of Germany's ambition, and the entire guilt of starting it rested on her shoulders.

This was the basic text, but many of the more talented historians, of course, developed elaborate variations upon it. One of the most industrious in this scientific work was the Thayer aforesaid, for two years president of the American Historical Association. Two books issued from his laboratory in those days: "Volleys From a Non-Combatant" and "Germany vs Civilization," the latter bearing the subtitle of "Notes on the Atrocious War." This last was appropriately dedicated to Professor Charles Downer Hazen of Columbia, of whom more anon. It carried the pertinent motto on its title-page: "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.—Genesis, xvi, 12." The wild man, it was quickly apparent, was William II. But all Germans were equally bad and it was the moral duty of every American, it appeared, to help exterminate them

rom the earth. Thus Dr. Thayer stated his wn purpose:

> To prevent the total pollution of our people by letting loose of the Prussian moral sewers—which, apparently, no one in authority did anything to check—I deemed it the duty of everyone of us who saw this danger and who recognized above all our national contribution to Freedom, to force the United States to join the Allies.

Naturally enough, in those days of "neutrality," Dr. Thayer's hatred of Woodrow Wilson was intense, and a bit later, in the *North American Review*, he printed one of the most virulent diatribes against Wilson ever written. For example:

> I make no specious claim to neutrality. Only a moral eunuch could be neutral in the sense implied by the malefic dictum of the President of the United States. . . . I have noticed in the crisis that the men who boasted of being "impartial" were either pro-German, or they had no hearts to beat faster, although the fate of mankind hung in the balance.

All German statements, to Dr. Thayer, were lies, and all the documents circulated by the Germans fraudulent. The Kaiser, he noted, always "protests to his Hunnish hearers," and all else came from the "German monster." The Germans, of course, were not Christians:

> Nietzsche freed Germany from the last trammels of Christian tradition. . . . The deity who presides over their religion is the Gott with whom William II is in partnership. . . . This war sprang as naturally from the German heart and will as a vulture springs from its nest. . . . The desire and will to conquer were in the hearts of the Germans. . . . The will to attack dwelt in the Kaiser and his military chiefs. Their sole concern was to choose the propitious moment.

The causes of the war were crystal-clear to Dr. Thayer:

> When 1914 came, William determined to wait no longer. He planned that Austria should be his cat's-paw. . . . The unreadiness of his enemies persuaded him. . . . Although he knew of Austria's offer to "converse" he frustrated this eleventh hour hesitation, and saw to it that war should come. . . . Though the Prussian dynasty were to reign from now till Doomsday, on the brow of each Hohenzollern despot, as he mounts the throne, invisible hands will stamp the name "Belgium" as the brand of Cain. . . . The pretense that the French armies were straining at the leash to attack Germany is utterly false.

He was also privy to all the secrets of German-American relations:

> The Kaiser pursued (after 1899) a double policy towards the United States: in public, professing effusive friendship; in secret chafing against the Monroe Doctrine. . . . [After the war began] . . . it became evident that the Kaiser's agents [in the United States] had a double purpose. They worked not only to propitiate American public opinion, but also to organize the German-Americans in this country. . . . Some of the most exuberant of them seem to have had a vision of a German imperial prince sitting in the White House as Viceroy of the Kaiser.

These high and judicious words quickly got their reward: the professors elected Dr. Thayer president of the American Historical Association soon after the United States entered the war. So far as I can recall, only Professors Sill and Schevill rose to protest, and they were at once put down. More, God Himself presently took a hand in the business, for at the time of the next annual meeting of the association, called to assemble in Cleveland, the influenza was raging, and so President Thayer had to be continued in office another year. He showed his appreciation by delivering two presidential addresses upon the same subject: both were devastating blasts against the Hun.

That this double dose was not sufficient to bring the excited historians to their senses is eloquently attested by the fact that they then proceeded to elect Professor Charles Homer Haskins, brilliant medievalist, but obsessed Francophile and largely responsible for the absurd arrangements in regard to the Saar Valley in the Treaty of Versailles, and then Ambassador Jusserand, the charming and subtle Gallic propagandist, and then the martyred Woodrow himself!

III

Next to Dr. Thayer in prompt and scientific appreciation of the issues raised by the Armageddon of 1914 came Professor Charles Downer Hazen, A.B., Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D., Litt.D., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to

whom, as we have seen, Dr. Thayer had dedicated his "Germany vs. Civilization," an honor later gallantly reciprocated when Hazen prepared an edition of the letters and posthumous fragments of Dr. Thayer. For twenty years before 1914, Chevalier Hazen had been the delight and despair of the students at Smith College as head of the department of history in that charming institution. With his colleague, John Spencer Bassett, he was among the star graduates of the Teutonized seminar of Herbert Baxter Adams at the Johns Hopkins University. During the War he was called to a greater sphere of usefulness as recipient of the mantle of William Milligan Sloane in the professorship of modern European history at Columbia.

Chevalier Hazen, in the gaudy days of 1914–18, did not waste himself upon sporadic magazine articles. He buckled down in earnest fashion and put the cream of his scholarship where it would do the most good, namely, before the young intellects of America. He began logically with the rape of France in 1870. He contended that the fundamental purpose of the World War was to right that atrocious wrong—concerning which Napoleon III had said in 1871: "I acknowledge we were the aggressors," and of which Clemenceau had said in 1914: "In 1870 Napoleon III, in a moment of folly, declared war upon Germany without even having the excuse of military preparedness. No true Frenchman has ever hesitated to admit that the wrongs of that day were committed by our side. Dearly have we paid for them." Dr. Hazen hastened to correct this grievous misunderstanding of the facts and their implications. In 1917 there appeared his most resonant clarion-call, "Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule." Thus he got down to business:

> It should be a source of pride to Americans to know that they may aid in the vindication of right and justice, of liberty and humanity. Alsace-Lorraine is a symbol as well as a fact. She represents the cause of the oppressed everywhere. She has come to personify the momentous controversy which has been going on in the world for the past hundred and forty years since the American and French Revolutions challenged the principle of force as the authoritative arbiter in human affairs and asserted that the people have the right to determine their allegiance, that they must be consulted and obeyed by the governments, that they are no longer chattels to be passed from hand to hand as the results of battles and campaigns. . . . It was as appropriate as it was inevitable, that, unless the people of the United States were to be recreant to their country's ideals and indifferent to its interests, they should have a place in the present stage of this epochal controversy as they had in its beginning in the Eighteenth Century. As our soldiers and our sailors steam down the harbor of New York on their way to the field of battle they pass the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, the work of a gifted son of Alsace, Auguste Bartholdi, of Colmar. Under that prophetic and inspiriting sign they go forth to fight the good fight for freedom.

The essentials thus eloquently set forth were adapted to the comprehension of high-school students in the Chevalier's "Modern European History," which also appeared in 1917. And the same account was again embodied in "Fifty Years of Europe," prepared, though a little too late, for the embattled S.A.T.C. I quote from the former work:

> The responsibility for this tragic, monstrous, unnecessary crime against civilization, against humanity, was lightly assumed. . . . The opinion of the outside world as to where that responsibility lies has been overwhelmingly expressed. . . . The world was stunned by the criminal levity with which Austria-Hungary and Germany had created this hideous situation. The sinister and brutal challenge was, however, accepted immediately, and with iron resolution by those who had done their utmost during those twelve days to avert the catastrophe, and not only the Great Powers, like France and England, but small ones like Belgium and Serbia, never hesitated, but resolved to do or die. . . . We entered the war because Germany forced us in, because she rendered it absolutely impossible for us to stay out unless we were the most craven and pigeon-hearted people on the earth.

Lest the morale of the Republic might be weakened by German peace offers or rumors of German liberal reforms, Dr. Hazen was delegated by Mr. Creel, early in 1918, to bring out in high relief the cloven-hoof in German *Realpolitik*, and to show the complete unreliability of each and every Hunnish promise. This led to the production of his erudite monograph on "The Government of Germany." Here the spine of the vacillating patriot was sub-

cted to the following reassuring chiro-ractic:

> Let us not be hoodwinked by Easter messages from William II, or by cloudy and ambiguous utterances of his spokesman, as presaging the forthcoming liberalization of Germany. Prussian kings have shown that not only are treaties scraps of paper, but that constitutions are scraps of paper when their provisions annoy the monarch. And Prussian monarchs have never been squeamish about perjury. The famous Easter "promises" of this year will not be a greater hindrance to imperial and royal volition than previous celebrated promises to Belgium and the United States have been. . . . All this parade of constitutional reforms must not becloud the issue. The constitutions of Germany are paper constitutions. Long before it was the custom to treat solemn international agreements as mere scraps of paper the Imperial and the Prussian constitutions were ignored and flagrantly infringed with impunity by the governing authorities.

After the War, Chevalier Hazen was fittingly rewarded by being made exchange rofessor at Strasbourg. He has never informed us how it affected him to discover he inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine even ess happy under French rule than under German.

Scarcely less powerful and scientific than the Chevalier, in those heroic days, was Professor Munroe Smith, LL.D., J.U.D., J.D., of Columbia. Thus, out of his wide historical knowledge, he described the ambitions of the Potsdam Gang:

> In the German mind there gradually developed a vision of a German world empire based on an expanded Fatherland with a rapidly increasing population of states that was to extend from Scandinavia to Asia Minor, holding overseas possessions of all sorts in eastern Asia, in Africa, in Latin America and in the islands of all the oceans.

In his "Militarism and Statecraft" he elaborated on this theme as follows:

> In no other nation . . . has national ambition been so rapidly and so widely diffused as in Germany; in no other nation have the accompanying and fostering illusions become equally prevalent; and in no other nation can we find an equally general unscrupulousness in the approval of all means adopted to reach the ends desired.

He then attempted an excursion into social psychology. His reward was

> . . . a conviction that there are fundamental differences between the Germans and the people of most other countries in their attitude towards sentiment, whether personal or general; and in the view of the relation between ideals and the practical conduct of life. . . .'Natural human feelings, the instinctive reactions of sentiment and of conscience, are considered only as personal emotions which the military officer must repress because they tend to impair his efficiency.

These matters being disposed of, the war guilt question was attacked. Austria and Germany, it at once appeared, were the aggressors. Serbia, Russia, France, and Belgium were completely innocent. Germany did want peace with Great Britain and was attacked by her, but Britain's ground was unimpeachable: the violation of Belgian neutrality. Naturally enough, Professor Smith was in favor of the British blockade. Thus he defended it in the *Political Science Quarterly* for December, 1916:

> It has seemed sufficient to file our protests as a basis for subsequent claims. After the war the British government may concede that its measures were irregular; and the rules of international law will then be vindicated. Great Britain may be the readier to do this because in the future it may need these rules for the protection of its own trade.

Dr. Smith swept away the German case with an easy gesture. Thus:

> In addition to the fact that the Central Empires could not draw military supplies from us, were we not entitled and bound to consider the fact that they stood in no such need of arms and munitions as did the Entente Allies?

IV

The case of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt. D., of Harvard, differed somewhat from that of the learned men just discussed. In 1914 he wrote a book called "The War in Europe," in which he discussed very calmly some of the causes of the conflict: obscure national hatreds, military rivalries, commercial rivalries, transportation rivalries (particularly the Berlin-Bagdad Railway), colonial rivalries and race antagonisms. With regard to the precipitation of the war he said he believed that Germany had a tacit understanding with Austria that Serbia should be roundly punished at the first oppor-

tunity, but that this was not to go as far as provoking a world war. When the latter contingency loomed up the Kaiser sought a way out:

> This correspondence [between the Kaiser and the Czar] is replete with sincerity and clearly shows the German Emperor trying to hold back the tide until Austria and Russia should be able to agree upon a form of accommodation.

But he was frustrated, and by the Russians:

> It is proved that Emperor William would have held his hand for a few days if Russian mobilization had not seemed to him a warlike act directed at Germany.

Dr. Hart also noted that the French had

> been ready for war with Germany for forty years, and the whole nation as one mass accepted the opportunity when it came without hesitation and with very little effort to avert it. France could not fight without Russia. Together they hoped to be the two jaws of the vise with which to crush both Germany and Austria-Hungary. . . . We are accustomed to think of Germany as saturated with militarism, but it is the same in every European country, down to Montenegro.

Furthermore he noted, apropos the violation of Belgian neutrality:

> Nothing but a conviction of imperious and military necessity would have driven Germany to an act which was bound to create consternation among small powers and surprise among neutrals throughout the world. . . . [It] might be justified under the law of natural existence if necessary to save Germany from destruction.

He concluded that

> the United States as a nation is sympathetic with all of the contestants; we have nothing to give any of them; whichever group is successful, that group has nothing to give which the United States desires.

But that was in 1914. In the years following his scientific researches caused him to see the light, and by 1917 he was writing the following in the *Yale Review:*

> The first impression that the Kaiser and his entourage flung the brand into the pyre has since been confirmed by the revelation of the Italian statesmen and especially by Lichnowsky. If Germany could make war on a pretext for secret and ulterior aims of conquest in Europe and Asia, the time would come when similar temptations of rich lands in weak hands would draw her to South America and the Panama Canal. . . . The frightful military despotism set up in Belgium was simply a warning of what might happen to New Jersey and Rhode Island if they should ever become "occupied conquests."

After that Professor Hart was one of th most violent of the warlocks. Enterin the service of the celebrated Nation Security League (along with Professo A. O. Lovejoy, the patriot-philosopher he was presently writing such books a "America at War: a Handbook of Patr otic Education," replete with denunci tions of Frederick the Great, Nietzsch Treitschke, and von Bernhardi, authent information about the "murders on th *Lusitania*," Belgian atrocities, quotatio from alleged German diaries and a learne treatise on Pan-Germanism. His collaps was complete, and he has not recovered t this day. Perhaps his noblest contributio to scientific history was printed in th form of a commentary on Dr. Harry E Barnes' article on the war guilt questio in *Current History* for May, 1924. Here h conceded that, if one accepted documentar evidence, Professor Barnes seemed to h right in his demolition of the Entent Epic, but he offered the original suggestio that the subjective emotions of war tim were more trustworthy than the conten of archives:

> The subject is too involved, the underlying race and language antipathies are too strong, the confusion of relations in Eastern Europe too complex to make any review of printed testimony a safe basis for changing an opinion which was forged by the fires of war.

This sentence will probably take i place in the manuals of historical metho ology alongside James Anthony Froude classic description of Adelaide. But pe haps the most humorous aspect of Pro fessor Hart's strenuous exertions to kee the Huns out of Rhode Island is to be foun in the fact that, due to some jocosity, ove sight or imbecility on the part of an un known functionary, his name was include along with those of Scott Nearing, Ros Pastor Stokes *et al.*, in the list of "undo sirables" published by the Military In telligence Division of the War Departmen in the Spring of 1919. The learned pro

essor had to board a train and go puffing o Washington to get himself officially re-stated among the elect under Stanwood Menken's wing. He got a somewhat incomplete solace by being inducted into the Loyal Order of Moose as an honorary member in recognition of his patriotic services. There was much speechifying.

Another case with humor in it was that of Professor George Lincoln Burr, LL.D., Litt.D., of Cornell, before the war the chief exponent of tolerance among American historians, and perhaps the world's leading authority on the history of tolerance. In fact, when the war broke out he had just read his presidential address before the American Historical Association on "The Freedom of History," *i.e.*, from bias and prejudice. But as soon as the bugles sounded, the amiable "Daddy" Burr, with his five feet four, his sixty years and his unrivalled erudition, insisted upon donning a uniform and drilling with the khaki-clad youths on the Cornell campus. He lived for two years in fear lest a German periscope suddenly part the waters of the upper Cayuga or the Hunnish hosts pour over the hills of Tompkins county to put his precious Andrew D. White Library to the torch. Even when the war was over Dr. Burr suffered a considerable hang-over, and so wasted two years adjusting war-risk insurance when he might have been giving his time and skill to the histories of witchcraft and the freedom of thought that no other living historian could aspire to execute so well. His behavior was perhaps the closest American analogue to Anatole France's famous enlistment gesture. He wrote nothing silly, but his case proves how little scholarship and devotion to intellectual freedom really mean when Mars is in the field.

Relatively few of the blood-sweating historians operated independently. Most of them were enlisted by one or another of the current spy-hunting and Hun-chewing societies, and by far the greater number by the celebrated Committee on Public Information, more widely known as the Creel Press Bureau. Mr. Creel has told the story of his official war propaganda in "How We Advertised America." The writing of the pamphlets that he published was largely done by the embattled historians. To head his production department he sought "a university man, a practiced historian, a writer skilled in investigation, one who knew America and Europe equally well." He found him in Professor Guy Stanton Ford, Ph.D., head of the history department at the University of Minnesota. Creel read one of this learned gentleman's inspired patriotic pamphlets and then:

> I wired him that he was "drafted" and to report immediately. Here again the value of quick decision was proved, for I would have wasted months in search without finding anyone so admirably fitted by temperament and training for the important position to which Professor Ford was called.

The corps of assistants gathered about Dr. Ford included many eminent and even illustrious men. The roll-call follows:

Professor A. C. McLaughlin, LL.D., of the University of Chicago
Professor E. V. Green, Ph.D., of the University of Illinois
Professor Carl Lotus Becker, B.Litt., of Cornell
Professor Wallace Notestein, Litt.D., Ph.D., of the University of Minnesota
Professor Elmer E. Stoll, Ph.D., of the University of Minnesota (a professor of English, not of history)
Professor D. C. Munro, A.M., L.H.D., of Princeton
Professor G. C. Sellery, Ph.D., LL.D., of the University of Wisconsin
Professor E. E. Sperry, Ph.D., of Syracuse
Professor J. J. Coss, Ph.D., of Columbia
Professor James Gutmann, Ph.D., of Columbia
Professor S. B. Harding, Ph.D., of the University of Indiana
Professor F. L. Paxson, Ph.D., of the University of Wisconsin
Professor E. S. Corwin, Ph.D., of Princeton
Professor William Stearns Davis, Ph.D., of the University of Minnesota
Professor G. W. Scott, LL.B., Ph.D., of Columbia
Professor J. W. Garner, Ph.M., Ph.D., of the University of Illinois
Professor J. J. Pettijohn, of the University of Indiana
Professor T. F. Moran, Ph.D., of Purdue
Professor F. W. McReynolds, LL.B., of Dartmouth
Professor Charles E. Merriam, Ph.D., LL.D of Chicago
Professor W. R. Shepherd, Ph.D., L.H.D., of Columbia

Professor Jerome Davis, Ph.D., now of the Yale Divinity School
Professor W. F. Russell, Ph.D., then of the State University of Iowa and now of Teachers College, Columbia.

In preparing the war pamphlets Dr. Creel followed a definite system:

> When the pamphlet was decided upon in conferences, the next question was the proper man or men to handle its preparation, and these men were then telegraphed a request to come to Washington. In no case was there a refusal to serve, and not only is it my privilege to pay a high tribute to the devotion of individuals, but also to the patriotism of the universities, who loaned members of their faculties generously and wholeheartedly. The writers were given only one simple direction, and that was to do their work so that they would not be ashamed of it twenty years later. When the pamphlet was finished it was submitted to a general examination and then referred to the various divisions of government for checking, and it is my pride to be able to say that in all the mass of matter issued by Professor Ford's division, only one public charge of misstatement was ever voiced and this was followed by an apology.

V

It is hardly necessary to clutter up these pages with quotations from the learned and highly accurate literature thus produced. Most readers will remember it. The first pamphlet of the Bureau was written by Arthur Bullard, E. G. Sisson, Mr. Creel and Professor Ford. It was put into popular form by Ernest Poole, and Professors Shotwell of Columbia and Becker of Cornell "shaped up certain points more sharply and judiciously." The result was read and approved by Secretary Lansing and President Wilson. It was entitled "How the War Came to America" and circulated to the extent of 5,428,048 copies. Mr. Creel believes that "in authoritative judgment it stands today as the most moderate, reasoned and permanent pamphlet put out by any government engaged in the war." Those who have been following the progress of revisionist scholarship should dust off their copies and peruse it. Other choice bits that went over the million mark were:

Conquest and Kultur, by Notestein and Stoll—1,203,607
German War Practices, by Munro, Sellery and Krey—1,592,801
The War Message and the Facts Behind It, with notes by W. S. Davis—2,499,903
The Great War, by A. C. McLaughlin—1,581,903

Hardly a single issue failed to reach si figures:

The German War Code, by Scott and Garner—514,452
The German Treatment of Conquered Territory, by Munro, Sellery and Krey—720,848
The War Cyclopedia, by Harding, Paxson and Corwin—195,231

The usefulness of the historians, c course, was not limited to composing thes voluptuous pamphlets. There were othe services they could perform quite as well Dr. Jerome Davis, then in the service of th Y. M. C. A., successfully engineered th distribution of American propaganda i Germany via Russia. Dr. W. R. Shepherd assisted by the novelist, Robert Herrick directed propaganda in favor of America idealism in the Allied countries. Professo Charles Edward Merriam, then a captai in the army, in association with Joh Healey, Italian correspondent of the Unite Press, directed the propaganda in Italy:

> They distributed 4,500,500 postcards bearing American war pictures; American flag bow-pins, Italo-American ribbons and buttons, 154,854; President Wilson posters, 68,574; assorted American war posters, 66,640; American flags in paper, 200,000; American flags in cloth, 30; sheet music, "The Star-Spangled Banner," 33,300; booklets containing American war statistics and other information, 364,235; United States maps, 200; President Wilson photographs, 500; President Wilson engravings, 35.

It is not necessary, of course, to assum that all of the eminent historians enliste under Mr. Creel's banner volunteered with much enthusiasm or approved of all th nonsense compiled. One cannot imagine th gentle Evarts Greene fired with any desir to mutilate the Kaiser, and one suspect that the detached and cynical Carl L. Becker must have "pointed up" the pamphlet on "How the War Came to America" with certain philosophical reservations. But no dissent from the official buncombe was heard at the time, and many profes sors, unable to get service under Dr. Creel

—who once boasted that he had no less than 2,500 head of historians on his list—went to work for other patriotic agencies. There was, for example the National Board for Historical Service, headed by Professor James T. Shotwell. It was, in the words of Dr. Creel, the means by which the historians of the country organized more effectively than any similar group of scholars." The roll-call included, beside Dr. Shotwell:

Professor E. V. Green, Ph.D., of the University of Illinois
Professor J. F. Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D., editor of the *American Historical Review*
Professor D. C. Munro, L.H.D., of Princeton
Professor W. G. Leland, A.B., secretary of the American Historical Association
Professor A. C. Coolidge, Ph.D., LL.D., of Harvard
Professor F. J. Turner, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Harvard
Professor J. Schaefer, Ph.D., of Oregon
Professor Henry Johnson, B.L., A.M., of Teachers College, Columbia
Professor W. E. Lingelbach, Ph.D., of Pennsylvania
Professor C. H. Hull, Ph.D., of Cornell
Professor W. E. Dodd, B.S., Ph.D., LL.D., of Chicago
Professor C. R. Fish, Ph.D., of Wisconsin
Professor C. D. Hazen, Ph.D., L.H.D., Litt.D., of Columbia
Professor R. D. W. Connor, Ph.B., of North Carolina
Professor W. Notestein, Litt.D., Ph.D., of Minnesota
Professor S. B. Harding, Ph.D., of Indiana

Effective linkage between the Creel Press Bureau and the unattached pedagogues was provided by the professional historical periodicals. Dr. Jameson was able to keep the *American Historical Review* from anything approaching a collapse of its former dignity and trustworthiness, but the *History Teacher's Magazine*, edited by Albert E. McKinley, literally threw itself into the arms of the Creel Bureau and the National Board, and its files from 1917 to 1919 are rich with clinical material for the historical pathologist. The article on "Annexationist Germany," by Professor Bernadotte Schmitt, Ph.D. (May, 1918), was almost worthy to rank with the pamphlets issued by the American Defense Society. This periodical also issued a syllabus on the causes and issues of the war which was an able guide to the resources of the Creel Bureau.

Unluckily, not every learned organization of those trying days was as helpful to Dr. Creel as the Board for Historical Service. Some of them were downright nuisances. As he later put it:

> Another handicap in the fight for national unity soon presented itself in the form of those volunteer patriotic societies that sprang up over the land like mushrooms, all sincere and loyal enough, but demoralizing often by virtue of this very eagerness. These organizations collected their funds by public appeal, and as obvious justification of existence was furnished by publicity, their activities inevitably took such form as could earn the largest amount of newspaper space. As a consequence, their patriotism was a thing of screams, violence, and extremes; they outjingoed the worst of the jingoes, and their constant practice of extreme statement left a trail of anger, irritation and resentment.

Worse, even some of the chosen leaders of the recognized organizations often went beyond the bounds of a sound discretion. There was, for example, the case of Professor McElroy, of the National Security League. But let Dr. Creel tell it:

> Professor McElroy, returning from a three weeks tour of the West, gave out a statement in which he said that he had known what it was "to face large bodies of young men clad in the uniform of the American army beneath which were concealed the souls of Prussians." Later, in the New York *Tribune*, he gave the University of Wisconsin as the place where he had encountered disloyalty. The basis of the charge was the inattention of the audience throughout his speech, shuffling feet, snapping of rifle triggers, etc., and he told how finally, to test the audience, he leaned forward and deliberately insulted them as "a bunch of damned traitors"; how, to his amazement, there was no resentment whatever of this or of his later reference to a "Prussian audience." "I hesitate to accuse an entire university of disloyalty," he said, "but to my mind that episode stands out as one of the most disgraceful things I have encountered."
>
> Dr. Charles R. Van Hise, president of the university, John Bradley Winslow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and E. A. Birge, of the College of Science and Letters, were appointed as a committee of protest, and their report asserted that the address had been long; that the audience included a cadet regiment—students—who had marched two and one-half miles in the rain and were wet and cold; that, being present under orders and unable to withdraw, they merely indicated their desire for an end to the long speech; that Professor McElroy's reflections on their loyalty were made in a tone so low that

persons within twenty feet of him did not hear the words at all.

Thus, then, by reason of a speaker who failed to hold an audience of boys throughout two hours, the loyalty of a State was impugned, and the patriotism of a great university was besmirched.

The unfortunate Dr. McElroy was burned in effigy by the students. He was, amusingly enough, Director of Education for the National Security League. But his conception of education did not include any training in placidity and tolerance. In his pamphlet, "The Ideals of Our War," one finds him tracing the genealogy of German morals. First comes Frederick the Great, who practiced the "gospel of force and fraud"; then Nietzsche, who dignified the practice into a philosophy, "but Nietzsche died mad"; next we have Treitschke, "breathing this gospel of force and fraud into the very soul of Prussia, and, through her, of all Germany"; and finally von Bernhardi, "soldier, strategist and shameless expounder of this ancient doctrine of force and fraud." Consequently, "Germany is a menace to civilization." His particular concern was to demonstrate that while democracy was originally developed in the forests of Germany (now, alas, an exploded idea), it was later crushed by the Prussians and developed by the English and Americans. The war was thus an effort to force the Germans to accept what they had originally let loose upon the world.

Professors McElroy and Hart were not the only star performers for the League. Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, now the leader of the war guilt revisionists, contributed a pamphlet. Dr. Claude Halstead Van Tyne, head of the department of history at the University of Michigan, fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and himself trained at Heidelberg and Leipzig, wrote a complaint that German training had led our historians to pervert our history texts, and argued that we needed more stress placed on our cultural debt to England. Not all of the professors committed their thoughts to print. The following lectured under the auspices of the League:

Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., LL.D., of Columbia
Professor William Bennett Munro, Ph.D., LL.D., of Harvard
Professor William Henry Schofield, Ph.D., of Harvard
Professor Walter P. Hall., Ph.D., of Princeton
Professor Melanchthon F. Libby, Ph.D., of Colorado
Professor Ephraim D. Adams, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Stanford

Professor Giddings, turning aside fro teaching the history of civilization at C lumbia, did yeoman service against Willia the Damned. Bowled over by letters fro former French students telling of the di memberment of Belgians and Frenchme by the Huns, he was the most upstandi opponent of Kaiserdom on Morningsid Heights for many months before our entr into the Great Crusade. He thundere against the black hosts of iniquity t crowded classes in Kent Hall. In th Spring of 1918, he expressed himself in memorable address at Philadelphia a doubting the very capacity of the Germa for civilization. His editorials in the *I dependent* rivalled those of Brother Lyma Abbott. The good professor, a valiant pr tagonist of cold statistical measurement in the social sciences, was at times move to poetry by the depth of his feelings.

VI

Much efficient supplementary service wa rendered by the so-called university Wa Books, proudly issued by Columbia, Chi cago, Illinois, North Carolina, Wisconsi and Princeton. They varied considerably i content, quality and interest. That issue by Columbia dealt severely with technica problems of production, transportation finance and the like. Likewise that issue by Chicago was rather mild and benign although President Harry Pratt Judson A.M., LL.D., did spread the usual muc in "The Threat of German World Poli tics." Most of the contributors did no profess history. The prize exhibits in thi division were the War Books of Princeto and Wisconsin. That of Princeton wa written by members of the Department o

history and politics. It was designed to give a "more accurate understanding of the reasons for the entry of the United States into the European War," and to set forth the "proved facts of German political policy and ambition." Among the "proved facts" was one cited by Professor Henry van Dyke, D.C.L. (Oxon.): "The offense of choosing, forcing and beginning it [the war]." Professor E. S. Corwin, Ph.D., LL.D., assumed a more magisterial tone and argued the thesis that "while it is Germany's violations of international law that have brought us into the war, it is what these violations imply that must keep us there until Germany is defeated, since they spring from ideas which make any rational hope of good order in the world of nations a permanent impossibility." Germany was dangerous, it appeared, because of her ambitions, and Dr. Corwin discovered these in the judicious and measured books of Cheradame and Usher. Professor Clifton R. Hall confined himself to congratulations on the "Anglo-Saxon family reunion," but Professor Philip Marshall Brown, M.A., closed the volume with a series of whoops:

> First we tried the anæmic variety of neutrality, the paralysis of moral and intellectual powers. Then we more or less unconsciously assumed the impossible rôle of the benevolent neutral, hoping for the success of the Entente Allies. And finally we resorted to the dubious expedient of armed, malevolent neutrality. . . .
>
> It is a war on a false ideal. We are wrestling with a grossly materialistic conception of human relations; with a pagan idea of legal rights and obligations that recognizes no other necessities than those of Germany . . . a sublime cause.

The University of Wisconsin volume followed the same general lines. All of the faculties contributed, a professor of English writing up the celebrated though mythical Potsdam Conference. Professor Frederick A. Ogg, Ph.D., writing under the title of "Germany's Ambition for World Power," set forth the usual canned stuff about Pan-Germanism, and opened his discussion with an assertion of Germany's sole guilt in starting the war. Professor G. C. Sellery went over the same ground in "Why Russia, France and Britain Entered the War." "Germany," he said, "attacked Russia. . . . France was convinced that Russia was not the aggressor and therefore resolved to help her. . . ." Did France try to prevent the war? "The answer is an emphatic yes." Britain went into it to support Belgian neutrality, though "not bound by the Entente to support France in a war with Germany." Professor Carl Russell Fish applied himself to the subject of "German Submarines and the British Blockade," and concluded that the British blockade was strictly legal, and that when it wasn't, it violated only property rights, which could be the subject of adjustment following the war. But Germany's blockade was not legal—was, in fact, outlaw—for it sometimes destroyed lives.

Professor W. L. Westermann, Ph.D. (Berlin), was perhaps the most eloquent of these Wisconsin savants. He chose as his subject "The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy," and painted a heart-rending picture of autocratic Germany and Austria crushing democratic Belgium—and Serbia. A German victory would result in the crushing of all democracy:

> Should the plans of militaristic Prussia be successful, all democracies of the world, including our own, would be in grave danger. The programme of the German militarists was, and still is, to break forever the power of our sister democracy, France. France must be "bled white!" Then England, that "nation of shop-keepers" with its liberal institutions, must be made subservient to German autocratic ideals. It must be removed forever from the pathway of the expansion and spread of the German rule. Indirectly, the success of autocracy in Europe would, by the glamour of its achievement, force all the freedom-loving people of the world to adopt the methods of military autocracy. The menace of German autocratic power would compel us to enter upon an indefinite, constantly increasing programme of military armament. . . . The South American republics would be the first to meet the onslaught of militaristic autocracy. German imperialistic policy has aimed for twenty years or more at the control of the South American republics—and then our turn was to come.

In those heroic days every German professor in America was considered an agent of the Kaiser. I have noted how Professor Van Tyne, trained at Heidelberg and Leip-

zig, lamented that German education had perverted the writing of American history. But by far the most earnest writings in this field were those of Dr. Earl Evelyn Sperry, professor of history at Syracuse University. It was he who invented the phrase, "the tentacles of the German octopus," and used it as the title of a pamphlet issued by the National Security League. Dr. Sperry concentrated his indignation on such organizations as the Verein für das Deutschtum im Ausland, and upon German newspapers, German professors and all teachers of the German language. His argument was summed up as follows:

> The curious idea is frequently expressed in German publications that men can be loyal and honorable citizens of the country in which they live and at the same time members of a foreign nationality, sharing its spirit, affections and aspirations. How singular it is that the profound German intellect should not perceive that there might be a conflict between duty to the state to which political allegiance is sworn and service to that foreign nationality which claims the heart and spirit of the citizen. Or did the Germans in fact perceive the possible conflict, foresee that nationality would win the day and for this very reason urge so persistently that it be preserved and cultivated, while all the time pretending in words of smug and greasy cant that millions of American citizens could be German in thought and spirit without prejudice to their American citizenship?

The effort to keep the ties between German immigrants and the homeland alive, was, according to Dr. Sperry, a part of the Pan-German idea. Thus:

> Pan-Germanism was the chief cause of the present war. It was not, as some believe, the sole cause. Its aggressive annexationist policy, however, adopted by the German government, was the decisive factor in producing the world's greatest catastrophe. . . . There is no possibility that any foreign government can acquire territory within the limits of the United States, but the Pan-Germans and the German government, nevertheless, have a plan for our future. It is that there shall be on the soil of the United States a branch of the German nation consisting of the people of German descent who dwell here. An organized and systematic effort has been made by many societies in the German Empire, acting with the approval of the German government, to teach the German-Americans that they are members of the German rather than the American nation, that although American citizens, they owe their first allegiance and affection not to the United States but to Germany. They are to have a German nationality distinct and apart from their American citizenship.

A matter upon which there was complete agreement of opinion among the historians was that of the diabolism of the Kaiser. He was depicted uniformly as a monster of untruthfulness and a beast in morals. So far as I can make out only two historians dissented. One was Professor Burgess, of Columbia, who said:

> I know that the two things which are giving him [the Kaiser] the deepest pain in this world catastrophe, excepting only the sufferings of his own kindred and people, are the enmity of Great Britain and the misunderstanding of his character, feelings and purposes in America. . . . I firmly believe him to be a man of peace. I am absolutely sure that he has entered upon this war only under the firm conviction that Great Britain, France and Russia have conspired to destroy Germany as a world power.

The other was Professor William M. Sloane:

> The American masses dislike the sound of "supreme war lord," but gladly admit their own Chief Magistrate to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. To our ears the three German words are offensive, for in the treacherous literal translation they are wilful perversion, but the much stronger English words are a delight to our democracy.

Otherwise the record is blank. The Crown Prince suffered similarly. It is instructive and somewhat amusing to contrast two statements by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, of Smith College. The first was written in June, 1917: ". . . the extreme Pan-Germanic junker party—allied itself to the semi-imbecilic Crown Prince." The second appeared in the *Nation* for August 11, 1926, in the course of a review of the Crown Prince's book, "Ich suche die Wahrheit":

> During the World War we became so habituated to reproductions of the German Crown Prince as a rabbit-faced imbecile with an IQ of 20 that few Americans were capable of imagining him as possessed of the slightest cerebration or literacy. He was deemed competent only for guinea-pig amorosities with opera stars safe behind the lines. . . . It was with great astonishment, then, that we were forced to find in his memoirs perhaps the most attractive and plausible apology which emerged from the German official class after the war. . . . [As for his "Ich suche die Wahrheit"] no other official apology can in any way compare with it

for evidence of scholarship and the mastery of a vast mass of relevant documents.

Most of this fustian showed plain signs of English origin. The English newspapers, and especially the Northcliffe papers, had been belaboring the Crown Prince for years, and many of the American professors seem to have picked up their notion of him from that source. In general, they displayed a very naïve attitude toward English war propaganda, and the whole rumble-bumble of the hands-across-the-sea press-agents. As Professor Bernadotte E. Schmitt, M.A. (Oxon.), so innocently said in his "England and Germany, 1740–1914" (1918 edition), "A beneficiary of the Rhodes Trust, I was imbued with the idea of Anglo-Saxon solidarity." This idea of solidarity, to be sure, was accepted by many professors of undoubted competence and dignity, and on plausible logical grounds. One of them was Professor George Louis Beer, whose "The English-Speaking Peoples" was a frank and open plea for understanding. But such scholarly arguments did not suffice. The temper of the times demanded a more violent attack upon the Irish and other villains who were suspicious of the Motherland.

This yearning finally manifested itself in a monograph called "Anglo-American Concords and Discords," issued under the auspices of the mysterious History Circle. The actual Circle was, however, far from ethereal and ghostly. The leading members were Sinclair Kennedy, author of "The Pan-Angles" and a cultured, affable and sincere Anglomaniac; Hermann Hagedorn, of the heroic Vigilantes; W. B. Chapman, a New York engineer and brother of the redoubtable John Jay Chapman, and W. H. Gardiner, a wealthy manufacturer. The trend of Mr. Gardiner's mind may be discovered in two pamphlets he prepared for the American Defense Society: "Germany's War Plans," and "America's Peace Essentials." In them he contended that there could be no safe peace until the aspiration of the "stinking Prussians" to conquer North and South America had been frustrated. Clio's interests were first represented in this brave band by Professor Shotwell, and Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, then an instructor at Columbia, was engaged to rewrite the history of Anglo-American relations in such a manner as to offset the old antipathies to England contained in the conventional textbooks. After a few meetings with the Circle, Professor Shotwell adroitly excused himself on the ground of business in Washington, and Professor Barnes' material, later published in part as Chapters ix and xii of his "History and Social Intelligence," was discovered to be devoid of virile ardor. More sympathetic historical advisers were found in Professor Dr. Edgar Dawson, Ph.D. (Leipzig), of the combined departments of history, politics, economics, social economy, sociology and jurisprudence at Hunter College, and Matthew Page Andrews, A.M., author of "The Biggest Book in the World." The Circle then set to in real earnest under the joint direction of Messrs. Andrews, Gardiner and Dawson. The result was the above-mentioned memoir, brought out under the ægis of the publishing house presided over by the venerable grand master of American Anglomaniacs, George Haven Putnam. Another important effort to promote amorous embraces between the eagle and the lion was Charles Altschul's "The American Revolution in Our School Textbooks," edited by Professor Barnes and graced by an eloquent introduction by Professor Shotwell.

VII

But the work that really gave a final form to the scientific heat of the embattled historians was "The Roots of the War," by Professor William Stearns Davis, Ph.D., of the University of Minnesota. Dr. Davis had some assistance from two other savants, Dr. William Anderson and Dr. Mason W. Tyler. His book did not appear until 1918, and so it may be accepted as representing the settled and sober conviction of

the learned men of the time. So recently as March, 1927, its publishers advertised it in these terms:

> Dr. Davis's "Roots of the War" has been one of the most widely read non-fiction books of many years. In it he disclosed a rare coördination of scholarly authority with pictorial imagination. He revivifies history. He makes it live—as history did live while it was being enacted.

The main thesis of the work is thus stated in the introduction:

> In the opinion of the writers of this book there were three dominant factors in the international relations of the last forty years that enabled the Pan-Germanic conspirators to bring on the great calamity in the precise form in which it finally inflicted itself upon the world. These were:
>
> 1. The old hate between France and Germany, nourished by the unhealed and unforgettable Alsace-Lorraine question.
>
> 2. The newer hate between Britain and Germany, caused partly by commercial rivalry, but much more by the overweening jealousy of the Pan-Germans of the British colonial empire, and by the antipathy inevitable between two great nations, one essentially liberal and non-militaristic, the other precisely the reverse.
>
> 3. The eternal Balkan question, the problem of the disposition of the dying Turkish Empire and the straining anxiety of Russia on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other to become the preferred heirs to the Sick Man of Europe.
>
> These three factors came to play simultaneously into the hands of the Pan-German schemers, master-financiers and manufacturers, doctrinaire professors, irresponsible journalists, highly-titled officers, princely and royal "Serenities" and "Highnesses," and above these finally, it would seem, the "All-Highest" himself, in their deliberate conspiracy to achieve at one or, at most, two or three ruthless and gigantic strokes of the sword, the establishment of a world empire, an Empire of Teutonia, indescribably vaster, richer, more irresistible, more universal than that of imperial Rome.
>
> This book undertakes to outline the circumstances that made this inconceivably daring attempt seem possible.

It is not necessary to give a complete résumé of the book in this place. All six of the points against Kaiserdom enumerated in an earlier section of this article are embodied in the work, and most of the quotations cited from other professors can be matched in the text. The methodology is of the familiar type. There is a free use of gossip, and the "revelations" of the Creel Bureau are accepted as definitive truth. Professor Davis and his associates are devotees of "spiritual" history, and spurn all "materialistic" interpretations. A great number of pages are devoted to denouncing Normal Angell's "The Great Illusion," which is alleged to be "charged with a Sadducean materialism, with half-truths and with evasions of patent spiritual facts." Here are some of Dr. Davis's own spiritual facts:

> Until the German government shall open its private archives, it is impossible to trace the details of events between June 29 and July 23, 1914. But there seems to be absolutely reliable evidence that early in July a great state council was held at which it was determined to precipitate war as soon as possible, or else to inflict upon Russia such a diplomatic humiliation as would shake her whole prestige and position as a Great Power, and as a result establish the Teutonic Empires as the resistless dominators of the Balkans. Shortly after the outbreak of actual hostilities, Baron Wangenheim, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, in an outburst of enthusiasm over the early successes of his country, made a statement to his colleague, Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador to Turkey: "The German Ambassador informed me [Morgenthau] that a conference had been held in the early part of July (1914) at which the date of the war was fixed. This conference was presided over by the Kaiser. . . . All were asked if they were ready for war. All replied in the affirmative except the financiers, who insisted that they must have two weeks in which to sell securities and arrange their loans." His Excellency the Baron seems to have told the same story also to his colleague, the Italian Ambassador to Constantinople. There is not the least reason to doubt that this tale is substantially true.

To substantiate all this Dr. Davis appends the following note:

> Statement was received as having official accuracy by the United States Government Committee of Public Information, which reprinted it in its official pamphlet, "Conquest and Kultur."

To continue:

> On the night of August 4, the last of the terrible Twelve Days, came the end of that era in European history which began that fateful night in 1870 when Otto von Bismarck rewrote the Ems dispatch from King William. This epoch had been ushered in by a deed which, if it had failed, would have been branded as an act of outrageous depravity: but which, since it succeeded, was to be lauded as the master stroke of genius. It was to end with the Chancellor of the German Empire calling a most solemn international treaty a "scrap of paper" when the Ambassador of a great power talked of truth, justice and faithfulness between nation and nation. The dawn of this epoch had seen the consolidation of the German states under the domination of Prussia into the formidable German Empire. It found its sunset when, disre-

> garding all established sanctions, covenants and moral processes, the rulers of this new Empire surrendered themselves to schemes of world conquest, which would take them straight along the paths of imperial Rome. Manifestly, therefore, for years there could be no more peace in the world.

Dr. Davis, after ten years, sticks resolutely to his guns—a fidelity to idealism not encountered in certain of his colleagues of the war days. The revelations that have come from the national archives of the warring countries since 1918 he denounces as "the affirmations and arrangements of certain ultra-pacifists (French, English and German) who have tried to rewrite the history of 1914." Among the men so characterized are G. P. Gooch, the Englishman; Pierre Renouvin, the Frenchman; and Count Max Montugelas, the German, none of them exactly a pacifist! The scientific resolution of Dr. Davis is well revealed in his latest work, "Europe Since Waterloo" (1926), in which all the old stuff is once more trotted forth. The section on the World War is still entitled "Armageddon," and the chapter titles run: "The Last Months in the Fools' Paradise," "Before the Tempest," "Sowing the Wind," "Reaping the Whirlwind," "In the Path of the Storm," "The Nemesis of Militarism," "The Ides of November."

VIII

The unexpected collapse of the German war machine in November, 1918, was not only a reflection upon the prophetic talents of the historians, but a sad blow to their economic opportunities. At the start of their holy crusade their endeavors to prevent the United States from absorption in Gross-Deutschland were rewarded with little more than travelling and living expenses. In the Autumn of 1918, however, there hovered on the horizon a veritable rainbow's end, offering a glorious opportunity to cash in. The War Department decided to prepare trained leaders for the *Landwehr* in the form of college-bred second lieutenants. So it organized the famous S. A. T. C. (Student's Army Training Corps). Here the adolescent field marshals were to be instructed, not only in the manipulation of hand-grenades and gas-bombs, but also in all the subtleties of official history. This meant that hundreds of thousands must be supplied with manuals suitable for the purpose,—and there were few if any of the proper flavor available, with the exception of the virile tomes of Chevalier Hazen. Forthwith, and at once, scissors flashed, paste-pots flowed freely, and printing-presses groaned in anticipation of glutted sales. Many a prospective author of a *Grundriss* on the *Aussenpolitik der Gegenwart* risked a sneaking glance at the Stutz display-window as he clattered past in his 1914 Ford. Then, as in the twinkling of an eye, Prince Max accepted the Fourteen Points, and the heavens fell. A few savants, more hopeful than the rest, went through with their handbooks, but they may now be purchased for twenty-five cents at any second-hand book-store.

Unfortunately, the influence of the patriotic historians did not end with the Armistice. The grossly biased text-books which were a product of the war hysteria were bad enough, but they were bound to be ephemeral. The world was to suffer something far worse, for the historians, released from their literary duties, were ordered in great swarms to Paris, and so got their fingers into the pie of Versailles. The famous House Commission was made up chiefly of historians; they were told off to gather the facts concerning the historic boundaries and aspirations of the various states of Europe and so enable Dr. Wilson and his colleagues to direct the territorial pilfering and the geographical and economic chastisement of the Central Powers with ample resources in the way of erudite rationalizations. Much of the personnel of the House Commission was thus recruited from the historians of the Creel Bureau and the National Board for Historical Service. They gathered barrels of notes on the history of Europe since the Merovingians, conceived in the spirit of "How the War Came to America," and, just after Thanks-

giving, 1918, migrated with their filing-cabinets to the Hotel Crillon. Here they wielded a powerful influence in Balkanizing Europe and setting back the clock of political and economic progress for half a century. Some of the most vicious and imbecilic schemes adopted at Versailles, such as the Saar settlement, the Polish corridor through East Prussia, the Polish steals in upper Silesia, and the award of the Austrian Tyrol to Italy are primarily attributable to the influence exerted by American professors serving the House Commission. Therefore, not only the files of the Creel Bureau and the National Security League, but also "the new map of Europe" bears eloquent and enduring testimony to the results of Clio's debauch in the arms of Uncle Sam.

The effects of that debauch upon the historians themselves have not yet worn off. True enough, there is a minority among them that has begun to give critical reconsideration to the naïve myth that the Potsdam hell-cats were solely responsible for the war, but it is still very small; the majority of professors continue to assure their students and one another that the imbecilities circulated in 1917 and 1918 by the Creel Press Bureau, including even the celebrated atrocity stories, were gospel truth. The first savant to revolt against the official buncombe was Professor Sidney B. Fay, Ph.D., of Smith College, who printed his disquieting conclusions in the *American Historical Review* for July and October, 1920, and January, 1921. He continued with a notable series of articles in *Current History* on the Serajevo crime, regarding which orthodox academic opinion is to the double effect (a) that the Archduke was justly butchered for his schemes against Serbia, and (b) that Serbia had nothing to do with his assassination. Dr. Fay was presently joined by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D., his colleague at Smith, who was orthodox so late as 1918, but later began to have doubts about the chastity of the Allies, and is now commonly believed, by his fellow members of the American Historical Association, to be in receipt of a retainer of $100,000 a year from the ex-Kaiser. Dr. Barnes called Chevalier Hazen to account in the *New Republic* for March 19, April 9 and May 7, 1924, and has since written a great deal about the origins of the war, including a formidable book, "The Genesis of the World War." But this tome has been violently berated by most of the other professional historians of the Republic. Their opinion was well expressed by Professor Hart in a review of one of Dr. Barnes's subversive monographs. "If Barnes is right," he said, "then Roosevelt was wrong, Wilson was wrong, Elihu Root was wrong, Ambassador Page was wrong, everybody was wrong." From this logic the national leaders of historical science refuse to retreat.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SPIRITUAL news from the grand old town of Decatur:

> The Rev. A. Q. Bridwell, of this place, has started a campaign to make Decatur the prayingest town in the United States. He figures that if the 2,000 professing Christians of Decatur will devote thirty minutes each day to prayer, that will make 1,000 hours of petition, which cannot but help the moral tone of the country.

ARIZONA

SPECIMEN of Late Navajo English from the public archives of this noble State:

> COMMITTEE REPORT
>
> STATE SENATE
>
> STATE OF ARIZONA
>
> *Eighth Legislature—Regular Session*
>
> Phoenix, Arizona
>
> *Mr. President:*
>
> The Minority, Your committee on HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES, begs to report that it recommends that Senate Bill No. 114, relative to paying the accomodating creditors of the State of Arizona do pass.
>
> Because if these unquestioned accounts, passed due, is an emergency measure and if not paid would embarrass the State credit, injure the business throughout the State, to the serious extent of bankrupting legitimate business houses, through the loss of over three-fifths millon dollars in circulation at this time. It is an empty jesture of pretense to put the $665,800.00 dollars due the creditors of Arizona, in the unfair unbusinesslike highway bill, that does not provide for matching of Federal aid and progressive road building programme, but only makes a political football and a club over the head of the creditors of the State of Arizona, department, organization and individuals desiring and appreciating the necessity of roads and reclamation for the State of Arizona. I can see only one object for such political football club tactics except that it is intended to work for the benefit of the Copper Company's of this State, that dont live here or have any permanent interest in Arizona and these same Copper interests are now and have been combined through their Diamond Creek power dam holdings, in such a way as would assist in the hugest money grab and destruction of State Democratic National rights, known in civilized history by adding the endeavors to even at this late date to get through the Colorado River Compact-Tri-State Compact-Boulder Dam-Diamond Dam-Swing-Johnson Bill.
>
> And Mr. Colter has been designated as manager of the Bill.
>
> FRED T. COLTER.
> *Chairman.*

ARKANSAS

THE Socrates at the head of the editorial staff of the Fayetteville *Democrat:*

> Until a person belongs to at least one club, where he works with his fellows for his fellows, he cannot be altogether a normal being.

CALIFORNIA

FROM Los Angeles, the home of all Big Ideas:

> A doll party in honor of a little girl whose spirit left her body several years ago—and only six months after birth—will be given Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Alice Baldridge, 1688 West Thirty-sixth place. "My little daughter Alice will be at the party, too, and she will speak through my lips," said Mrs. Baldridge. "We have arranged for an angel doll, symbolizing Alice, to be suspended in the air and to watch the christening of the other dolls, which will be performed by Mrs. Anton Dahl. Following the christening I shall place myself at the control of my little daughter of the spiritland and she will speak, through my lips, words of beauty and joy."

FROM a reader of the *Record* of the same appalling town:

> I am sane, no fanatic and can verify what I saw and am about to relate by a seventeen-year-old boy. Palm Sunday night, just before retiring, I went outdoors to see if it was still raining. As I looked up I saw a life-sized angel with outstretched wings flying in the opposite direction from the clouds. As I watched I ran down the steps to the driveway to see better. It then flew between a rift in the clouds, where before it had been in plain view. As it went behind the clouds it was bluish white in color, throwing off a light such as comes from the moon. As I ran upstairs to call a lady to see it, my oldest boy of seventeen years, who was in his room with his window up, called out: "Mama, what did you say you saw? Come here quick." I ran into his room quickly, but by that time there was

visible only a little purple spot as it was disappearing. My son had seen its reflection through the clouds. He said it looked like a bear in form but was very bright and traveling in the opposite direction from the clouds. As it went into the rift between the clouds there came up a terrific wind that almost swept me off my feet. At this time it was not raining. The color was something like the tail of a comet, the form distinct. It flew away much faster than the clouds were moving, like a huge bird. My phone is 582–478, if you wish to ask anything further. I am even willing to give my address if desired.

MRS. ROBERTS.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SCIENTIFIC news from the capital of the Republic:

Gaseous trails left in the earth's atmosphere by Halley's comet in 1910 were blamed for the World War by Dr. F. Homer Curtiss, founder of the Order of Christian Mystics, who addressed the Woman's Universal Alliance. The gas made humanity nervous and suspicious, he said, and if another war occurs in 1929 the Pons-Winnicke Comet of last June must be blamed. Generation of a great wave of humanitarianism was suggested to neutralize the cosmic forces.

GEORGIA

FROM the love column of the eminent Atlanta *Journal:*

DEAR MARIE ROSE: I am a young man, twenty-four years of age, and deeply in love with a beautiful young girl about my own age. She is a school teacher, well educated and refined, and although I am a graduate of a prominent barber college, I feel that I am not her equal intellectually. She treats me sweetly but I am afraid to show her my true devotion. Now, Marie Rose, you have helped others, so please help me. Do you think I have a chance? I will await eagerly your reply.

BASHFUL BARBER.

This is the land of the free and the home of the brave. There's a chance for everybody, and you never can tell till you try. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

ECCLESIASTICAL note from the eminent Dahlonega *Nugget:*

We are told that Rev. Mr. Wade, while occupying the pulpit at Davis' Chapel last Sunday, happened to a very embarrassing accident. Being criticizing short dresses and other things that did not suit him, just as he rose on his tiptoes and swung his right arm round, like he was going to pitch a curved ball, down dropped his breeches. His wife told him that they were giving way, but it was too late. They fell quick, like the unveiling of a monument. The old man stooped down and had the garment in position as quick as one of his age could do so. Every one in the congregation took a hearty laugh, because it was the funniest thing ever seen in a pulpit.

ILLINOIS

DOCUMENT for the student of the wowserian psychology, kindly provided by the Rev. Philip Yarrow, A.B. (Princeton), chief snouter of the Chicago comstocks:

Evidence is now at hand. Witnesses have been found. I strike! Punishment to the guilty may or may not come. Guilty people are constantly escaping punishment. That is the major cause of the increase in crime. But whether the court says guilty or not guilty, my mind is clear. My conscience challenges me to action, and I must keep comfortable with my conscience. I strike! I take the hammer of God in my hand. God calls me and I strike! The consequences are in His hands. I strike for the mothers and babies of Chicago! I strike for the children of Chicago! I strike for the homes of Chicago! I strike for the city I love! I strike for America and the rich heritage of her high ideals of sex purity and noble living. I strike against one of the foulest abominations in America today, the obscene, atheistic stag party.

FROM *Personal Efficiency*, a technical magazine published in Chicago:

The first secret of success in stenography is rhythmic chewing of the gum.

CULTURAL news from the progressive town of Seymour:

The concert to have been given on Wednesday evening by the orchestra has been postponed until Saturday evening on account of the circus in Champaign.

INDIANA

FINAL and tragic news of the collapse of the Klan, direct from headquarters at Evansville:

W. Lee Smith, Indianapolis, grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, and Miss Katherine Halbig, graduate nurse of St. Mary's Catholic Hospital and member of a Catholic church, were secretly married at Louisville, Ky., it has been revealed here, where the couple have been visiting Smith's brother-in-law, City Attorney Henry Hardin. They are at present guests of Smith's parents in Kentucky. Upon their return Mrs. Smith will remain here for a few days, Smith returning to Indianapolis to resume his duties as head of the Indiana Klan.

IOWA

THE REV. A. J. KUHLMAN, S.J., of Davenport, as reported by the *Daily Times:*

Jesus Christ showed obedience to civil govern-

ment, and that to a pagan one, when as an unborn babe He permitted His mother and foster father to obey the edict of Cæsar and go from Nazareth to Bethlehem for the purpose of registering for the census of the country.

ROM the State capital:

A bill introduced in the Iowa Legislature seeks to prevent barbers from asking questions or telling stories when performing tonsorial operations. It further provides that clean towels be used instead of the index finger to wipe lather from the customer's mouth.

KANSAS

JOTE on Christian philanthropy from Emoria:

If the 400 students at the College of Emporia can learn the 107 questions and answers of the Shorter Catechism, they will win the friendship of a millionaire philanthropist, who is considering a large benefaction to the school. To obtain this benefaction, the students have begun the difficult memory task with the hope that every man and woman in the school can answer the questions in the catechism without a mistake. In addition to private study the students will meet as classes to study the answers. The stipulation made by the philanthropist, whose name is withheld, was explained by Frederick W. Lewis, president of the College of Emporia. In a letter to President Lewis the benefactor said:

"I heard a minister, who was born and educated in this country, say that knowing the Shorter Catechism meant more to him for his sermons than all the theology he had learned in the seminary. Whenever each one of your students can answer the 107 questions in the Shorter Catechism as correctly as I can answer them after learning them fifty years ago, you can let me hear from you."

PUBLIC announcement issued from the office of the State superintendent of public instruction:

Hereafter no recommendations for school positions will be made for teachers, instructors or superintendents who use tobacco in any form.

No State certificates or institute certificates will be issued to tobacco users. Schools and colleges which permit the use of tobacco by administrative heads, instructors or pupils can not remain on the accredited list.

Credit sent to the State department from normal schools, colleges, and universities where the heads of these institutions, faculty members or students use tobacco in any form will not be accepted for certification.

KENTUCKY

EXTENSION of the lofty principles of Rotary to the Blue Grass wilds, as reported by the *De Kalb County Herald:*

Uncle Bill Pierce thinks his neighbor, Bill Knob, is a square cow seller. In contrast to the fellow who assures the prospective buyer that the cow for sale is the best milker he ever owned and only rheumatism in his fingers would cause him to part with said cow, Bill Knob simply says: "Take her and try her." If the cow proves to be satisfactory the sale is closed. Otherwise Bill Knob takes back the cow and keeps the friendship of the would-be buyer.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

A BAPTIST pastor at Frostburg renders an account of his stewardship:

REPORT FOR MEMBERS & FRIENDS OF MOST OF WORK DONE DURING PRESENT PASTORATE—JUNE, 1921–APRIL, 1927

Acts 14:27. "*They rehearsed all that God had done with them.*"

Remember that for six years previous to present Pastorate nothing had been done to reduce the debt. Also that State Mission Board was paying $300.00 each year on Pastor's Salary.

Repairs to Property

1. Began by getting two Yale locks, one for Church door and one for S. S.
2. Glass and Light placed in Tower of Church (Phil. Class Donation).
3. Brick work in front of Church repointed.
4. Concrete Wall on Lawn renewed and reinforced by steel mesh.
5. New Supports for Church steps (Donation from Mrs. Shuppe, Deceased).
6. New Rain Spouting along West side of church.
7. Church Basement Pipe Repaired (Labor Donated).
8. Two Lights in Church Choir (Labor Donated, John McFarlane—others).
9. Paving of Front portion of Street (Approx. cost, $275.00).
10. Paving of Alley (Approx. cost, $500.00).
11. Parsonage Trap replaced. Caused water to lie in basement from Toilet.
12. Parsonage Roof on Porch covered by Composite; New Steps for Porch.
13. Toilet and Concrete floor under Baptistry—in Basement. Extra room.
14. Repair of Baptistry.
15. Fence around Parsonage.
16. Church Roof Repaired.
17. Repairs to Furnace in Church.
18. All Church Painted also Windows puttied (Labor Donated).
19. All Radiator Joints renewed as needed (much of labor was donated).
20. Parsonage painted (Ladies Aid—and Rainy Day Bag Offering), $120.00.

Equipment Added to Church and Parsonage

21. 5 Collapsible Tables for S. School—paid by S. S.
22. Screens for S. S. Classes paid by S. S.
23. 200 Song Books, "Revival Gems" (100 donated by Pastor; 100 bought by Church).

24. Inside of S. S. room windows painted.
25. Blackboards painted. Three New—(Labor Donated).
26. 15 Bibles for S. School—15 for B. Y. P. U. (Paid by each Dept.).
27. Pulpit Chairs repaired by class in S. S.
28. 12 Bibles purchased for Sunday-school.
29. Sand Table built and paid for S. S.
30. Bible Pictures for Junior Dept. of S. S. (Paid by S. S.).
31. Piano No. 1 (Purchased by Senior B. Y. P. U.)—Open Subscription $110.00.
32. Piano No. 2 (No charge has been made for present time).
33. 100 Song Books, "Hymns of Praise" (paid by Church and S. S.).
34. Large Tables in S. S. Room painted (Were bare lumber before present Pastorate).
35. Illuminated Interchangeable Bulletin Board (Paid $150.00 by S. S.).
36. Mimeograph Machine with material cost over $50.00.
37. Library started—number of books. Teachers voted to have special.
38. 300 "Covenant & Bye-Laws" printed; cost, $25.00.
39. Parsonage: Electric lights placed in two extra rooms, and basement. Also two front rooms with Chandeliers. Two carpets for two front rooms.
40. Ropes for swings, also seats, equipment for S. S. Picnic, and Pageants.

Debt Reductions and Investments

41. Became Self-Sustaining Sept. 1921, First time in 50 years history.
42. Two Janitor Bills outstanding before present Pastorate paid $90.00.
43. Coal Bill outstanding before present Pastorate paid $35.00.
44. Parsonage Debt was $413.00 at 5%, Paid by Ladies Aid.
45. Church Debt was $1000.00 at 6%. Two Brethren loaned $400.00 without Interest till Debt was paid off. Mr. Jas. Spitznas, $100, Mr. C. Thompson, $300.
46. Insurance paid till 1929, $94.25. No Special Offerings, taken from B. F.
47. "Fellowship Fund" started for "Needy" of Church, administered by Deacon.
48. Sunday School has Bond in Building & Loan Assoc. for $130.00.
49. Most Organizations within Church have Funds on hand and no debts.

Special Missionary Efforts

50. Printing "Reports" also *Baptist Beacon*—for informing Church members.
51. Thousands of Evangelistic Tracts, Doctrinal, etc. (Bought by Pastor).
52. Baskets of Provision at various times to "Sick" and "Shut In."
53. 3 Bible Conferences, 1 Evangelistic Campaign.
54. Pastor's Salary began with $900.00, recently raised to over $1500.00.
55. Bulletin Board Messages changed Frequently with messages for the Public.

Membership and Statistics

56. Membership at last Report to Convention, Oct., 1926, was 125. Now less.
57. Membership died since present Pastorate, 5 (watch next 5).
58. New Members Received, 56 for 6 years.
59. Baptisms by Pastor, 39.
60. By Letter from other Churches, 17.
61. Funerals, 27.
62. Marriages, 26.

Supporting Denominational Programme: 50% to Foreign Missions, 25% to State Mission Causes, 25 for Local.

During the early struggles two or three brethren donated their labor on many operations, along with Pastor, thus saving expenses for the whole Membership. These included attending Furnace, Cutting Lawns, Painting, etc., as well as much detail in connection with offices of Treasurer, Clerk, Financial Secretary, and others.

MASSACHUSETTS

CULTURAL news from the late Athens of America, as reported by the distinguished *Traveler:*

> A school holiday was declared for the day at Northeastern University to welcome the new mascot, who arrived at the North Station in charge of Leonhard Seppala, the famous dog driver. Following the march from the station, an assembly was held in the rear of Jordan Hall. An event unique in character took place there when Frank Palmer Speare, president of the university, stood before the somewhat puzzled dog and presented him with a degree and scholarship.

MICHIGAN

LT. COL. W. G. MACKENDRICK, D.S.O., in the intellectual and uplifting Dearborn *Independent:*

> The Bible is an Anglo-Saxon book and foretells Anglo-Saxon destiny, and, strange as it may seem to those who learn of it for the first time, the destiny of Anglo-Saxondom is the destiny of the world.

THE HON. MILTON L. WOODWARD, general agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company at Detroit, writing in *Life Association News*, the organ of the profession:

> To illustrate the power that puts many over the top in this business, let me speak briefly of a young man who has been in this work but a year and who, in that time, had written over $400,000. He was naturally quizzed as to the strength that gave him the record. His former unsuccessful undertakings were cited, but he told the one big reason for his splendid achievement when he said he had never felt so close to God as he had when selling Life Insurance.

NEW JERSEY

ow righteousness is rammed into the ads of the youth of North Long Branch:

Harry Hayden, champion cigarette butt crusher, today is the proud possessor of a silver watch given by the New Jersey W. C. T. U. to the boy mashing under foot the greatest number of snipes. He ground 9,000 under his heels, according to W. C. T. U. records.

NNOUNCEMENT of a new school of scientific medicine, unearthed by the alert *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

THE FIRST NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF NATUROPATHY

143 Roseville Ave., Newark, N. J.

Courses offered covering a variety of subjects and technique which, it is believed, cannot be duplicated in this country:

1. Universal Naturopathic Tonic Treatment
2. Dullmage System of Pelvic Adjustment
3. Setting of Dislocations (Shoulders and Hips) without Anæsthesia
4. Collins System of Painless Adjusting (Vertebral Column)
5. Osteological Adjustment
6. Original Osteopathic Technique
7. Applied Anatomy and Kinesiology
8. Sysmotherapy
9. Glucokinesis
10. Zone Therapy
11. Practical Naprapathy
12. Practical Neuropathy
13. Physicultopathy
14. Scientific Massage
15. Immutable Naturopathy
16. Rice's Morphology
17. Astrological Diagnosis of Disease
18. Practical Sphincterology
19. Physiologic Therapeutics and other Modalities
20. Psychotherapeutics
21. Phrenological Physiology
22. Electro-Physiology (Animal and Vegetable)
23. Electro-Neurology (Chemical)
24. Spectrochrome Therapy
25. Burgess' New Field Science
26. Biochemistry
27. Tilden Health School Methods
28. Rocine Method (Chemical Types)
29. Harmonizing of Foods
30. Mathematical Dietetic Chemistry
31. Science and Philosophy of Endocrinology
32. Nursing and Bedside Practice
33. Naturopathic First Aid to the Injured
34. Science, Art and Philosophy of Chiropractic
35. Iridiagnosis

NEVADA

Divorce news from the eminent Reno *State Journal:*

That his girl wife consummated her marriage to him by fraud was the charge made by Harry Alemian when he asked Judge George A. Bartlett for a divorce yesterday.

He was afraid that she was not old enough for a wife, Alemian stated in his complaint, so he asked her parents. Both the father and mother assured him that she was eighteen years old.

Less than nine days after the marriage, the husband told the court, he discovered that his wife could not see more than a few inches before her face. A letter from her brother which she could not read revealed the fact. Also, when he took her to a dance, she told him that she desired to dance with a girl friend. He stated that he watched her pass within a few feet of the girl named without being able to recognize her.

He then investigated her age, and discovered that according to official records she was born March 14, 1910. She was only sixteen years old.

And he was informed by a friend that she suffered from having been hit over the head in her infancy with a frying pan.

The decree was granted.

NEW YORK

News of domestic bliss in this marvelous State:

Kenneth Birdsall of Midvale now knows how not to treat a wife. The judge instructed him and placed him on probation.

The charges of cruelty were laid against the man by Sarah Birdsall, his wife. Among the acts practiced by her husband which were not conducive to domestic bliss, she charged, were:

Tying her blindfolded to a bed.

Placing her finger in a mousetrap.

Lighting a fire at her feet when she was pinioned.

All the trouble started when the farm population was increased by a litter of pigs.

Law Enforcement news from Manhattan:

Two jimmies, two sledge hammers and a blackjack were found by police in an automobile occupied by John J. Kerrigan. Arrested and charged with possessing burglar tools, he was released when he produced credentials as a Prohibition agent and explained that the equipment was used in raids hereabouts.

NORTH DAKOTA

The Hon. F. Scott McBride, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, speaking before the local wowsers, as reported by the Minot *Daily News:*

God wrote the Prohibition law into our Constitution and it will stay there as long as God wants it to stay.

OHIO

Another reason why Batavia is famous the world over for its high cultural level:

Showing of the film drama "Faust" has been barred at Batavia by Mayor J. Larkin because a poster announcing the production displayed the picture of a woman he deemed insufficiently clad.

"I don't know what the show is about but one look at the poster was enough to convince me it wasn't fit for anybody to see," he said. "So I removed the bottom thumb tacks and fastened up the poster in a way to hide the offensive portion of it. Then I told the proprietor the show was barred."

From the capital of this State, made famous by the public services of the Hon. Harry Daugherty:

Prohibition of public dancing and skating on Sunday was voted by the Ohio House of Representatives today when it passed the bill by Representative J. Edmund Hill of Marion County banning the operation of public dance halls and skating rinks on the Sabbath.

OKLAHOMA

From the bulletin of studies of Phillips "University," the pride and glory of Enid:

13D. *Pedagogy of Jesus.* A study of the four gospels to find the principles and methods used by Jesus in his teaching and a comparison of them to those used in modern teaching.

(Perkins) 4 hours.

OREGON

Intellectual diversion of an eminent academician of this noble State, as reported by the Eugene *Guard:*

Professor W. F. G. Thacher of the University of Oregon School of Journalism has been awarded honorable mention in a list of winners of a tire-naming contest recently closed in Chicago when more than two and one-half million names were submitted. The contest was conducted through the Sears-Roebuck Company, and the first prize of $5,000 was given to Hans Simonson of Bismarck, North Dakota. Professor Thacher has entered a number of national name and slogan contests and has won distinction for his suggestions in practically all of them.

PENNSYLVANIA

The learned chief editorial writer of the eminent Philadelphia *Public Ledger* kisses the Book:

Rotarianism, within the past decade, has become what amounts to Americanism.

Solemn proof that this Americanism is conquering the world, from the *Saturday Evening Post:*

Signor Seghezza brought word that Premier Mussolini, of Italy, is not opposed to Rotary, as he said he had been reported in this country. "There are seventeen Rotary Clubs in Italy," Signor Seghezza said. "Mussolini's brother is a member of one, and four of his Cabinet are members."

Patriotic news from the *Residenzstadt* of Andy Mellon, from the eminent *Gazette-Times:*

The Minute Men of America are up in arms to prevent the commemoration of the first "foreign invasion of America" by the erection of a statue of Christopher Columbus in Schenley Park by the Sons of Italy, according to a letter received by Council yesterday from C. Ruppa, Sr., secretary of the Minute Men of America, who gives his address as 1111 Lang avenue. The communication, which said the Minute Men wanted to support an earlier protest received by Council from the Knights of the American Krusaders, will go to the Committee on Public Safety. The letter, stating that the Minute Men already "has went on record" against the erection of the statue, says in part: "This is America and as Americans we should all be ruled by no foreign government, people, race, sect, creed or color. There is no halfway stop on this subject. You either are an American or you are not. Columbus did not discover America."

SOUTH CAROLINA

Miracle reported by the Union correspondent of the celebrated Columbia *State:*

Mrs. W. T. Wright of Monarch, mill worker, had a withered hand and arm for more than eight years, and three fingers could not be used at all. She had to stop work in the mill more than a year ago and the mill authorities were paying her total disability. About 11 o'clock Tuesday morning she was reading the Bible and came to the chapter Matthew XII, verses 10 and 13, saying: "Then saith he to the man, stretch forth thine hand, and he stretched it forth and it was restored whole, like as the other." Mrs. Wright stopped reading and began to pray, telling the Lord that He could heal her hand and she had the faith. As she said she had the faith, the hand stretched out perfectly whole as the other. She arose from her chair and began to shout, "Praise the Lord!" Many teachers, welfare workers, preachers and citizens have been to see Mrs. Wright, and confirmed the story.

TENNESSEE

The Rev. Dr. John W. Ham, addressing a meeting for men only, under the auspices of the Central Baptist Church of Chattanooga:

Prohibition was first enforced in the Garden of Eden.

TEXAS

MELANCHOLY notice to the guests of a celebrated Dallas hotel:

The head of the Federal Prohibition enforcement for this district, a few days ago, addressed the hotel men of Dallas and warned them that if they permit one drink of liquor the doors of the hotel will be promptly locked. His earnestness could not be misunderstood. Will you help us protect this $6,000,000 investment by refraining from drinking? Thank you.

THE ADOLPHUS.

DISPATCH from the rising town of Wharton:

An ordinance which went into effect here yesterday ordering that all chickens within the city limits be kept in pens included the clause, "all chickens found out of their pens after this date shall be given to the preachers of Wharton."

FROM the bulletin of courses and regulations of Prairie View State Normal and Industrial College:

WOMEN

Clothing should be neat, sensible and suitable for school wear. The use of silks, chiffons, georgettes, and velvets, will not be permitted. The regulation NAVY BLUE COAT SUIT with PLAIN WHITE BLOUSE is required to be a part of each girl's wardrobe. Dark underskirts and sensible underwear should constitute the wardrobe rather than those made of lingeries and soft materials.

All are required to dress as the season demands, especially in the matter of underwear and wraps. Parents can help in this matter by supplying clothing appropriate to the season. Avoid bright colors and plaids in coats.

Small black hat is desirable, no feathers, colors or ribbons.

Only shoes with *Cuban and Box Heels Allowed. No Spike or French Heels Allowed.* No objection is made to plain silk hose, but flashy, openwork hose with clocks, etc., are prohibited.

Parents should have all requests for extra clothing approved by Dean of Women before supplying the same.

VIRGINIA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the Richmond *News Leader:*

THOU SHALT SEE MY BACK PARTS

Exodus 33:23

will be the subject of a lecture by

RUSSELL R. MILLER

Pythian Hall, Massey Building

Sunday, at 8 P. M.

AUSPICES INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS

WASHINGTON

ACADEMIC freedom in the State university:

H. J. Adams, University of Washington English teacher, who used the book "What I Believe," by Bertrand Russell, as a text-book in his classes, has been placed on probation and will not be reëmployed at the end of the present school quarter, Acting President David Thomson announced tonight. Officials of the English department said the instructor has also allowed his students to discuss religious subjects in the classes.

WISCONSIN

SCIENTIFIC questionnaire regarding the pedagogical proficiency of their teachers sent out to public school principals by the department of education of the State university:

AN ACTIVITIES CHECK LIST FOR THE STUDY AND IMPROVEMENT OF TEACHING, FORM W, SOCIAL STUDIES

A. S. BARR

Department of Education, University of Wisconsin

Teaching posture	*Frequency*	*Time Consumed*
A. Stands [1]		
(1) back of desk or chair.	.....	.....
(2) in front of desk.....	.....	.....
(3) at either side of desk.	.....	.....
(4) at side of room.....	.....	.....
(5) at rear of room.....	.....	.....
B. Sits		
(1) at desk.....	.....	.....
(2) on teacher's desk....	.....	.....
(3) on pupil's desk		
(a) at front of room.	.....	.....
(b) at side of room..	.....	.....
(c) at rear of room..	.....	.....
(4) in pupil's seat		
(a) at front of room.	.....	.....
(b) at side of room..	.....	.....
(c) at rear of room..	.....	.....
C. Walks about (Shifts or changes position).....	.....	.....
D. Leans on furniture (Chairs, desk, wall, etc.).....	.....	.....
Characteristic actions		
A. Laughs		
(1) at class.....	.....	.....
(2) with class.....	.....	.....
B. Smiles (Friendly, appreciative).....	.....	.....
C. Frowns.....	.....	.....
D. Gestures.....	.....	.....
E. Nods to pupil to recite....	.....	.....
F. Points to pupil to recite...	.....	.....
G. Shakes head.....	.....	.....
H. Snaps fingers.....	.....	.....
I. Nods approval.....	.....	.....
Characteristic expressions		
A. Yes.....	.....	.....
B. All right.....	.....	.....
C. No.....	.....	.....
D. That's good, etc.....	.....	.....

[1] Note: Teacher may assume many different positions during a class period. Check frequency and time consumed.

RELIGION AND "WHO'S WHO"

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON AND LEON F. WHITNEY

WHAT is going to happen to America in the matter of religion? Are we going to become Fundamentalists and Puritans in larger and larger numbers? Or are we going to throw religion overboard and becomes libertines in conduct? Or are we going to pursue a sensible middle course? One way to answer these questions is to estimate the relative importance of the current social tendencies, but a much more reliable way is to find out how fast people of different kinds are being born in the United States. If we do that, we shall find that if present conditions continue unchanged, Fundamentalism will win hands down. In a century all our blue laws may be more alive than ever; the artist as well as the scoffer may have to take to the tall timber, and the rest of our descendants may become Puritans. Absurd, you say. Well, perhaps it is, but anyhow that is what is suggested by the records of children in "Who's Who in America."

About half of the autobiographies contain statements of religious affiliations. On the average, it seems fair to assume that the persons who record them are somewhat more religious in temperament than are those who fail to do so. Is there any difference in the size of families in these two groups? Among the women, no; among the men, yes, decidedly. No less than 93% of the men who report a religious preference are married, but only 84% of the others. About 83% of the more religious married men have children, and only 78% of the others. Moreover, the fathers of the religious group report 2.86 children apiece against 2.72 for the others. If all these differences are taken together, and if we make an allowance of 10% fo children not reported because of thei death in childhood, we find that 1,00 parents of the more religious type wil presumably have about 1,130 great-grand children, whereas the same number o parents of the other type will have only about 590. This is a most significan difference. It means not only that the pro fessional religious leaders have more de scendants than do those in other lines o activity, but that in other occupations also the leaders of a more religious turn o mind are increasing at such a rate that a century hence their descendants will b twice as numerous, relatively, as those o the less religious elements. It is hard to over estimate the importance of that tendency

But what kinds of religious people ar increasing? Which denominations? At th top of the opposite page is a table whic not only answers the question, but show how many leaders each denomination i now supplying in proportion to the num ber of its adherents. We use adherent instead of members so that we may mak fair comparisons between Roman Catho lics and others. The size of the differen denominations has been taken from "Th Year Book of the Churches for 1925." Notic the extraordinary way in which the num ber of leaders to every 100,000 adherent rises, while the number of probable de scendants declines, as we pass from th less intellectual denominations at the to of the table to the more intellectual at th bottom. The United Brethren, Evangeli cals, Lutherans, Brethren, and Roma Catholics have only from 3 to 8 person in "Who's Who" for each 100,000 adher

RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS OF PERSONS IN "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA," WITH THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF SUCH PERSONS FROM EACH DENOMINATION AND THE PROBABLE NUMBER OF THEIR GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Name of Denomination	*Men in "Who's Who" per Hundred Thousand Adherents*	*(Men) Probable Great-grandchildren per 1,000 Living Persons*[1]	*Women in "Who's Who" per Hundred Thousand Adherents*	*(Women) Probable Great-grandchildren per 1,000 Living Persons*[1]
Mormons	11	10,200	5	2,400
United Brethren	3	2,320	——	——
Lutherans	8	1,950	0.2	——
Evangelicals	5	1,730	——	——
Brethren	7	1,600	——	——
Reformed	13	1,580	0.7	——
Baptists	16	1,560	0.6	152
Methodists	18	1,455	0.6	166
Disciples	11	1,450	0.4	——
Christians	45	1,380	7	——
Roman Catholics	7	1,310[2]	0.4	99
Presbyterians	62	1,230	4	169
Adventists	11	1,190	9.3	——
Congregationalists	115	1,125	10	29
Unitarians	1,185	1,025	103	82
Episcopalians	156	910	18	99
Friends	31	855	3	——
Jews	20	755	1	——
Universalists	390	500	21	——

[1] A thousand persons means 500 men (or women) and the women (or men) whom they married or might have married.

[2] Omitting Roman Catholic priests. If they are included, the number falls to 450.

ents. The Mormons, Disciples, and Adventists, with 11, make a scarcely better showing. Above them come such groups as the Reformed Church, the Baptists, Methodists, and Jews, with from 13 to 20. But even though the colored churches have been omitted in computing our table, the Baptists and Methodists still rank relatively low.

It is somewhat surprising to find that the Jews do also. Perhaps Jews are more prone than others to refrain from expressing their religious preference, but we have allowed for this by reckoning them at a strength of but 1,600,000—less than half the number which many of them claim. Our figures, of course, represent only the presumable adherents of synagogues; perhaps 3,000,000 or even 3,500,000 would be the number of all Jews if we included those who have given up their faith and tend to amalgamate with the Gentiles. Nevertheless, unless the East Side type of Jew as found in New York City is even more numerous than we have supposed, we do not understand just why the Jews, with only 20 men in "Who's Who" for every 100,000 adherents, stand so low. The Quakers (Friends), with 31, make only a little better showing, but perhaps this is because many leaders of Quaker descent no longer lay claim to membership in the old church. In spite of all this, we should have supposed that the Jews and the Friends would have shown a decidedly larger proportion of leaders than the mid-Western denomination which arrogates to itself the title of "Christian." But the fact is that the "Christians" have 45 persons in "Who's Who" for every 100,000 of their adherents.

At a far higher level come the more intellectual denominations—the Presbyterians with 62 men in every 100,000 adherents, the Congregationalists with 115, the Episcopalians with 156, the Universalists with 390, and the Unitarians with 1,185. And as with the men, so with the women. The number of women in "Who's Who" varies from denomination to de-

nomination much as does that of the men except that the contrasts are even greater. A Unitarian woman is 250 times as likely to be in "Who's Who" as is a Roman Catholic woman, and over 30 times as likely as even a man among the United Brethren.

II

The extraordinary contrast between Unitarians and Roman Catholics seems to be due to the same general causes which explain the aspect of our table as a whole, at least so far as the proportion of men in "Who's Who" is concerned. The Unitarians are the product of a prolonged process of selection which has been preëminently intellectual. Only a thoughtful person in whom the intellect dominates the emotions is likely to be attracted to that rather cold, self-contained creed. Occasionally, of course, the social prestige of a Unitarian church—around Boston, for example—may attract people of a different type, but that is a minor matter. Often such converts, as well as the relatively unintellectual and emotional people who happen to be born among the Unitarians, afterward drift away to some other church. This happens the more easily because the Unitarians, in complete contrast to the Roman Catholics, make almost as little effort to hold adherents as they do to gain them. These conditions largely explain both the numerical weakness and the intellectual strength of the Unitarians. They cause that church to show an unusually large proportion of people belonging to a highly specialized type. As a rule, an active Unitarian is likely to be not only of an intellectual temperament, but also of a deeply religious temperament, for none other would work actively in a church where there is so little appeal to the emotions. Well, intellect and the religious temperament are apparently among the greatest keystones of success.

The Roman Catholic church has been subject to an opposite set of conditions. In the more advanced countries its converts are likely to be impelled mainly by emotion, or by the desire to solve their intellectual doubts once for all by a great act of faith. Occasionally, to be sure, an intellectual leader like Cardinal Newman may be converted from Protestantism to Romanism, but only when the emotional nature of the convert is highly developed. Such cases do not alter the general rule. The truth, although to be sure only one side of the truth, is illustrated by the fact that, according to Dr. Charles Fama, of the Italian Protestant Ministers Association, during the last fifteen years a single Protestant theological school, the interdenominational Biblical Seminary in New York, has had not less than 40 former priests or monks of the Church of Rome among the students preparing for the ministry in its Italian Department. At the present time four such men are there preparing for the ministry of some Protestant denomination.

The failure of the Roman Catholic church to produce a higher relative number of leaders arises not only and perhaps not chiefly from the fact that people of independent mind are likely to leave the church, but from the fact that the church hangs on to its adherents like grim death. Other denominations, especially those that are intellectual rather than emotional, let the weaker brothers and sisters drift away, and are thereby purged, as it were. Not so the Catholics; they cling to even the poorest and weakest. This may be good for the individual, but it lowers the showing of the church as a whole.

Quite as important as the people whom a church holds are those whom it loses. Because of the widespread prevalence of religious celibacy within its fold the Catholic church loses, or at least fails to produce, an enormous number of children who might have been leaders. The small proportion of Roman Catholics in "Who's Who" seems to furnish concrete evidence that the reasoning of Galton, John Fiske and others is correct. Time and again, in both America and Europe, it has been shown that Protestant clergymen and col-

ge professors are more likely than almost ny other important groups to be the thers of eminent leaders. In the Roman atholic church the great majority of the en who burn with zeal for education and cience, as well as for religion, have for ges found little chance to follow their eepest inclinations except by way of celi- acy and the church. Thus not only the eligious temperament but the intellectual nd scientific temperaments have been veeded out remorselessly. The result is hat today, in proportion to their num- ers, the Roman Catholics stand close to he bottom as a source of American leaders. Worse yet, the prospects for their future mprovement are slight because the best erm plasm among them has been so ter- ibly depleted.

One of the worst features of the whole ituation is that the denominations which urnish the largest number of leaders today re the ones in which the leaders most ignally fail to reproduce themselves. The eaders in the most intellectual denomina- ions not only fail to maintain their place in the growing population of America; hey do not even maintain their present numbers. The Episcopalians and Universal- ists have such low birth-rates that their leaders of tomorrow seem likely to be far less numerous than their leaders of today. The Congregational, Unitarian and Pres- byterian leaders are doing a little better, but are not increasing as fast as the popu- lation as a whole. Even the "Christians," Methodists and Baptists are only barely maintaining themselves when allowance is made for the rapid growth of the entire population. Moreover, among these only the "Christians" produce a really large proportion of leaders. On the other hand, with the exception of the Adventists and Roman Catholics, the families of the lead- ers in all the denominations which have less than 18 persons in "Who's Who" to 100,000 adherents are increasing more rapidly than the general population. In other words, we may almost say that the more intellectual a denomination is, the more likely it is to die out. But most of the denominations in which the main appeal is to the emotions, or to that quality, whatever it may be, which makes a person willing to accept authority, are increasing. At least their leaders have good-sized families, and we are quite sure that in general the rank and file do equally well.

III

Two features deserve special comment in this connection: one is the extraordinary rate of increase among the Mormon lead- ers; the other the low rate among the Roman Catholics. At the present rate of reproduction, the great-grandchildren of the leading Mormon families are likely to be ten times as numerous as the present generation. No wonder the power of that church is increasing rapidly! In some cases the large size of the families recorded in "Who's Who" is doubtless the result of polygamy, but that can be only a small item, for polygamy had been practiced but rarely or not at all for two decades. More- over, the Mormon women who report any children at all report more than do any other group, namely 3.3 a mother. If women who are sufficiently distinguished to be in "Who's Who" have so many chil- dren, it is almost certain that those who are more domestic and have no careers have many more. Therefore we see nothing unreasonable in supposing that even with- out polygamy, the Mormon system would lead to families averaging about five chil- dren a father. But there is more to it than this. Practically every Mormon in "Who's Who" is married, and 88% of them have children. That is another reason why they increase so rapidly. They marry young, too, for among all the States, Utah shows by far the lowest average age at marriage among its successful men—only 24 years. The significance of all this lies in its dem- onstration that the birth-rate may be very easily modified. The Mormons have delib- erately undertaken to encourage a high

rate. They have succeeded, perhaps, beyond their expectations. Their leaders, at least, are increasing at a rate which must cause them great rejoicing.

Quite as significant as the high Mormon rate of increase is the low rate for the Roman Catholic leaders. We have been told again and again that the Roman Catholic church frowns upon birth control. It preaches, we are told, that conception is a natural function, a divine process, with which man has no right to interfere. At least, that is what the unintelligent Catholic is taught. But how about the leaders? We wonder how many people realize that they are not subject to any religious restraint in this matter. According to Havelock Ellis, what has happened is that

> the church, always alive to sexual questions, has realized the importance of the modern movement, and has adapted herself to it by proclaiming to her more ignorant and uneducated children that incomplete intercourse is a deadly sin, while at the same time refraining from making inquiries into this matter among her more educated members. The question was definitely brought up for Papal judgment by Bishop Bouvier of Le Mans, who stated the matter very clearly, representing to the Pope (Gregory XVI, who was in office from 1831 to 1846) that the prevention of conception was becoming very common and that to treat it as a deadly sin merely resulted in driving the penitent away from confession. After mature consideration, the Curia Sacra Pœnitentiaria replied by pointing out . . . that since it was due to the wrong act of the man, the woman, (who has been forced by her husband to consent to it) has committed no sin. Further, the Bishop was reminded of the wise dictum of Liguori, "the most learned and experienced man in these matters," that the confessor is not usually called upon to make inquiry upon so delicate a matter as the *debitum conjugale*, and, if his opinion is not asked, he should be silent. We see, therefore, that, among Catholic as well as among non-Catholic populations, the adoption of preventive methods of conception follows progress and civilization, and that the general practice of such methods by Catholics (with the tacit consent of the church) is merely a matter of time.

The meaning of all this is obvious when taken in connection with our figures as to the rate of increase among the most successful Roman Catholic laymen. The Catholic church, by preaching against contraceptive measures among the poor and lowly, but by giving a *sub rosa* consent to such measures among the intelligent, is accentuating the results of celibacy. It is allowing the competent intelligent leaders to have few children and thus to fail to reproduce themselves, and obliging the common people to multiply like rabbits. What will be the outcome of all this? Will the church go to pieces for lack of leadership? Will our civilization go backward because the Fundamentalist type of thinker has many children and the enlightened type few?

IV

It seems to us that unless some great social change occurs in the near future, both of these things are likely to take place, *but only temporarily*. A church so well organized as the Catholic will doubtless see the light. A system so extreme as modern Fundamentalism almost invariably creates a strong reaction. In the case of Puritanism, which is more or less parallel to Fundamentalism in certain ways, one phase of the reaction took the form of a complete break with religion. Weak-willed people who did no real thinking for themselves took advantage of the break as an excuse for disregarding all the old moral inhibitions. Their conduct helped to bring about the present widespread tendency toward disrespect for marriage and law, and toward the breaking down of the home. Such conditions lead to small families, and hence are self-destructive. The people who emerge from Fundamentalism in that fashion are almost certain to die out. Among another type of people the reaction against Puritanism took the form of the liberalizing movement known as Unitarianism. This has now leavened the whole lump of the Congregational church until that sect is one of the most liberal among us, even though it is the direct descendant of the Puritans.

If the future repeats the past, Fundamentalism may triumph for a while because it is biologically strong. Yet in its very hour of triumph it may begin to change even more rapidly than Puritanism

hanged, as befits the present celerity of he processes of evolution. The irreligious escendants of the present Fundamental-sts, like others of their kind, will have ew descendants because of their desire or self-gratification and self-expression. n all probability, the most ardent believ-rs in Fundamentalism will also endanger heir own chances of survival by refusing o accept scientific ideas as to bacterial ollution, antisepsis, sanitation, and other nodern practices. The residue will pre-umably consist mainly of people who are erhaps excessively religious according to he standards that are most widely her-lded just now, but who are nevertheless ree from bigotry and intolerance. They are the kind who can be most easily swayed toward liberal beliefs, as happened among the descendants of the Puritans. If the religious spirit remains highly devel-oped, as seems likely, they will have a much better chance of survival than will those in whom it is weak.

The relation of religion to biological survival seems clear. The main question is as to the type of religious faith which stands the best chance of survival. From the evidence here given and from much of other kinds which cannot here be stated, it looks to us as if that type were not exemplified by the extremists, but by those who are religious though not dogmatic—zealous and earnest, but also liberal and tolerant. People of this sort, rather than the extremists, are likely to leave children who follow in their footsteps. Hence our conclusion is that in the long run the dictates of biology will cause a very earnest yet liberal type of religion to prevail, here and elsewhere. It may take thousands or even tens of thousands of years for that type to come fully into its own. There will doubtless be innumerable ups and downs in its progress. But that is the direction in which the world seems to be headed. That way lies the millennium, if ever there is to be any.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY OLIVER JENKINS

this country with its quiet dreaming,
this place lost in a clear rigid pool
of complacent historical anecdotes,
wanders about in a daze of inquiry.

rows of question marks
balanced
on mountain peaks
dancing
on rocks on sands
hooking
over limbs of maple trees
dropping out of clouds over
Contoocook Winnisquam Massabesic
with a people
curled up in the loops.

2

how many years make a memory?
how many years until a proud country
croons itself to sleep
with a lilac blossom on its breast?

3

New Hampshire
is an old lady
with snow hair
hiding her feet
under a fluted skirt.

4

roads in the mountains,
in the valleys,
crooked parchment roads
cutting the hearts
of little villages,

old wrinkled roads
unravelling
in a lake of birches.

5

tell me,
did the Hesperides
ever
have apples
such as these?

6

"Lafayette stopped here."

have you tried
our special dollar
chicken dinner?

7

when it thunders
in the mountains
of New Hampshire,
it is only an old
drunken god
beating his fists
against the moon.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Painting

THE CRITICISM OF PAINTING IN AMERICA

By Thomas Craven

"ET us assume that we have in America
a painter of first-rate intelligence.
nder privations compared to which the
ruggles of literary unfortunates like
eorge Gissing and Francis Thompson are
lissful holidays, he devotes two years of
ard labor to the making of a group of
ictures. He negotiates with the dealers;
e is insulted and humiliated by their
ılsome patronage, but having no other
ıeans of exposing his work, he is forced
ɔ surrender to the tune of a commission
f 33⅓%. His canvases are hung in one of
hose bleak tombs in upper Fifth avenue
vherein the costly effigies of Old Masters
nd the fashionable French trash of the
ıoment are sold, not according to the
ıethods of the ordinary merchant but with
ieratic unction and long æsthetic palaver.

What happens? The exhibition, for
ays, is unattended save for the random
isits of a few splenetic artists whose
abit it is to despise all pictures not made
y themselves. Then the critic of art ap-
ears—evasive, supercilious, and rushed
ɔ death. In the course of his weekly pere-
rinations he must peer into fifty galleries
r more, and time is money. A half-hour
; the most that he can allot to a single
xhibition—less than one minute in which
ɔ pass judgment upon the artistic merits
f each picture! Actually he examines only
wo or three canvases, jots down a few
bvious characteristics in color and pos-
ıre, gathers a biographical note from the
ıwning dealer, pockets a catalogue, and
urries off to another show. One minute a
icture!

Truly, the painter is the most despised and rejected of all men of art! The nature of his medium makes the general circulation of his productions an impossibility; the European practice of publishing artists in attractive, inexpensive monographs is unknown in America, and to win any notice whatever he is dependent upon the written word of unreadable impostors and condescending dullards. An author fares decidedly better. When a book is published it is immediately placed in the hands of reviewers throughout the country, a few of whom, at least, have a decent regard for good work and a certain insight into the problems of literary composition. But the painter is at the mercy of a handful of jackdaws who care little or nothing for his art and who attempt the criticism of pictures because it is the only field in which they are able to ply their journalistic trade without having their half-witted solemnities contested or brought to public ridicule. It is such art critics who are responsible for the popular belief that while literature, the drama, and music may require study, patience and familiarity for their appreciation, painting is something to be assimilated at a single glance.

In the foregoing example I have selected a painter of intelligence. But those who have followed the annual march of pictures know only too well that an intelligent painter is the rarest of birds and that not more than one exhibition in a hundred is worth looking at. Why, then, should any man employ his critical powers upon such mediocre stuff? Precisely for the same reasons that the critic of letters tunnels through the dull grist which pours in upon him from the publishers' mills, and the

dramatic critic night after night allows himself to be tortured by veritable monsters of egoism: to slay the impossibles and clear the ground for the hundredth man, to afford counsel and guidance to ambitious youngsters who are beginning to draw and paint, so that they may not be choked into academic channels, or packed off to Paris to be ruined by cosmopolitan sloths.

This art critic is seldom bold enough to attack a concrete painter, however bad. Having neither the wit to recognize superior work nor the slightest knowledge of the value of painting when it is alive and genuine, he is constantly haunted by the fear of making egregious mistakes and divulging his incapacities. As a consequence he is shifty, ambiguous and nonsensical. What he fears most of all is that some one with brains and pugnacity will rise up and smite him. He is aware that painters, almost without exception, are inarticulate dunces unable to utter a coherent sentence, but he also knows that once in a while a fighting champion enters the field and the critics are put to rout. He remembers the husky Courbet, the acrid voice of Degas, the wisdom of Delacroix and William Morris, and above all, the awful drubbing administered by Whistler to the high and mighty Ruskin. Furthermore, it is to his advantage to foster the "sanctity of art," and he considers it beneath his dignity to mention the subject except in the traditional language of cheap reverence and silly mysticism.

Thus the painter is exempt from the unsparing criticism which other artists, whether they like it or not, now accept as a matter of course. Writers may be fiercely dissected; actors, singers, and fiddlers may be described as apes and morons, but the most worthless of painters must be swaddled, cosseted, and handled with gloves as if he had some God-given talent concealed within his sensitive fingers. The art critic is successful, that is to say, he manages to survive, solely because of the inferiority of the painters. Oscar Wilde was the first of the modern writers to discover their amazing stupidity, and with characteristic effrontery he proceeded not only to make himself the æsthetic arbiter of his day, but to enter the sacred fold and prove that the critic, too, is entitled to the name of artist.

The contemporary critic shares the same opinion. He engages to do the thinking for the artist—which, considering the shallowness of painters, is usually not very difficult to accomplish. The painter rejoices in this attitude, denies the right of the artist to think for himself, and regards with contempt any ability that may show itself in one of his own kind to handle ideas, either in words or in pigment. He prefers just to paint—to sit in the dim north light of his studio and indulge himself in a useless muscular pastime. He is happy to have a journalist or professor concoct specious theories to disguise his barren conceptions, to turn his emptiness into "purity," his abortive drawing into "structural distortions," and his infantine figures into "significant form." The critic loves to fasten upon some meek, deluded idiot and to extol his neurotic patterns as works of genius which none but the elect can understand. The world of art abounds in such idiots and the critic has only to take his choice. But if he encounters a painter capable of independent thinking he avoids him sedulously. He does not dare attack him—he keeps at a safe distance and mentions him in grudging, obscure phrases.

The body of art criticism in America is composed mainly of the reports of exhibitions in the newspapers and magazines, and the ponderous volumes on æsthetics emanating from the universities and the offices of doctors and lawyers who have been infected—after they have grown wealthy—with the itch for collecting. In the larger sense of the word, this material is not criticism at all; it is, on the one hand, simply poor journalism, impressive to the layman, perhaps, because unintelligible; on the other, it is a species of

ychological speculation not to be tched in any other department of liter- ire. We have not a single art magazine which the subject is treated as if it were iving issue. *The Arts* is by all odds the st inviting, but either through short- htedness or deliberate exclusion, it ctically ignores the Americans.

The principal objection to all this writ- is that art is regarded as an isolated wth without reference to a background to the social forces which determine its ntent and its direction. Take, for in- nce, the recent uproar called Cubism. at this movement was, in a measure, neficial to art cannot be denied, but at it is dead and buried is equally beyond pute. But why did it die, and what was all about? On these points the critic is te. Technically we learned that it was ffiliated with classic ideals, an attempt rehabilitate design, the logical culmina- n of the process of abstraction from ture," and so on. Duels were fought er the contention that it was or was not ssible to "organize geometrical integers form," and Picasso, the founder of the lt, stepped forward with the neat but llacious idea that Cubism was an art in elf, an autonomous fructification of auty without antecedents or traditional fluences. And no writer on art could swer him! In this case the critical ques- ns involved are: Can painting have an dependent life of its own? Is a movement at is only technically radical of any con- quence? Of what value is Cubism to merican painters? Has the uprising any lation to the disaffections of sincere men, as it the outcome of human needs, or as it merely the ingenious mechanism a cunning Spanish expatriate?

In discussing exhibitions the critic sies himself with only the superficial pects of painting. He describes pictures so much holy cryptography; he gloats er textures and the sensuous appeal of lors, never for a moment asking whether e representative values of objects have y connection with current tendencies of thought or the complexities of modern life. To give weight to his drivel, he drags in meaningless technical terms and scraps of historical lore, and attempts to judge contemporary forms by what he imagines to be eternal æsthetic verities. He is destitute of humor and that strong personal bias which might lend distinction to his paragraphs and convince his readers that a few pictures, at least, are worth looking at as excitants to emotional pleasure, reflection and intelligent controversy. He worships European art without discrimination or sense, and his nearest approach to enthusiasm occurs when some French charlatan or glum Basque, laden with the old trappings in the shape of seductive, pop-eyed *majas*, gypsies, bull-fighters, and *bailarinas*, is fêted by the idle ladies who have monopolized the art interest in America. He drinks tea in a Johnsonian fashion and reports the occasion in the chatter of the society editor. Since the vogue of the "new art" he must, of course, be modern, but his radicalism is confined to the safe and standardized products of a decade past—he is too cagey to gamble with ideas now forming or risk his reputation with new men.

In the opposite camp we have the professors and æstheticians who spin incredible theories and dig deep into the problems of mechanics and abstract organization. It is true that in painting, as in music, there is opportunity for genuine structural criticism—in the development from simple and primitive forms to large and complicated orders, in the devices for insuring equilibrium in design, in the adjustments of volumes round a center, and the like—all of which cannot be expressed in a popular idiom. But in most cases these technical factors are linked with introspective science and converted into outlandish philosophies. Art becomes a product of the Freudian wish; the empathic interaction between object and beholder; a combination of forms provoking a unique emotion.

It is no wonder the reader cries out in

disgust and dismisses all comment on painting as irrelevant rubbish. If criticism cannot advance beyond mere technology, beyond individual performances into general expressive issues; if it continues to bind itself to the exercises of poor fools who struggle to duplicate atmospheric effects or to the paltry visual experiences of cranks; if it refuses to consider th painting is a release for intelligent activi and like all ideas, indicative of certa social tendencies and ferments, growing vitality and significance in proportion its power to deal with the larger oper tions of the spirit; then, I say, it is longer of any use to the world.

Philology

AIN'T

By Wallace Rice

What is the matter with *ain't I?* for *am not I?* Nothing whatever, save that a number of minor grammarians object to it. *Ain't* has a pleasant sound, once the ears are unstopped of prejudice; precisely the same sound is in the impeccable *mayn't*. The contraction is rightly formed, it is easily spelled, it is old in the language, it is even fashionable in certain circles, and it belongs as a brother to *isn't* and *aren't*. Most of all, it is needed. Yet it lies under the damnation of the logogogues, though they offer no reason for damning it. It is one of a hundred similar locutions that they have damned without reason.

Their prohibition is a very present proof of the thesis of Brander Matthews in his "Essays on English" (1921): "The half-educated . . . do not suspect that the immense majority of the grammars which were in use in our schools until very recently abounded in unfounded assertions about our language and laid down rules without validity." The persistence of these rules verifies the wisdom of George Birkbeck Hill's saying: "There are few bodies of men who cling more to old ways and old customs than teachers, unless perchance it be their pupils." How many there are, exposed to our official grammar, who never manage to contract it; how many more, who do, and never recover!

Something of this has reached the minds of recent grammarians. Proceeding upon that principle of least effort which they are so ready to deny users of American, they have been taking a census of the mi takes children make with a view to spen ing their time upon these mistakes alon instead of wasting it upon what the youn sters already say right, as has heretofo been the pedagogical practice. It is to hoped that they will carry the new schem further.

Werrett Wallace Charters, now of th University of Chicago, has done most this direction. While in Pittsburgh he h the school-teachers of that city listen their pupils for a week, from Monda morning through Friday afternoon, and set down every word and phrase that the thought was wrong, and report the resul to him. In that time they collected, po patient souls, no less than 25,676 suppos errors of speech. Chief among the offen ers, in both the quality and the quanti of its offending, was *ain't* in its vario manifestations. Taken simply by itself, was third on the long list. In *ain't got*, was thirteenth. In *ain't got no*, a Cerber straight from the grammatical Hades, was fifteenth. It also entered into *it ai me* and similar confections. Taken t gether, these felonies exceeded by mo than a half the next two chief offens *was* for *were* and *seen* for *saw*.

Unfortunately, these uses of *ain't* we not properly differentiated. In *ain't got* a *ain't got no*, of course, it is a contracti of *have* or *has* with *not*, which once wali proudly with an initial *h* as *hain't*. Tak by itself, it may be either that or a co traction of *am not*, *is not*, or *are not*. It only with the first of these three that I a concerned here, for while we have *isn't* a

't to take the places of the other two affirmation or interrogation, there is ning but *ain't* for *am not*, probably the t used of them all.

here are two ways of dealing with the rs that creep into our American speech, the minor grammarians practice only of them, in spite of the fact that it is y alone who have made the errors by ing them so. This way may be said to y out the idea that whatever the child s is probably wrong. They forbid a ution, set it down in their books as bidden, and see that the dictionary kers mark it as low or vulgar. Once the iron of this lowness or vulgarity is mped upon the minds of grammatical nbers—that is, upon the minds of those o are striving to be more grammatical n they were brought up to be—the pression is in a bad way indeed, and oic effort is required to make it lift up head again. The greater grammarians, y in number and usually erudite foreign-, may be defined as those who really ow what they are talking about, but ak only for themselves. Their proscrip-ns of words and phrases are seldom eeping. They analyze and discriminate d after doing so point out how, in their dgment, expressions may be properly ed; in cases of divided authority, they ve the question open and the user of e language free. But the minor gram-rians, copyists all and authors of nearly ery school grammar, issue sweeping oclamations beginning with "Thou shalt t." These impress the minds of the un-inking, who simply trail along. Let the t of us, to whom the language really longs, stop believing what we are told less we can see a reason for it, and thus se to be sheep.

The progress of *ain't* through the author-tive dictionaries is worth following. e Century (1889) says: "AIN'T, AN'T: A lgar contraction for the phrases *am not* d *are not:* often used for *is not*, and also, th a variant *hain't*, for *have not* and *has* ." Forty years ago, then, it was a "vul-gar contraction." Webster's New International (1921) says: "AIN'T: Contraction for *are not* and *am not;* also used for *is not*. Colloquial or illiterate. . . . AN'T: A contraction for *are not* and *am not;* also used for *is not* and *has not;* now usually written *ain't*. Colloquial or illiterate speech."

Here is a contradiction: "colloquial *or* illiterate." "Colloquialisms," says Webster, "are expressions permissible in familiar, but not in formal or set, discourse; the term carries no derogatory implication." "Illiterate," on the other hand, means what nobody who knows better will use at any time. Here the meaning seems to be that *ain't* or *an't*, as a contraction for *am not* and *are not*, may be rightly used save in formal speech; whereas to use either for *is not* or *has not* is to declare oneself ignorant. In any event, the decision is that *ain't* is entirely proper in ordinary conversation, and that decision was made by eminent American grammarians.

The New English Dictionary (1888), an international work, says: "AIN'T: *Dialect.* A contracted form of *are not*, used also for *am not*, *is not*, in the dialect of London and elsewhere. . . . AN'T: A contraction for *aren't*, *are not;* colloquially for *am not;* and in illiterate or dialect speech for *is not*, *has not* (*han't*)." The first then is mere dialect, but the second is quite good in conversation.

The Concise Oxford (1911) says: "*Ain't*, *an't*, for *am not*, is sometimes held vulgar; *ain't* for *is not*, *are not*, is wrong." The Pocket Oxford (1925) under BE says: "Colloquial negative; *ain't=am not*, and vulgar *=is not.*" Here is express authority for *ain't* as good in conversational use for *am not*, but not for *is not*. Then follows the Dictionary of Modern English Usage (1926), also with the imprint of Oxford University, with a discussion that offers both argument and authorization:

> *A(i)n't* is merely colloquial, and as used for *isn't* is an uneducated blunder and serves no useful purpose. But it is a pity that *a(i)n't* for *am not*, being a natural contraction and supplying a real want, should shock us as though tarred with the same brush. Though *I'm not* serves well enough

in statements, there is no abbreviation but *a(i)n't I?* for *am I not?* or *am not I?*; and the shamefaced reluctance with which these full forms are often brought out betrays the speaker's sneaking affection for the *a(i)n't I?* that he (or still more she) fears will convict him of low breeding (*Well, I'm doing it already, ain't I?; Yes, ain't I a lucky man?; I'm next, ain't I?*).

I find the following in an American work printed in 1921:

> No self-respecting American, I daresay, would defend *ain't* as a substitute for *isn't*, say in "he *ain't* the man," and yet *ain't* is already tolerably respectable in the first person, where England countenances the even more clumsy *aren't*. *Aren't* has never got a foothold in the American first person; when it is used at all, it is always as a conscious Briticism. Facing the alternative of employing the unwieldy "am I not in this?" the American turns boldly to "*ain't* I in this?" It grates a bit, perhaps, but *aren't* grates even more.

This Briticism, *aren't*, began only with the present century, and, as I took pains to point out in the *Dial* soon after Arnold Bennett's adoption of it, it is based upon lack of knowledge. Unaware of *an't* pronounced in the same way and going back to 1706 in the instances given in the New English Dictionary, ignoring also the plurality of the *are*, many English authors have made a mess of a good phrase long authorized in the form given. This I have heard, with the inverted *r*, in Western mouths, and it is distressing; *ain't* is harmony of the spheres in comparison.

That such a solecism as *aren't* for *am I not* should find use proves the need for something both akin and better. And if it is a necessity for a grown person, how much more for a child! Anxious mothers have asked me repeatedly what their little ones should use for "Am I not?" To ans*an't I?* is hardly to better the case for great bulk of Americans, large or sm Any such phrase would invite assa with few to blame the assailant. *Ain'* immensely better.

There is too much disposition to fo formal speech upon the innocents in Am ican school-rooms. The child must ad adult formalism or remain dumb, thou children and language are not like th I turn to a little fairy play, "The Charm written for and adopted by the Bet American Speech Committee, the work Catherine T. Bryce, professor of elem tary education in Yale University—Y mind you! The chief characters are To a Human Child, and Fairy Am-Not, Fa Is-Not and Fairy Are-Not, these last cal the Sweet Speech Sisters. Truly, anser hissing is not sweet speech, in New Ha or elsewhere; but oh, these earnest wom

Tom's teacher is reported as saying him: "I have told you many, many ti never to say *ain't*. I have told you to *am not*, or *is not*, or *are not*." Not even *i* or *aren't* is allowed him, much less a thing for the first person singular. At end, they have Tom saying "When it *not* your fault. You *are not* angry with I *am not* going to let you go," whil troupe of nice young things dance arou him uttering shrill cries of girlish glee

In self-defense let us form an Ain' Society. With those who want to use backed by the millions who do, a cons tutional amendment is already in sight

MR. SPEAKER

BY DUFF GILFOND

EVEN after twenty-two years in the House of Representatives, that cave of roaring and sweating men, the dest things about the Hon. Nicholas ngworth, A.B., LL.B., are his neckties, golf togs and his laugh. He is its eaker, but he seldom speaks—that is, mally, officially, horribly. In private he talkative enough, but not *ex cathedra*. or does he, it appears, get much delight t of the oratorical orgies of his colgues. By virtue of his office, he must ten to them more or less patiently—but henever there is good music on tap in ashington he slips the gavel to Congressan Snell and quietly steals away.

His critics put down all this to laziness. ey regard it as inimical to the Constition that he goes to so many parties, at he prefers the tunes of Kreisler to the cophony of debate over an appropriation ll, and that he clings to a life-long habit sleeping at least eight hours every night. it these faults, alas, are ingrained in the an, and he shows no disposition to comt them. His hat cocked at a rakish angle, s walking-stick swinging and a boutonère upon his manly chest, he slides in d out of the legislative Donnybrook ir without a visible care, the while the rnest boys from the tall grass murmur dly: "Nick won't make sacrifices! Never d to! Born with a silver spoon in his outh! What would he do if he didn't ve us?"

The question is easily answered: he ould get others. For like most men of sy and spacious habits, he has a faculty r surrounding himself with people who ork. His secretary, one of the most efficient young women on Capitol Hill, relieves him of pension cases and all the other variegated chores of constituents in which less trustful Congressmen wallow. The only detail he has not abandoned is signing the letters that go out of his office. This exercise keeps him in touch with things, he says. When the battle for floor leader was waging in 1923, he sailed for Europe, leaving the zealous Mr. Begg of Ohio to campaign for him. Campaigning is one of the disagreeable features of a politician's life, so he contrives to omit it. He invariably deserts Cincinnati before an election.

Yet it must not be supposed that he is really lazy. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee for many years, he worked hard and fast. Moreover, he never talked about it afterward at dinner parties or on the floor, a failing of many other Congressmen. He appears to be lazy, he is really leisurely. He chats with his visitor in low tones and slowly, as if he enjoyed it. He speaks softly and laughs loud. More often he listens, especially when the congressional boys come in to discuss great matters of state with him. People always tell him things. They can't help it. He establishes points of contact with everybody—with the Bible Belt members whose constituents shudder at his wetness as well as with the Harvard coterie who pronounce Cincinnati as if they had spoons in their mouths. There is in him a great deal of facile versatility. He can accompany Bori on his violin, and he can play it behind his back, over his head and between his legs for a party of good fellows. In cutaway and top hat he stalks forth to meet the

representatives of foreign potentates, but his tongue, when they aren't looking, is in his cheek. After a dignified hour at the Ericsson Memorial unveiling with the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, he clapped his official plug hat on the head of his small daughter Paulina, and so horrified the judicious. He enjoys French literature and American detective stories. When called upon to address the Chamber of Deputies he did so in French; to the Reichstag he spoke in German. He does his own entertaining at White House receptions, and can convulse even gloomy Calvin with a yarn on the back porch. He can switch from Mr. Speaker to Nick with the angle of his hat. He is the darling of the D.A.R.'s and a crony of Will Rogers.

A sorry specimen to the old school statesmen who reveled in the invective exchanged between the rugged Uncle Joe Cannon and the minority leader of those days, the Hon. John Sharp Williams! What a fascination in the glare they fixed on each other! But the suave Mr. Longworth would think it rude to glare at the present minority leader, Mr. Garrett. His pale eyes can't gleam; they can only twinkle. In his public remarks Mr. Garrett is always genial, and the vitriolic Mr. Garner, ranking minority member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, most affable. He is always painstakingly diplomatic. "Mr. Chairman," he said, characteristically, in opposing the late Mr. Kitchin's tax bill, "I listened with great interest and with great pleasure, as I always do when he speaks, to the grave, calm, and dispassionate explanation of this bill by the gentleman from North Carolina, but with all his eloquence and logic he has failed to satisfy me that it has any merit whatsoever."

"Soft soap!" mutter the old-fashioned boys, as Mr. Longworth and Mr. Garner leave the House arm-in-arm. Never in the virile, hairy-chested days of yore were political enemies so civil to each other. So the old-timers snicker today at a Speaker who tries to restrain the natural frenzy of wool-hat members with such maternal maxims as: "I have always fou that in dealing with public as well as w private affairs it pays to be polite." "Th is no necessity for any temper to shown," he will say, to the irritation the ardent opponents of the momento Tuscaloosa post-office bill. Or, "I s cerely regret that any ill-nature shou have developed during the course of th debate"—on duck shooting in Jonatha creek.

If the feeling between factions becom bitter, he allays it with a jingle. T tariff on dyes was once the cause of uproar at a meeting of the Ways a Means Committee. Mr. Hill, the emine wet of the Maryland Free State, led t fight for a duty on dyes; Mr. Longwor favored a complete embargo. Words we hot, feeling ran high, and Mr. Longwor became uneasy. So he scribbled:

'Twixt Hill and Hell there is but one letter,
If Hill were in Hell this bill would be better.

When it was necessary to admonish t hoggish Democratic boys for demandi too large a share of pork, he did it to th tune:

Dig, brothers, dig with glee,
Dig to the bottom of the Treasuree!
Shovel out the shekels for the Kissimmee,
Millions for nitrates on the Tennessee;
The South is in the saddle, you bet, by gee!
Dig to the bottom of the Treasuree!

II

Yet, mild as this policy may be, it is oft very effective. On the first day of the Sixt ninth Congress a non-partisan tax b was laid before the members, the resu of an unprecedented tête-a-tête between t Speaker and the ranking Democratic me ber of the Ways and Means Committe Of course the hard-boiled Republica didn't think the minority's views shou have had any consideration, and even so Democrats objected on principle. Mr. Lon worth himself, no doubt, would have p ferred a more Republican bill. But fearf lest no agreement could be reached, gave up a little and gained a lot. Accu

ied from childhood to get what he nts, he will nevertheless compromise to ain what he can. Of course it's not ctacular and not what the more viru- t members are used to. Mr. Garner's ics refer to him, contemptuously, as assistant Republican leader of the use. But so successful has Mr. Long- rth been in eliminating partisan rancors m the floor that in the closing speeches the last Congress, Mr. Pou of South rolina was moved to make the truly olutionary admission that the Repub- an party could do worse than nominate Speaker for President. The older Demo- ts were shocked beyond measure by s unprecedented heresy, and Mr. Pou s been hearing from them ever since.

Meanwhile, Mr. Longworth is probably most popular Speaker ever heard of in ashington, not even excepting Uncle Joe nnon. No, he doesn't keep good order the House. "Conversation will cease d continue to cease," the czarish Speaker ed would thunder. But Mr. Longworth efers an amicable private conversation to the bilge exploded on the floor, and so ere is a great deal of chatter. What the llery sees as a solemn conference at the eaker's desk is usually only yarn-spin- ng. Former Speakers, being older men d conscientious, lunched horridly on ackers and the well reputed apple. The le Mr. Mann, who once ruled the House floor leader, was too busy to eat at all. ot so the present Speaker. He never misses day at the Round Table in the members' staurant, and at gay parties he is regu- rly the last to leave. He doesn't wear a ock coat like his predecessors, but he s learned the Christian names of 434 gislators. The other day I found a bright ongressman who didn't know that Sen- or Gillett, the former Speaker, had been ristened Frederick; Mr. Longworth is ick to his obscurest colleague as well as his small daughter. When there is no con- rt to attend, he prefers spoofing the mem- rs to posing on the dais.

Officially, he is unquestionably fair. No member need worry that stevedore tactics will be employed against him, once the Speaker has given his word to the contrary. He has been so fair to the Democrats, indeed, that many good Republicans have protested. But despite their disdain for his softness, his spats and his pull with Dame Fortune, even the wool-hat boys are somehow proud of him. He's nice to show off, and even the most conscientious Democrat must needs harbor a secret admiration for one who never had to work, who carried off a President's daughter, and who, when asked once if there had ever been anything in his life he had really wanted and not obtained, was genuinely stumped.

Dame Fortune, in her fickle way, flirts with a number of charming fellows in Washington; few, however, give her the encouragement that Nick does. Loath to provoke an uproar by ruling on the question of redistricting the country, he referred it to the House. "The gentleman from Ohio will admit," he said placidly, "that sometimes he takes the easiest way." At the end of the first session of the Sixty-ninth Congress he was able to say: "I can imagine the speakership of the House to be one of the most uncomfortable offices in the world, but in my case it has been a most comfortable office. I have enjoyed it thoroughly."

The Speaker has the largest collection of yarns of any man in Congress. It is a répertoire which only a remarkable memory could carry. Members diligently bring their new ones to his desk and he faithfully repays them with specimens of his own. Many of them would be highly distasteful to the Anti-Saloon League. Unluckily, the flavor that he puts into these stories is sadly lacking in his public speeches. Early in his career, at an Ohio State convention, he lost part of an address, a circumstance which encouraged him to go into training as an extemporaneous speaker. Having a flair for words he has amassed quite a vocabulary, but his speeches lack the dramatic note and are

dull and prosy. Their greatest merit is their brevity. "It is easier," he said, in a recent article on "Politics as a Profession," "to be eloquent than to be concise." His wife, with her penchant for the spectacular, prefers to hear Reed or Borah to her more serene husband, and is more frequently in the Senate gallery than in that of the House.

The gift of humor, however, often redeems his orations. It always reveals the fact that, though he is a Tory of the Tories, he wears his hat tilted over one eye. "I should like to see the Republican party," he once said, "well organized, responsible for its candidates, proclaiming its platform, and strong in every branch. And I should like to see a strong Democratic party." A pause and the appearance of the twinkle. "But not too strong," he added. "The great thing about Harvard University," he said on another occasion, "is that it is the best example of pure democracy that I know of. It is a place where true character always wins. The only other place I know of where pure democracy exists is in the House of Representatives of the United States." So far, so bad. Then came the mischievous epilogue. "Why, last year an active member from the South, who retired after serving for ten years, said he had got everything he deserved but the Speaker's eye."

His ability to think fast displayed itself early in his career. Chairman of the speakers' bureau in Mark Hanna's campaign for the Senate, he arrived at Newark, Ohio, a storm center of the railroad rate question, to find a crowd on the platform clamoring for a speech. The Newark platform was triangular, bounded on one side by the Pennsylvania Railroad, on another by the Baltimore and Ohio, and on the third by the Big Four. "My fellow citizens," began the youthful Nick, but instantly a Big Four train drowned out his none too mighty voice. The populace waited impatiently for its departure and Nick started again. "My fellow cit"—and a switching engine backed up on the Baltimore and Ohio and began to let off steam. Present he was able to resume again, but befo his salutation could be repeated an almo endless freight train rode up on the Pen sylvania track. Nick's impressive digni had been lost in the din. The crowd t tered. "What is the use," he bawled, " my trying to uplift my voice against th great roar of Republican prosperity?"

Nick has a personal conservatism harmony with his political prejudices. H is very well to do, but he does not was his money. In poker, of which he is ardent devotee, he won't go in on a pa He has been known to go on a week-e yacht trip with a dollar and a half in h pocket. Despite his reputation in Was ington as the best dressed man ever se in Congress, he is not really extravaga with his clothes. The gaping membe from the open spaces give him credit f far more suits than he really owns. Alwa well pressed, they have that newish loo but several of them go back to the Hardi administration. And the overcoat he wo all last Winter once belonged to his gran father.

He likes old things: pictures, servan and automobiles. He drove a queer lookin electric car, perched high up like a coac man, long after they became obsole Only recently was he persuaded to pa with his ten-year-old Packard, which h drove himself and seemed to prefer to th elegant Speaker's car provided by the ta payers. Even then it was not a final sep ration. Teased by his friends, he agreed t sell it, but an offer of one hundred dolla for it was so shocking to his sentimen that he parked it in his backyard in Ci cinnati, where it still bides its fate.

III

Nicholas Longworth IV comes from Cincinnati family whose wealth was ha pily amassed in the days before Prohib tion. His great-grandfather, of Knicke bocker stock, migrated from Newark, N J., and was one of the pioneer settlers i

ıcinnati. He was a struggling lawyer, l kept on struggling until one of his nts, unable to pay for his services in h, offered him two copper stills. These re then in the possession of another ditor who had planned to use them in ew distillery. Hopefully, this other man ered thirty-three acres of barren land as substitute, and reluctantly Nicholas I cepted. At this time the water supply in ose parts was so muddy that a practising y would have perished of thirst. Everydy drank beer or whiskey. So Nicholas I t an idea. Procuring a most luscious ape, known as the Catawba, he started vineyard on his barren property. In this id age it makes one's mouth water to ad of the result. Within a few years he as producing 150,000 bottles of wine nually, and his vaults contained 300,000 ttles in process of ripening. With such a ritage the Speaker could hardly expect be fondled by the Anti-Saloon League. Old Nick's ambition was to make Ohio ıe greatest wine-producing State in the untry, and so he imported Germans to ork in his vineyards. Though his ambion was not fulfilled, his fortune was ade. His income ran up to $17,000, a aggering sum in those early days. His n, Nicholas II, was a collector of picres and the discoverer of sex in strawrries, a valuable thing for horticulture. e built the magnificent Longworth home Cincinnati, to which the Speaker still sorts when not in Washington. A story told of his visit to Longfellow who, on learning his name, remarked: "You ve the better of it. 'Worth' makes e man and the want of it the 'fellow.'" icholas III, Nick's father, was a graduc of Harvard and a patron of poor artts. He entered politics and became a dge of the Ohio Supreme Court. Unto m in 1869 was born the present Speaker. om the age of nine until he went to llege young Nick spent four hours of ch day in the music room at home: at e piano, violin and organ. At sixteen he as so skilled that when a local church organist fell ill, he was selected to replace him. His subsequent connection with the church has been somewhat less intimate.

Like his father he was sent to Harvard. Though he got few A's, he was accorded an H for subbing on the varsity crew. The crew was so bad at that time that the coxswain of the Yale crew never once saw it. Nick couldn't make it anyhow. But he attained fame by conducting the college orchestra, playing in a string quartette, and writing the music for naughty songs. He became a Deke and other exclusive things. His clubs today are very select. One is called the Alibi, a mysterious organization with a secret telephone number. Nick lunches there faithfully every Saturday. It is probably an eating club, the kind he prefers.

He liked to drive even as a youth. On his vacations from college he drove a fast horse to town in a buggy. "There goes Mr. Coley!" the poor boys of the neighborhood would shout, admiringly, as he raced by. Everybody liked him then, as now, and would help him out of a difficulty as his political opponents do in the House to-day. One day while his mother was out he borrowed her brougham and coachman to take one of the girls from a show for a drive. It was a delightful lark until the awkward girl, flinging her heels about, cracked the front window pane. Nick was frightened. His mother must not find out!

"Charles," he said to the coachman, after the girl had been taken home, "a bad boy smashed that window with a stone."

"Mr. Nicholas," responded the trusty darky, "I seen the miscreant when he done it."

After graduation Nick cast about for something to do. His father was a judge and politics was always a flourishing profession in Ohio. At that time the notorious George B. Cox was boss of the Republican machine in the State. Nick went to him and applied for a chance. Cox had been a saloonkeeper in his prime. He knew how

to mix a drink and he believed in mixing a ticket. Looking Nick over, he decided that a little bit of respectability would not be amiss, so Nick was made a member of the Cincinnati school board.

He became very popular with the local politicians. Meeting at the old Gibson House in Cincinnati one day, they were confronted by a difficult problem. It was whether a man could drink a quart of champagne at one gulp. "What do you think, Nick?" asked one of the leaders. Nick admitted he didn't know. They continued to speculate and Nick left them. A few minutes later he returned, and said:

"I can settle the argument. It can be done."

"What makes you so sure? You just said you didn't know."

"But I was just out and did it," said Nick.

He went to the Ohio Legislature next. A question arose in the Cincinnati delegation regarding the recognition of certain members, elected on a Fusion ticket. There and then Nick made his first speech. It was a clarion call for party regularity and party solidarity, and a denunciation of all blocs and factions. Thus the first stone in a conservative career was laid. But, then as now, conservatism was not synonymous with solemnity. Even a seat in the august State Senate could not fill Nick with that. A bill was up to abolish pigeon-shooting. At the request of some of his constituents he offered an amendment. At this point Warren G. Harding, who sat next to him, gravely rose.

"I want to make a serious speech about this amendment," he said.

"If the gentleman intends to make a serious speech," said Mr. Longworth, "I would rather withdraw the amendment."

In 1903 he was sent to Congress. Within two years he made two formal speeches, one on the floor of the House and one to President Roosevelt, asking for the hand of his daughter Alice. Immediately he became that unhappy spectacle, a mighty man's son-in-law, and went to dwelling in his shadow. Like a deformity, the pre tige he gained by his marriage is st thrown at him by persons who get ang with him. "I am not as renowned as th gentleman from Ohio," said the irate M Blanton of Texas, when offended by one his rulings, "not having the distinctio unfortunately, of being the son-in-law an ex-President of the United States." E raged, even James Mann once alleged th Nick had been placed on the steering co mittee as a tribute to his father-in-law. despair he sought the comforting co panionship of other sons-in-law: t former Senator Wadsworth, who marri Secretary of State Hay's daughter, and t late Medill McCormick, who marri Mark Hanna's. They formed the Son-i Law Club and periodically confided the woes. "Mr. McAdoo," said Nick on o occasion on the floor, "is by way of bei the official son-in-law of the administr tion." And after a pause he added sadl "A position which I do not envy him."

The Women's Christian Temperan Union interfered with the congressiona wedding gift to the Princess Alice. Nick's otherwise unmolested life the has always been a dry to spoil thing When this worthy organization learn that the Ohio delegation was planning present the bride with a punch bowl it wa horrified, and the Ohio members we bombarded with protesting telegram Congressman Webber, who had oppose the gift, became the god of Sahara. T placate the good ladies the sacrilegiou idea was abandoned.

IV

Incredible as it may seem today, Nick wa not very popular in his baby days in Co gress. His elegant raiment offended the rur members, and despite his natural am ability he was anything but a back slappe Some of those rural members amused hi and he made no secret of it. To this da indeed, his humor is sardonic quite a often as it is soothing, and sometimes hi

yings and doings give the more orthodox aders of his party grave concern. While e was in the contest for the speakership e was invited to a dinner at which the bidly dry and Christian wife of an imortant member was also to be present.

"Nick," implored one of the anxious oys, "don't take a drink at that dinner! you don't, you'll sell yourself to her, nd her husband will vote for you. Every ote counts."

Nick laughed, but to the surprise of the ther, promised to abstain. He kept his ord and by the end of the evening it was vident that he had impressed the dry ady. The boys were delighted and one of hem came over to offer congratulations. With a look at the lady to make sure she aw, Nick blew his breath into the other's ace.

Another thing that greatly distressed he campaign boys when he was a candiate for Speaker was his clothes.

"For God's sake, Nick," they said to im, "don't change your suit to-morrow! These guys won't dare vote for a man who wears another suit every day."

Nick laughed as usual and the next day was awaited eagerly by his comrades.

"What's that, Nick, another suit?" they demanded, despairingly.

"Look," he said, and whisking around, revealed two gigantic patches in the seat of his trousers.

In this disregard for the common pruderies Mrs. Longworth is very much like her husband. She refuses to return the duty calls, dictated by the social customs of Washington, of the other members' wives. At first they were resentful, but now they have come to the resigned conclusion that she is simply "different," and forgive her just as everybody did when, in the pre-jazz age, she sat in the Café République with a cigarette in one hand and a cocktail in the other. She got away with it by her prestige as the President's daughter; Nick gets away with anything by his charm.

But in 1912 he lost his job. Father-in-law Roosevelt led a third party movement, but Nick would not desert the Grand Old Party. In the ensuing Democratic landslide he was swept out of Congress. "God scalped him," said his waggish opponent, referring to his baldness, "but I skinned him." He came back to the next Congress, and has been coming back ever since. His personal politics, as everyone knows, are those of Andy Mellon, the Morgan partners and the editorial writers of the New York *Herald-Tribune;* no one has ever heard an heretical word from him. He believes (with certain winks behind the door) in the plot of the Bolsheviki to conquer the United States and butcher Mr. Coolidge, and is hot against all insurgents within his own party.

But he is always amiable about it. When the last effort to heave the cow State insurgents out of the Republican party was made he was in charge of the operation, but he ameliorated its rigors with characteristic compliments. "I want to correct the impression," he said, "that I or anybody I know of has any intention of punishing anybody. Punishment implies a hostility, a feeling of rancor. Now, I have no feeling of hostility toward any member of this House who supported the LaFollette-Wheeler ticket in the last campaign. On the contrary, I admire many of them very greatly." He proceeded eloquently to justify their actions. He showed how valuable every insurgent had been to the party in the past, and how much they could do for it if they would only return to the consecrated fold. So the slaughter turned into a pleasant affair, and after it was over Nick and the victims were firm friends.

The attacks and criticisms of colleagues and newspapers that harass and fever most Congressmen don't seem to perturb the light-hearted Speaker at all. He continues to sleep eight or nine hours every night and to play his violin. A newspaper reporter once wrote that during the vote on a wool bill a dispute arose between Mr. Longworth and the Hon. Jefferson Levy of New York, and that Mr. Longworth in-

vited Mr. Levy to "come outside and settle it." Here surely was a charge which would have evoked a roar from any Congressman jealous of his reputation. Mr. Levy, indeed, rose to defend himself and his colleague from the indignity of the story. But Mr. Longworth only regretted that Mr. Levy had given it recognition by putting it in the *Record*, and added amiably, "If I had issued an invitation to the gentleman from New York to 'come outside' yesterday, it would have been for an entirely different purpose."

The failure of his friends and friendly enemies to make him take life more seriously should have, by this time, discouraged all efforts to ruffle the Speaker or make him mend his carefree ways. But passionate reformers never give up hope. They would have him faithlessly abandon the elixir which founded the family fortune and gave him his beloved leisure. They would have him hear again the church organ he once played so well. The pious Mr. Blanton, the Texas wind-maker, once accounted for what seemed to him to be the Speaker's partiality thus: "The gentleman feels cross at me because for the first time in his life [by demanding an early roll-call] I caused him to hear a good prayer by bringing him over here in time to see the chaplain go out of the door." But despite this unkind thrust Nick closed his remarks at the end of the session with "I like you all, and I like Blanton."

Regardless of political or other differences, everybody in Washington wants to help Nick. The new members are particularly fond of him. Instead of squelching them, as is the way of veteran legislators, the kind-hearted Speaker covers up their parliamentary errors. Last session he invited a new member, the musical Crumpacker of Oregon, to join the Sunday morning walking club of which he and ex-Senator Wadsworth are members. It was a great honor for an infant Congressman and the others envied his opportunity. But Crumpacker, it has since been whispered, is not allowed to enter into the conversation. He may talk only when he has an anecdote to relate, which fact he indicates by lifting his hat!

ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THERE was a play-party at the school-house at the bottom of the cove. Newt Reddix waited outside the house, listening to the noises as Lester Hunter, the teacher, had listened to them —a new way for Newt. Sound at the bottom of a cove was different from sound at the top, he noticed, for at the top voices spread into a wide thinness. Before Lester came Newt had let his ears have their own way of listening. Sounds had then been for but one purpose—to tell him what was happening or what was being said. Now the what of happenings and sayings was wrapped about with some unrelated feeling or prettiness, or it stood back beyond some heightened qualities.

"Listen!" Lester had said to him one evening, standing outside a house where a party was going on. "Listen!" And there were footsteps and outcries of men and women, happy cries, shrill notes of surprise and pretended anger, footsteps on rough wood, unequal intervals, a flare of fiddle playing and a tramp of dancing feet. Down in the cove the sounds from a party were different from those that came from a house on the side of a hill, the cries of men bent and disturbed, distorted by the place, by the sink and rise of land. While he listened the knowledge that Lester Hunter would soon go out of the country, the school term being over, brought a loneliness to his thought.

He went inside the school-house and flung his hat on the floor beside the door; he would take his part now in the playing. His hat was pinned up in front with a thorn and was as pert a hat as any of those beside the door, and no one would give it dishonor. The school teacher was stepping about in the dance, turning Corie Yancey, and the fiddle was scraping the top of a tune. For him the entire party was filled with the teacher's impending departure.

"Ladies change and gents the same," the fiddler called, his voice unblended with the tune he played. Newt fell into place when an older man withdrew in his favor and gave him Ollie Mack for his partner. The teacher danced easily, bent to the curve of the music, neglectful and willing, giving the music the flowing lightness of his limp body.

Newt wanted to dance as the teacher did, but he denied himself and kept the old harsh gesture, pounding the floor more roughly now and then with a deeply accented step. He wanted to tread the music lightly, meeting it halfway, but he would not openly imitate anybody. While he danced he was always, moment by moment, aware of the teacher, aware of him standing to wait his turn, pulling his collar straight, pushing his hands into the pockets of his coat, looking at Ollie Mack when she laughed, looking full into her face with pleasure, unafraid. The teacher had given an air to the dance, and had made it, for him, more bold in form, more like itself or more true to its kind. The dance drawing to an end, he realized again that in two days more the teacher would go, for he had set his head upon some place far away, down in the settlements, among the lower counties from which he had come six months earlier.

There was pie for a treat, baked by Marthy Anne Sands and brought to the school-house in a great hickory basket.

Standing about eating the pie, all were quiet, regretting the teacher's going. Newt wove a vagrant path in and out among them, hearing the talk of the older men and women.

"My little tad, the least one, Becky, is plumb bereft over 'im," one said, a woman speaking.

"Last year at the school there wasn't hardly anybody would go, and look at this. I had to whop Joel to make him stay on the place one day to feed and water the property whilst I had to go. Hit appears like Joel loves book-sense since Les Hunter come up the mountain."

"What makes you in such a swivet to go nohow?" one asked.

"Did you come up the gorge to borrow fire you're in such a swivet to get on?"

"There's a big meeten over to Kitty's branch next light moon. Why don't you stay? No harm in you to be broguen about a small spell."

"You could loafer around a spell and wait for the meeten."

"Big meeten. And nohow the meeten needs youens to help sing."

"What's he in such a swivet to go off for?"

"I got to go. I got to see the other end of the world yet."

"What's he a-sayen?"

"I got to go to the other end of the world."

"That's too far a piece."

"That surely undoubtedly is a right smart piece to go."

"He could stay a spell at my place and welcome. I'd be real proud to have him stay with my folks a spell. And Nate, he'd keep youens a week, that I right well know. Youens could loafer around awhile as well as not."

"He always earns his way and more, ever since he kem up the mountain, always earns his keep, nohow."

"I've got to go. I'm bound for the other end of this old globe. I'm obliged all the same, but I got a heap to see yet. I'm bound to go."

II

Newt plowed the corn in the rocky field above the house where he lived, one horse to the plow, or he hoed where the field lay steepest. The teacher was gone now. On Sunday Newt would put on his clean shirt his mammy had washed on Friday, and climb up the gorge to the head of the rise and meet there Tige English and Jonathan Evans. Then they would go to see Lum Baker's girls. He would contrive to kiss each girl before the night fell and Lum would cry out, "Come on, you gals now, and milk the cow brutes." Or sometimes they would go down the way to see Corie Yancey and Ollie Mack. To Newt all the place seemed still since the teacher had left, idle, as if it had lost its uses and its future. Going to the well for water he would stare at the winch, at the soft rot of the bucket, at the stones inside the well curb, or he would listen intently to the sounds as the vessel struck the water or beat against the stones.

The noises gave him more than the mere report of a bucket falling into a well to get water; they gave him some comprehension of all things that were yet unknown. The sounds, rich with tonality, as the bucket struck the water, rang with some strange sonority and throbbed with a beat that was like something he could not define, some other, unlike fiddle playing but related to it in its unlikeness. A report had come to him from an outside world and a suspicion of more than he could know in his present state haunted him. He cried out inwardly for the answer, or he looked about him and listened, remembering all that he could of what Lester Hunter had taught—capitals of countries, seaports, buying and selling, nouns, verbs, numbers multiplied together to make other numbers. Now he looked intently and listened. He detected a throb in sound, but again there was a beat in the hot sun over a moist field. One day he thought that he had divined a throb in numbers as he counted, a beat in the recurrences of kinds,

but this evaded him. He listened and looked at the well happenings, at the house wall, at the rail fence, at the barn, at the hills going upward toward the top of the gorge.

On every side were evasions. These sights and sounds could not give him enough; they lay flat against the air; they were imbedded within his own flesh and were sunk into his own sense of them. He would stare at the green and brown moss on the broken frame of the well box and stare again at the floating images in the dark of the well water. The rope would twine over the axle as he turned the wooden handle, and the rounds of the rope would fall into orderly place, side by side, as he knew too casually and too well. Since the teacher had gone the place had flattened to an intolerable staleness that gave out meager tokens of withheld qualities and beings—his mother leaning from the door to call him to dinner, his sister dragging his chair to the table and setting his cup beside his place, the old dog running out to bark at some varment above in the brush. He could hardly separate the fall of his own bare foot from the rock door-step over which he had walked since he could first walk at all. His thirst and his water to drink were one now. His loneliness, as he sat to rest at noon beside the fence, merged and was identified with the still country from brush-grown slope to brush-grown slope.

His father began to clear a new patch below the house; they grubbed at the roots all day when the corn was laid by. One morning in September, when the sun, moving North, was just getting free of Rattlesnake Hill, it came to him that he would go down to the settlements, that he would go to Merryman. All Summer he had known that there was a school at Merryman, but he had not thought to go there, for he had no money. It came to him as a settled fact that he would go there and look about at the place. Three high ridges with numberless breaks and gorges intervened; he had heard this said by men who knew or had heard of what lay beyond. The determination to set forth and the wish to go came to him at one instant. "My aim, hit's to go there," he said. "I lay off to do that-there, like I say."

He remembered the teacher more clearly at this moment, saw him in a more sharply detailed picture, his own breath jerked deeply inward as he was himself related, through his intended departure, to the picture. Hunter was remembered cutting wood for the school-house fire, sweethearting the girls and turning them lightly in the dance, or sitting by the fire at night, reading his book, holding the page low to the blaze. He was remembered hallooing back up the mountain the day he left, his voice calling back as he went down the ridge and he himself answering until there was not even a faint hollow whoopee to come up the slope. By the fire Newt had often taken Hunter's book into his hands, but he could never read the strange words nor in any way know what they meant when they were read, for they had stood four-square and hostile against his understanding. His father's voice would fall dully over the slow clearing: "You could work on this-here enduren the while that I cut the corn patch."

He knew that he would go. His determination rejected the clearing, knowing that he would be gone before the corn was ready to cut. It rejected the monotonous passing of the days, the clatter of feet on the stones by the door, the dull, inconspicuous corn patch above. He would walk, taking the short cut over the mountains. Two ridges to go and then there would be a road for his feet, some one had said. He announced his plan to his father one day while they leaned over their grub hoes. There was no willingness offered, but his mind was set, and three days later he had established his plan. His mammy had washed his shirts clean and had rolled them into a bundle with his spare socks, and she had baked him bread and a joint of ham. She and his sister stood by the doorway weeping after he had driven back the dog and had shouted his goodbye.

III

It was a mid-afternoon and the sun beat down into the cove where he traveled. He worked his way through the thick-set laurel, struggling to keep his bundle tied to his shoulders where the brush stood most dense.

The dry clatter of the higher boughs came to his ears, but it was so mingled with the pricking snarls of the twigs on his face that the one sense was not divided from the other. "This durned ivy," he said when the laurel held him back. He matched his strength against boughs or he flashed his wits against snarls and rebounds, hot and weary, tingling with sweat and with the pricking twigs. Pushed back at one place where he tried to find an opening, he assailed another and then another, throwing all his strength angrily against the brush and tearing himself through the mesh with *god-damns* of relief. A large shaded stone that bulged angrily out of the mountain-side gave him a space of rest. He stretched himself on the slanting rock, his face away from the sun, and lay for an hour, thinking nothing, feeling the weariness as it beat heavily upon his limbs.

"I'm bodaciously tired," he said, after a long period of torpor. "Could I come by a spring branch I'd drink me a whole durned quart of it."

Another tree-grown mountain arose across the cove, misty now in the afternoon and in the first haze of Autumn, and beyond lay other blue mountains, sinking farther and farther into the air. Back of him it was the same; he had been on the way two weeks now. Before him he knew each one would be dense with laurel until he came to the wagon road. He took to the pathless way after his hour of rest, going forward. When the sun was setting behind Bee Gum Mountain he saw a house down in the cove, not far as the crow would fly but the distance of two hours' going for him. When he saw the cabin he began to sing, chanting:

Right hands across and howdy-do,
Left and back and how are you.

Oh, call up yo' dog, oh, call up yo' dog,
Ring twang a-whoddle lanky day.

The sight of the house quickened his desire for Merryman and the cities in the settlements, and this desire had become more definite in his act of going. His wish was for sure, quick gestures and easy sayings that would come from the mouth as easily as breath. There were for him other things, as yet unrelated to any one place—men playing ball with a great crowd to watch, all the crowd breaking into a laugh at one time; men racing fine horses on a hard, smooth track; music playing; men having things done by machinery; lovely girls not yet imagined; and things to know beyond anything he could recall, and not one of them too fine or too good for him. He sang as he went down the slope, his song leaping out of him. He had heard it said that the lights of Merryman could be seen from Coster Ridge on a clear night, and Coster was now visible standing up in the pale air, for a man had pointed him the way that morning. Singing, he set himself toward the house at the bottom of the cove.

Night was falling when he called "Hello" at the foot of Bee Gum Mountain. The man of the house asked his name and told his own, making him welcome. Supper was over, but the host, whose name was Tom Bland, ordered Nance, his woman, to give the stranger a snack of biscuit bread and bacon, and this Newt ate sitting beside the fire. Another stranger was sitting in the cabin, an old man who kept very still while Nance worked with the utensils, his dim eyes looking into the fire or eyeing Newt who stared back and searched the looks of the stranger. Then Tom told Nance how they would sleep that night, telling her to give the old man her place in the bed beside himself.

"You could get in bed along with the young ones," he said to her. "The boy here, he could sleep on a shakedown alongside the fireplace."

From gazing into the fire the old stranger would fall asleep, but after a moment he would awake, opening dim, ashamed eyes that glanced feebly at Newt, faintly defying him. Then Nance put some children to bed, her own perhaps, and sat quietly in the corner of the hearth, her hands in her lap. Newt had looked at the host, acquainting himself with him. He was a strong man, far past youth, large-boned and broad-muscled. His heavy feet scraped on the floor when he moved from his chair to the water bucket on the window sill. Newt saw that he on his side had been silently searching out the old stranger. After a while the host and the old man began to talk, Tom speaking first.

"There's a sight of travel now."

"Hit's a moven age."

Between each speech there was a slow pause as each saying was carefully probed before the reply was offered.

Tom said, "Two in one night, and last week there was one come by." And then after a while he asked, "Where might ouens be bound for, stranger?"

"I'm on my way back," the man said.

There was a long season of quiet. The pleas were richly interspersed with action, for Nance softly jolted back and forth in her chair, her bare feet tapping lightly on the boards of the floor.

"You been far?" Tom asked.

"I been a right far piece. I been to the settle-ments in Froman county, and then I been to the mines around Tateville and Cemen."

Newt bit nervously at his knuckles and looked at the man, taking from him these signs of the world. The fire burned low, and breaking the long silence Tom said once or twice, "There's a sight of travel now." Newt looked at the old man's feet in their patched shoes, feet that had walked the streets in towns. Indefinite wonders touched the man's feet, his crumpled knees, and his crooked hands that were spread on his lap.

Then Tom said, "Froman county, I reckon that's a prime good place to be now."

"Hit may be so, but I wouldn't be-nasty my feet with the dust of hit no longer. Nor any other place down there. I'm on my way back."

The old man's voice quavered over his words toward the close of this speech, and after a little while he added, his voice lifted, "Hit's a far piece back, but a man has a rather about where he'd like to be." Finally he spoke in great anger, his arm raised and his hand threatening, "I've swat my last drop of sweat in that-there country and eat my last meal's victuals. A man has a rather as to the place he likes to be."

This thought lay heavily over the fireplace, shared by all but uncomprehended by Nance, whose skin was rich with blood and life. She sat complacently rocking back and forth in her small chair.

After the long quiet which surrounded this thought the old man began to speak softly, having spent his passion, "I'm on my way back. I been in a study a long time about goen back but seems like I couldn't make hit to go. Work was terrible pressen. But now I'm on my way back where I was borned and my mammy and pappy before me. I was a plumb traitor to my God when I left the mountains and come to the settlements. Many is the day I'd study about that-there and many is the night I lay awake to study about the way back over Coster Ridge, on past Bear Mountain, past Hog Run, past Little Pine Tree, up and on past Louse Run, up, then on over Long Ridge and up into Laurel, into Grady Creek and on up the branch, past the Flat Rock, past the saw-mill, past the grove of he-balsams, and then the smoke a-comen outen the chimney and the door open and old Nomie's pup a-comen down the road to meet me. I'd climb the whole way whilst I was a-layen there, in my own mind I would, and I'd see the ivy as plain as you'd see your hand afore your face, and the coves and the he-balsams. In my own mind I'd go back, a step at a time, Coster, Bear Mountain and the Bee Gum, Little Pine Tree, Louse Run, Grady, and I'd see

the rocks in the way to go, and a log stretched out in my way maybe. I wouldn't make hit too easy to go. Past Bear Mountain, past Hog Run and the cove, scratchen my way through ivy brush. Then I'd come to myself and there I'd be, a month's travel from as much as a sight of the Flat Rock, and I'd groan and shake and turn over again. I was a traitor to my God."

IV

Nance laid a little stick on the fire, with a glance at Tom, he allowing it without protest. Then she sat back in her stiff chair with a quick movement, her bare feet light on the boards. The old man was talking again.

"Where my mammy was borned before me and her mammy and daddy before again. And no water in all Froman or Tateville but dead pump waters, no freestone like you'd want. How could a man expect to live? Many's the night I've said, could I be on the shady side of the Flat Rock, up past the saw-mill, up past the grove of he-balsams, where the spring branch runs out over the horse-shoe rock, and could I get me one drink of that there cold crystal water I'd ask ne'er thing more of God Almighty in life."

"I know that there very spring branch," Newt now said. He was eager to enter the drama of the world, and his time now had come. "I know that there very place. You come to a rock set on end and a hemlock bush set off to the right, she-balsams all off to the left like."

"Mankind, that's just how hit's set. I believe you been right there!"

"A mountain goes straight up afore you as you stand, say this here is the spring, and the water comes out and runs off over a horse-shoe rock."

"Mankind, that's just how hit's set. I do believe you know that there very place. You say hit's there just the same?"

"I got me a drink at that there very spring branch Tuesday 'twas a week ago."

"You drank them waters!" And then he said after a period of wonder, "To think you been to that very spring branch! You been there!"

"We can burn another stick," Tom said as if in honor of the strange event, and Nance mended the fire again. Outside Newt heard dogs howling far up the slope and some small beast cried.

"To think you been there! You are a-setten right now in hearen of my voice and yet a Tuesday 'twas a week ago you was in the spot I call home. Hit's hard to study over. You come down the mountain fast. That country is powerful hard goen."

"Yes, I come right fast."

"I couldn't make hit back in twice the time and more. Hard goen it was. What made you travel so hard, young man?"

"I'm a-maken hit toward the settlements."

"And what you think to find in the settle-ments, God knows! What you think to see, young man?"

"Learnen. I look to find learnen in the settle-ments."

In the pause that followed the old man gazed at the hearth as if he were looking into time, into all qualities, and he fell momentarily asleep under the impact of his gaze. But presently he looked at Newt and said, "And to think you tasted them waters Tuesday 'twas a week ago!"

"You come to a rock set on end, and here's the hemlock off to the right like and here to the left goes the gorge."

The old man was asleep, his eyes fallin away before the fire. But he waked suddenly and said with kindling eyes, hi hand uplifted, "You come from there at master pace, young man, come from th place I hope to see if God Almighty see fitten to bless me afore I lay me down an die. You walked, I reckon, right over th spot I pined to see a many is the year, Go knows, and it was nothing to you, bu take care. The places you knowed whe you was a little shirt-tail boy won't g outen your head or outen your recollec tions."

Then he said, another outbreak after

long pause, his hand again uplifted, "I reckon you relish learnen, young man, and take a delight in hit, and set a heap of store by the settle-ments. But the places you knowed when you was a little tad, they won't go outen your remembrance. Your insides is made that way, and made outen what you did when you was a shirt-tail boy, and you'll find it's so. Your dreams of a night and all you pine to see will go back. You won't get shed so easy of hit. You won't get shed."

Newt looked into the fire and a terror grew into his thought. He saw minutely the moss on the well curb and the shapes in which it grew, and saw the three stones that lay beside the well, that lifted his feet out of the mud. The sound made by the bucket in the well as it rocked from wall to wall, as it finally struck the water, rolled acutely backward into his inner hearing. He saw the rope twine over the beam as he turned the wooden handle, drawing the full bucket to the top. Three long steps then to the door of the house, the feel of the filled bucket drawing at his arm. Up the loft ladder to his room, his hands drawing up his body, the simple act of climbing, of emerging from some lower place to a higher, and he was buried in the act, submerged in a deep sense of it.

"You may go far and see a heap in life," the old stranger said, slowly, defiantly prophetic, "you may go far, but mark me as I say it, the places you knowed when you was a little tad will be the strongest in your remembrance. Your whole insides is made outen what you done first."

Newt saw in terror what he saw as he gazed into the sinking embers. His mother calling him from the house door, calling him to come to his dinner, her hand uplifted to the door frame. His sister, a little girl, dragging his chair in place and pushing his cup up against his plate. His tears for them dimmed the fire to a vague, red, quivering glow. The floating images in the dark of the well water, the bright light of the sky in the middle as a picture in a frame and his own head looking into the heart of the picture—these were between him and the fire, moving more inwardly and dragging himself with them as they went. He was bereft, divided, emptied of his every wish, and he gazed at the fire, scarcely seeing it.

There was moving in the room, figures making a dim passage of shadows behind him. Presently he knew that the old man had gone to his sleeping place and that Nance was spreading quilts on the floor to the side of the fireplace. Her strong body was pleasant to sense as she flung out the covers and pulled them into line, and a delight in the strange room, the strange bed, welled over him. His breath was then set to a fluted rhythm as he drew suddenly inward a rich flood of air, a rhythm flowing deeply until it touched the core of his desire for the settlements, laid an amorous pulse on its most quick and inner part. Learning was the word he cherished and kept identified with his quickened breath. He remembered that the lights of Merryman and the settlements would be brightly dusted over the low valley when he reached Coster.

By the end of the week he would, his eager breath told him, be looking down on to the farther valley.

A PROPHETESS OF DOOM

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

Those members of the heavenly hierarchy who loose signs and wonders to herald the hatching of prophets were singularly negligent on the night of November 26, 1827, for there is no record that the village of Gorham, Maine, saw either shooting stars or balls of fire when the doctor drove over to the Harmon house and escorted the infant Ellen into mortality.

The extent to which these powers fell down on their job may be grasped only when one contemplates the magnitude of the little stranger's later reputation. For seventy-two years, first as Ellen Harmon and then as Mrs. Ellen G. White, she conversed daily with God, had visions that showed her everything from the horrors of the Day of Judgment to a traveling elder's peccadillos in Michigan, and ruled the Seventh Day Adventists of this great land with an authority absolute enough to wring envy from the puissant prisoner of the Vatican.

Rome's Vicar of Christ is regarded as infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedra*, with a ponderous backing of Cardinals and doctors of theology. Himself, he is simply a poor sinner like the best of us. But Mrs. White was considered infallible by her customers in everything she wrote and in practically everything she said. She herself described her words as "God speaking through clay" and even her personal letters were considered "precious rays of light shining from the Throne." An article which appeared in the *Seventh Day Adventist Review and Herald* on March 17, 1921, offered the following impressive official summary of her status:

> Sister White filled the position of a great teacher in Israel, as did Samuel; of a great reformer, as did Elijah; of a special messenger of God, as did John the Baptist. In dreams and visions she was instructed in the mysteries of the Word. . . . Her work belonged to the prophetic order.

The nine volumes into which her "testimonies" have been gathered—and which retail for not less than twelve dollars a set—may be ignored by Seventh Day Adventists only at serious risk to their souls. According to another article in the *Review and Herald*, belief in them is a "test that cannot be disregarded except at the peril of eternal ruin." She is the Mrs. Eddy of the denomination. Those who flouted her while she lived will all go to Hell.

The early childhood of this inspired lady was only what might be expected in a family of New England hatters with strong Methodist inclinations. Ellen, in fact, showed no remarkable qualities until, at the age of nine, a playmate hit her on the head with a rock. For three weeks thereafter she lay in a helpless stupor, while Christian friends flocked around her bed and demanded of her harried mother if she were really prepared to die. But Ellen did not fulfil their neighborly hopes and expectations. Instead, she slowly struggled back to life, and when at last she was on her legs she faced the world with a bashed-in nose, a badly shattered nervous system, and a new-found talent for dreaming realistically of Heaven and its distinguished inhabitants.

Being too feeble to go to school, she had plenty of time to develop this gift. Her formal conversion to the Methodist revelation came at the age of thirteen, after more than the usual allotment of doubtings,

remors, and despairs, but almost immediately she was swept into the Millerite movement, and began to long fervently for the destruction of the world. By carefully guring out certain prophecies in the Book f Daniel, one William Miller, of Low Hampton, L. I., had come to the conclusion that "the sanctuary was to be cleansed y fire" in the year 1843. Salvation was to e limited to the 144,000 mentioned in Revelation, and no one would be included who did not accept the prophecy as accurate and make due preparations for the Second Coming. Excitement and exaltation ushed over the hardy Millerites, forerunners of the current Seventh Day Adventists, like a flowing tide. Sobs, shrieks, and atalepsies marked their meetings, crops were left unharvested as a sign of belief n the Lord's approach, and the strange beasts of Revelation became familiar household pets. The lid of Hell was lifting. It was time for the consecrated to be stirring.

Naturally, such lively prospects gave Ellen plenty to do. Sitting propped up in bed, she knitted socks for twenty-five cents a pair and spent the money on tracts to distribute to the unwarned. Asked in a Methodist class-meeting if it would not be more pleasant to live a long life of usefulness, doing good to others than to see Jesus come speedily and destroy all sinners, Ellen replied promptly that she was all for their immediate destruction. Shortly afterward Methodism terminated its connection with her.

But, alas, the day of doom prophesied by Pastor Miller came, and nothing at all happened, not even a modest little earthquake. Cows continued to graze in the fields; the wicked continued to mock. The disappointment of the sanctified was so keen that some of the weaker among them lost their faith entirely. Later, however, the matter was explained satisfactorily. A brother who had dropped down behind a shock of corn to pray heard a voice say to him very distinctly, "The sanctuary to be cleansed was in Heaven." So Pastor Miller's calculations were right, after all; he had simply placed the uproar in the wrong location.

It was not long after this transient unpleasantness that Ellen had her first official vision. During a period of prayer in a private home she was carried off in a great sea of light. She saw a little company of Adventists walking to Heaven far above the heads of the wicked; she watched the arrival of Jesus with a trumpet in one hand and a sickle in the other; and she glimpsed the drawing up in parade formation of the sanctified 144,000 on a sea of glass.

Other visions followed rapidly within the next few weeks. Ellen reported to her enraptured circle that the angels hold golden cards which they must present at the gate of the Holy City to get in or out, that the saints live in silver houses, and that before going out to work in their gardens they remove their gleaming crowns and lay them on a golden shelf. Soon the homely and disfigured prophetess found herself the most popular member of the Adventist set. Old fathers in Israel drove forty miles to hear her preach, and leading elders solemnly declared that here at last was the prophet promised in Revelation to the final remnant of the saints. One night at prayer-meeting a ball of fire entered her heart and she was commanded to go out into the world and direct the brethren according to her instructions from Heaven.

II

When Ellen set out on this public mission, a new type of revelation was added to her repertory. "God has been pleased to open to me the secrets of the hidden life of His people," she announced ominously. "The unpleasant duty has been laid upon me to reprove wrongs and reveal hidden sins." Always, after this message, God showed her less of Heaven and more of what the various brothers and sisters were doing with their evenings.

She plunged into her new work with a gusto surprising in one who found it, as

she said, distasteful. In looking over her long list of public condemnations, one is impressed with the fact that they were mainly directed, not against sinners in general, but against other Adventists who were claiming the gift of prophecy or a call to lead the faithful. No brother who boasted of his confidential relations with the Holy Spirit could hope to hide away from Sister White's inspired muck-raking. Her usual system, whenever she met such a pretender, was to point a finger at him and accuse him melodramatically of having recently committed adultery. Astounded and confused, the stricken brother would usually fall at her feet and confess that such, indeed, was the case. A considerable number of false prophets and self-appointed wizards were thus shown up and disposed of.

Lady preachers who ventured to work Sister Ellen's side of the street got even shorter shrift. At one meeting she was told of a sister in the congregation who felt inspired to exhort the people. Ellen shuddered, went into a vision, and delivered herself of the following: "That woman who sat down a short time since near the door claims that God has called upon her to preach. She is traveling with the young man who just sat down in front of the desk. God has shown me that she and this young man are guilty of violating the Seventh Commandment." Thus Zion was purged of another serpent. In the end the Adventists were quite rid of what Ellen called "fanatics"—so well rid of them that in all the remaining seventy years of her public mission, she reigned as the only authenticated Adventist prophet.

Whether she was seeing the Lord enthroned in awful majesty or merely an elder snapping a choir-singer's garter, her method of going into her visions must have been very impressive to the beholders. "In passing into this blessed state, she gives three enraptured shouts of 'Glory!' the second and especially the third being fainter and more thrilling than the first," wrote Elder John N. Loughborough. "Sometimes she drops into a swoon; then, filled with superhuman strength, she rises to her feet and walks around the room. There are frequent movements of her hands and arms, all made in the most graceful manner. Her eyes are open, but she does not wink; her pulse beats regularly, but she does not breathe."

Sister Ellen never indulged in theological polemics. If a controversy arose she would simply go into a vision, stalk rigidly to her Bible, and point unerringly to a verse that settled the matter. Sometimes, according to her associates, she would hold at arm's length an eighteen-pound Bible which, in her normal condition, she could not even lift.

In August, 1846, she was married to Elder James White, an earnest believer and worker in the Adventist cause. Her otherwise detailed autobiography tells us nothing at all about their courtship and almost nothing about her husband's personality. But she settled his status quite definitely by a sentence in her "Testimonies for the Church." "I have never regarded his judgment as infallible," she wrote, "nor his words as inspired." Immediately after their marriage he and Ellen set out to visit the two hundred or so Adventists who were then scattered meagrely through New England and upper New York. They found groups of farmers meeting in barns to debate the difficult question whether the 144,000 sanctified mentioned in Revelation had been raised at Christ's resurrection or were only slated to be saved at the Last Judgment. Ellen went into conference with the Lord, denounced the errors arising in this debate, and stated the correct doctrine in a few inspired sentences.

At no time did she show any desire or willingness to coöperate with the other sects then in vogue. To her, the Adventists were the one and only genuine Biblical "remnant"; they alone had any real chance for salvation. The meeting-houses of other rites were denounced as "synagogues of Satan, the habitations of devils, and the cages of every unclean and hateful bird."

Even to this day Seventh Day Adventist missionaries are still as much interested in pillaging other Bible classes as they are in evangelizing the heathen.

Ellen's first Sabbath vision came shortly after her marriage. She and her consort had met Mr. Joseph Bates, a retired sea-captain, who was spending all his means in promoting the Adventist cause. He expressed a desire to coöperate with them, but was held back by the fact that they still observed Sunday as the Sabbath, whereas he recognized only Saturday. The matter was adjusted by a conveniently timed vision. After being shown such important museum pieces as the golden pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded, and the original ark, Ellen was allowed to see the stone tablets bearing the Commandments. "I was amazed," she reported, "as I saw the Fourth Commandment in the very center of the ten precepts with a soft halo of light encircling it. When the foundation of the earth was laid, then was also laid the foundation of the Sabbath. I was shown that if the true Sabbath had been kept, there never would have been an infidel nor an atheist." From that time onward Sister Ellen and her customers made Saturday their Sabbath, thus earning the approval of Heaven and the coöperation and contributions of the sea-going Mr. Bates.

But even such powerful support as his did not prevent them facing some very trying times. For several years their life was made up of one forlorn camp-meeting after another. There were spells of intermittent housekeeping with borrowed furniture, and interludes in which the sickly Elder White worked at hauling stone or chopping cordwood. Sister Ellen's spirit during these trying times was gloriously unflinching. Never did she hesitate to sacrifice her adoring husband when her career as a lady Elijah demanded it. When he came home from twelve hours of stone hauling he was obliged to spend another six hours writing copy for a religious paper which the Lord had commanded her to publish. Once, indeed, he made an ineffectual attempt to step from under this literary burden. In Sister Ellen's autobiography he is quoted as saying, "Wife, it is no use to struggle on any longer. These things are crushing me and will soon carry me to my grave. I have written a note for the paper, stating that I shall publish no more." But Ellen was not to be cheated out of her prophetic career as easily as that. She promptly swooned in the best fashion of the time, and then had a vision in which she saw that it was Satan himself who had driven her husband to suggest such a step. Naturally enough, the paper continued.

Even the sacred claims of motherhood did not drag the prophetess away from her Heaven-appointed work. Her elder son, Henry, spent the first five years of his earthly life boarding with friends while his mother made the rounds of the camp-meetings. Edson, her second little flower, was so sickly as a child that Beelzebub tried to use him as a means to keep Sister Ellen from carrying out her mission. Once, on a camp-meeting trip, he became so ill after a twenty-mile ride that he was unable to take any nourishment. A meeting was scheduled next morning in a town still farther away, and it was up to Sister Ellen to determine a course of action. "The next morning," she later reported, "we consulted together as to whether to return to Rochester or go on. The family who had entertained us said that if we went on, we would bury the child on the road; and to all appearances it would be so. But I dared not go back to Rochester. We believed the affliction of the child was the work of Satan to hinder us from traveling, and we dared not yield to him. I said to my husband, 'If we go back, I shall expect the child to die. He can but die if we go forward. Let us proceed on our journey, trusting in the Lord.'"

That this trust was justified is shown by the fact that Edson lived to follow a glorious career as a denouncer of heretics who kept Sunday as the Sabbath, and as an exponent of vegetarianism.

III

Naturally, Sister Ellen's wanderings up and down the country gradually augmented the number of Adventists. Thousands of unhappy yokels were glad to join a sect that promised the picturesque destruction of all but a small group of themselves in the very near future. Nothing could be more effective in making them satisfied with their lot than the assurance that multitudes of smart city people, country gentry, and other Sunday-keeping heretics would soon be delivered publicly into taloned hands, while they themselves stood smirking around the Throne.

Ellen continued to prophesy the near coming of the Lord, but memories of the Millerites left waiting at the church prevented her from naming a definite date. She also learned from her own experience that it was well not to be too exact about other matters. Through some mix-up on her signal system with Heaven, she declared that England would enter the Civil War on the side of the Confederacy, that the North would fall, and that slavery would not be abolished. Though this *faux pas* did not stop her from foreseeing wars, famines, and earthquakes later on, she always predicted them in wholesale lots, as part of the "troublous times" incident to the Third Angel's message. Thus any individual war or earthquake that happened to occur could be nailed triumphantly to the barn-door of the prophetess.

Every step in the organization of the new denomination, from establishing the pay of the pastors to determining the location of a publishing house, was ordered by a direct message from the Lord. Thanks to such a command, a tithing system was eventually instituted among the elect, and after that the Whites were able to carry on their holy work with much more comfort than was formerly possible. In 1863 Sister Ellen and her wheezy consort were patients at a rest cure at Dansville, N. Y. During her stay in the sanitarium, she became greatly interested in diet, massage, and other such forms of treatment. Tha the Lord wanted her to become intereste was indicated by the copious flow of me ical visions that descended on her withi the next few months. Instructions in th dangers of tobacco, the advantages of veg etarianism, and the drawbacks of tea an coffee rained down from Heaven in a stead flow of divine light. The Almighty eve dictated to her the following descriptio of a health reform garment which was o dered to be worn by the faithful:

> The form should not be compressed in the least with corsets and whale-bones. The dress should reach somewhat below the top of the boot, but should be short enough to clear the filth of the sidewalk and street without being raised by the hand. . . . Whatever the length of the dress, women's limbs should be clothed as thoroughly as are men's. This may be done by wearing lined pants, gathered into a band and fastened around the ankle or made tapering around the bottom, and these should come down long enough to meet the shoe.

This statement of the Lord's preference in the matter of ladies' wear, it will b observed, was hardly consistent with Hi choice for the Garden of Eden, but Siste Ellen herself never tried to explain the dis crepancy. She gamely wore the new refor dress herself and sold paper patterns to th sisters at a dollar each. Those who hes tated were warned that they were "rejec ing the light" and would be held "accoun able to God." But even this threat of d vine wrath was not enough to force th more timid girls to wear the pants on th street. Later Sister Ellen declared tha "long undersuits and knitted leggins wer in perfect harmony with the testimony. Some eight years after that, she herself lai aside the Heaven-commanded dress and n Seventh Day Adventist ventured to men tion it again.

An important step in the denomination growth was made when the prophetess re ceived a revelation ordering the establish ment of a moral sanitarium at Batt Creek, Mich. This consecrated institutio opened its doors to the ailing in 186 "The light communicated to the people that the Lord would have many sanit

iums, moderate in size and distributed ver the world": this revelation was ouchsafed after the Battle Creek institution had become popular and profitable. ndeed, if Sister Ellen's sanitarium programme had not been divinely inspired, it would have stood as one of the greatest ributes to her judgment. As one sanitarium followed another, and health food actories began to be opened, the Adventists found themselves enjoying large revnues and enormous publicity. Moreover, very new establishment provided a conpicuous place where windows could be vashed on Sunday for the edification of he damned.

Meanwhile, the prophetess's method of eceiving heavenly instruction had undergone an interesting change. The public rances that occurred during her girlhood were replaced by what were known among anciers as "night visions." Instead of enluring the fatigue and publicity of conversing with the Lord in open meeting, she nerely went comfortably to sleep and let Him chat with her in the still watches of he night. Next day she would appear with her testimony all neatly written out and eady to be presented to the faithful. From he fact that her publishers often had to orrect little errors of spelling and grammar in these revelations, one infers that he testimonies were dictated by the Lord, ut not read.

For term after term He had called Elder White to serve as president of the General Conference of the Adventists. In 1880, however, the mouthpiece of Heaven received an important piece of news for her husband. She was instructed to tell him that he should lay down his responsibilities, put them into younger hands, and "prepare for his last change." Always obedient to her visions, Elder White hastened to fall mortally ill. When his inspired spouse asked him if he had any desire to live on, the long-driven elder replied with a prompt No. Within a few hours he had drifted away into rest, safe at last from the unending chores commanded by his gifted wife.

Testimonies were raining down through the ether too fast to give her any time for private grief. Within a short space she was busily reporting what the Lord had told her about the details of the nurses' training course in the Adventist sanitariums, the text-books to be used in the denomination's schools, and the royalties which the church publishing houses were to pay her. Preachers who ventured to doubt or disobey received a heavenly rebuke by the next mail, along with a command to read it from their pulpits; and those who continued to defy the Word as revealed by Sister Ellen were blasted out of the denomination with fire and brimstone. Once an irate person named in a testimony sued the voice of Providence for $50,000. The case was settled out of court, but after that her published revelations limited personalities to a conservative use of initials.

For some years Sister Ellen had been having uneasy visions concerning the state of faith at Battle Creek, the Adventist Jerusalem. She had gone there many times as a patient—too many times, in fact, for the good of the cause. A careful study of her nervous and physical condition, aided by the machinations of the Devil, caused several of the medical men of the staff to conclude that her visions were simply the product of hysteria. In a long interview with the elders of the church, one of these medical men, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, actually presumed to doubt her prophetic ability. She swung into action by declaring that the heretic must be crushed and damned at once, but this time her magic failed, and with it her authority. Though pronouncements launched against other doubters had always sent them sprawling at her feet, Dr. Kellogg proved as uncrushable as a carload of steel. He refused to resign, even when Sister Ellen branded him "a tool of the Devil." The argument was cut short by a mysterious fire that gutted the Battle Creek publishing house and sanitarium—a fire which, according to the trumpet of Jehovah, was a direct admonition from the Most High. But Dr. Kellogg still refused

to be moved, and the rebuilt sanitarium followed him out of the church.

Losing the denomination's most eminent doctor and most profitable institution was undoubtedly a blow to Sister Ellen, but she had the good sense to see that if any compromise had been made her prophetic standing wouldn't have been worth Clarence Darrow's chances in a Fundamentalist Heaven. She rallied gamely by declaring that the Lord had wanted to move out of Battle Creek anyway, and that He favored centering the holy work nearer the Atlantic seaboard. "Time and again the Lord has presented Washington to me as a place that has been strangely neglected," she declared in a testimony. Thus she scampered away to the national capital, found fifty acres that the Almighty had previously shown her in a vision, and ordered the erection of a new publishing house and sanitarium.

IV

The Adventist great headquarters remain there to this day, very close to the fount of legislative wisdom, but the brethren have not made themselves conspicuous in the lobbies of Congress. This is partly because of their inferior numbers, but mainly because their faith keeps them from coöperating with the lost hordes of the other denominations. Perhaps these circumstances should be regarded as very fortunate by the unholy, for beside being ardent enemies of tobacco and alcohol, the Adventists include among the Devil's snares such things as coffee, tea, cocoa, pork, and beef. At present the brethren are heard in the congressional halls only when the District of Columbia is threatened with a stricter Sunday law. Then they cheerfully join hands with the managers of cabarets, burlesque houses, and other sinks of iniquity to fight the horrendous works of the Lord's Day Alliance.

After these Washington headquarters had been satisfactorily established, the tireless instrument of God felt an urge to enlarge the work in California. A vision that "delineated the liberal ways of the California people" caused her to board a train headed for that great State. Once arrived, she immediately embarked on the planting of sanitariums, and an interested Providence helped her to find favorable locations for them. "In the visions of the night," she reported, "the Lord has shown me unoccupied properties in the country suitable for sanitarium purposes, and for sale at a price far below the original cost." Sometimes, however, it took quite a while to find the real estate described in her visions. Once, for example, Heaven gave her a view of some bargain acreage near Redlands, but it was fully two years before she was able to discover the property.

The fact that the California earthquake of 1906 occurred without any forewarning from the prophetess caused murmurs to arise among the brethren. Sister Ellen hastened to explain that she had really received a warning two whole days in advance. On the night of April 16th, she had had a startling view of houses being shaken, walls falling down, and injured men and women writhing amid heaps of débris. Indeed, she was shown so much during that memorable night that it took her two days to write it all down. Before she had time to send it out to the brethren the earthquake actually occurred. Thus, unfortunately, neither the sanitariums nor the Adventists living in private homes had a chance to profit by the advance notice given to their gifted leader.

Sister Ellen's grasp on the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Adventists never slackened until the very end of her life. Despite increasing feebleness, she continued to write books, to make record of God's remarks, and to hurl thunderbolts at any of the brethren who ventured to cross her will. At the age of eighty-seven she had a whole church disfellowshipped for daring to reject the light of her prophecies. She remained a Fundamentalist of Fundamentalists, thus being in the peculiar position of one who sponsored sani-

ariums and yet prohibited the doctors in hem from believing in evolution.

On July 16, 1915, she passed from this ale without even one sky-rending burst of reworks to dramatize her end, leaving an state that was surprisingly meagre. Her nemies say that she dissipated her takings y keeping a large retinue of servants and aking ill-advised business investments; er adherents declare that she poured forth undreds of thousands in charity and in dvancing the truth. There is no doubt that he received high royalties from the church ublishers for a space of more than half a entury, but what eventually became of all his money remains an enigma.

Although she would undoubtedly regard oth ladies as sulphur-coated emissaries of atan, Mrs. White is rightfully grouped by heological pathologists with those other alented organizers, Mary Baker G. Eddy nd Aimée McPherson. In fact, the follow-ng of people that she gathered for her-elf was much larger than Aimée's, and the mount she received for her prophecies was nore than Mrs. Eddy ever got for "Science nd Health." Out of a little group of a undred gawky farmers, she built up a ect that now claims 250,988 baptized nembers, conducts missionary work in 252 anguages, and sends out $5,000,000 worth of literature every year to convert the world to its own brand of Fundamentalism.

How sincere she was is something that an be determined only by special illumi-nation from the Holy Ghost. At times she sounded as self-convinced as any fanatic who ever talked from behind a barred win-dow; then again, she behaved like a shrewdly competent old lady who was thoroughly conversant with her onions. Through most of her life these two tend-encies seemed to run side by side. Even during her neurotic girlhood she showed signs of the clear-headed executive ability that was later to build up a strong and flourishing following. Once, in a confiden-tial mood, she admitted that the rock she stopped with her head in early youth marked her life's most important turning-point, though she apparently saw no con-nection between the bump and the visions she began to see shortly afterward. It was her disfigurement, she declared, that drew her away from the follies of a gay social life and caused her to fix her thoughts upon eternity. "Naturally proud and ambitious, I might not have been inclined to give my heart to Jesus had it not been for the sore affliction that cut me off, in a manner, from the triumphs and vanities of this world." Well, a flattened nose is a small price to pay for the privilege of ranking with Elijah!

The Adventists heartily mourned the passing of their prophetess, and some of them even demanded that her nine volumes of testimonies be added to the Bible. But although their audible sorrow was thus great, it is not difficult to believe that a few sighs of relief were mingled with the official sobs. For the first time in seventy years the elders and other officers of the sect could walk without fear of being blasted by a curse from Heaven. All the ladies who claimed to have inherited Sister Ellen's mantle were promptly and firmly suppressed.

THE GREAT ROAD

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A CHARACTER in one of Oscar Wilde's plays says he has no desire to go to America, because in America there are no curiosities and no ruins.

"You forget," another answers, "their manners and their mothers."

Nor, indeed, would Oscar have been impressed with our many ruins, other than our mothers. Perhaps they are only impressive to a sentimentalist—like most ruins elsewhere. But, when it comes to ruins, I for one am unashamedly a sentimentalist, and like nothing better than to muse on the rotted door-sill of an abandoned house which marks some old extension of the American frontier from which the tide of settlement has receded, which is mute witness to our history. I have long been accused, indeed, of collecting cellar holes. Nor are such ruins confined by any means to New England, or the East. There is many a tragic clearing in the Oregon red pines on the edge of the desert, the cabin perhaps still standing, made by the sweat of some poor dupe in the days when there was much talk of dry farming, and homesteaders went out and ultimately raised nothing but a crop of debts and bitterness.

Once, close to the banks of the Rogue river, I came upon a cabin under enormous trees, roofed with split shakes of Douglas fir, and with smoke coming out of the chimney. No one answered my knock, so I entered. Food was on the camp stove, and I waited, looking around the single room. It was bare and dirty, but on one side was an open fireplace, framed by a rough mantel, and the stove-pipe let into the flue above, and at one side, so this mantle could be displayed. It was some body's crude attempt, with a saw and chisel, to reproduce Georgian or Colonial woodwork. Soon the owner came in, with a pail of water from the river. He was an old man, the last prospector on that stream. All the others had departed years ago. But he was still living on there, working a shaft into the volcanic soil with one wheelbarrow, hoping against hope to strike enough gold to get him "back East;" for he had been born in New Bedford! That was almost ten years ago. By now he must either be dead or too feeble to live there alone and work his shaft. The split shakes will keep what little rain the cañon knows for many years out of his cabin, which will stand a curious ruin, a reminder of a rush for gold, and some passerby, taking the back way in to Crater Lake, will glance at the crude mantel frame, and, if he has any knowledge of architecture, wonder how it got there, and not know that it was the tribute to his ancestors of a broken and a homesick man.

By the year 1720 settlers had pushed north up the Connecticut valley from New Haven, and up the Hudson from New York, but between lay the rocky and tumbled wilderness of the Berkshire Barrier. In the northwestern corner of Massachusetts, near the present Williams College, was Fort Massachusetts, to guard against the Mohawk Indians. In the southwestern corner was a fertile intervale made by the Housatonic river, and inhabited by the friendly Stockbridge Indians. To this intervale, in the 1720's, came settlers from the eastern part of the State, pushing through the rough wilderness, which began a

Westfield, climbing mountains and fording streams for nearly fifty miles, till they came down into the rich, green meadows, where the elm trees fringed the river and were the model for the village streets to come. Here the town of Sheffield was established. A few years later, ten miles to the north, young John Sargent of Yale established his mission station at Stockbridge, and began to preach hour-long sermons at the poor Indians. (He was presently succeeded by Jonathan Edwards, who increased the dose to two hours.) From this valley it was not far nor difficult going to the Hudson river settlements. If the Massachusetts Bay Colony was to hold the new settlements in allegiance, the line of communication from Springfield would have to be improved.

Accordingly, the wilderness on either side of the rough, dim trail which led westward from the Connecticut valley was set off into towns, and homesteaded. By having settlements along the way, the trail would be maintained and improved, there would be shelter for man and beast, and the urge of the pioneer population for land would be gratified. Also, a through route would be established between Eastern Massachusetts and the Hudson river. Most people today know the names of such towns in the valley as Great Barrington (originally part of Sheffield), Stockbridge and Lenox. But the names of the towns which were established to maintain the Great Road, as the trail came to be called, are known to few—Tyringham (now in part Monterey), New Marlborough, Otis, Sandisfield, Blandford. These towns are up in the air—Sandisfield is 1700 feet above sea level, for instance—and seventeen miles from a railroad! But after their establishment in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, some of them waxed more prosperous than the valley settlements. They had lumber in abundance, they made maple sugar and grew wool, and their inns took care of the increasing volume of through traffic to Hudson and Albany. Many fine houses were erected, with elaborate mantels and cornices. The present wealthy and fashionable Episcopal church in Lenox started as a mission chapel off-shoot from the church in Otis. The farmers of Sandisfield lent the hamlet of Pittsfield the money with which to build its first church and town house. Today, Pittsfield has nearly 50,000 inhabitants, and a plant of the General Electric Company, which supports most of them. Sandisfield, once boasting churches, stores and a school, today is practically an abandoned village on its windy hilltop. A couple of Polack families live there through the year, and in Summer two or three other houses are inhabited. But the finest dwellings in the old town centre have fallen into complete ruin, the churches and stores have disappeared, and the fields are going back to forest.

II

The Great Road ran some five miles north of Sandisfield Centre, and along the connecting road are some architecturally excellent and substantial houses—or were. A few today are occupied in Summer as Jewish boarding houses, and the East Side moves up into Puritan chambers—apparently five or six in a chamber. Others are falling to pieces. Still others have gone completely, only the cellar holes remaining. From a point north of Sandisfield, the Great Road went west directly over a steep, rocky hill known as Hunger Mountain, where blueberry pickers still come upon dim traces of it. The road today goes through swampy land around the base. Traveling mostly on horseback, and through primeval forest, which is always boggy in the hollows, our ancestors took to the hills and ridges wherever they could. The Great Road came down Hunger Mountain on the west two miles north of the present village of Monterey (then called Tyringham), and the original village centre was in the midst of what is now a forest. The foundation stones of the meeting house are still visible, and so are the vague outlines of the village drill ground, but the parsonage, built by the labor of the townspeople for their first

pastor, Parson Bidwell, in 1756, still stands foursquare to the weather, and is now the proud possession of a Yale professor. The Yankee was a jack-of-all-trades because he had to be; and if he was as good at other jobs as he was at wood-working and blacksmithing, he deserved his legendary reputation. The great pine panels in Parson Bidwell's house, and others like it, are splendid in their dignified simplicity, and the handmade hardware has a grace and style altogether captivating.

The present village, of course, is two miles to the south, because it moved there when the highway was moved to avoid the climb over Hunger Mountain—probably a concession to stage-coach lines and the coming of wagons. It is, today, reached by a State highway from Great Barrington, and is a thriving Summer resort. But radiating out from it are still the old roads of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, many of them abandoned and nearly all of them impassable most of the year except to horses and Fords. Old maps as late as the Civil War show houses and farms upon them, which today are gray, battered ruins, or briar-filled cellar holes, or fairy-white acres of birch saplings. Once, on such a road, impassable even for a Ford, I found the arched top and fluted pilasters of a corner cupboard still standing erect amid the tumbled débris of the dwelling. And in the rotted brick of the fireplace the rusty crane still swung! I carried both treasures out on my back, more than a mile to my waiting car.

After the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, his army was brought to Hudson, and marched eastward to Great Barrington, then over the Great Road to Springfield, and thence to Boston. That it was no boulevard through a gentle land is sufficiently attested by the fact that though the march was made in late October, several soldiers were frozen to death. Even during their most prosperous years in the early days of the Nineteenth Century these upland towns were bleak and remote in Winter; they required hardihood of those who would till their sparse soil, hew down their splendi forests that grew on rugged slopes and i steep ravines, and get the produce out t market. Even in the Twentieth Centur the town of Otis was once completely cu off from the outside world by snowdrift for six days. It was, of course, Otis, o Sandisfield, or some combination of thes various hamlets, that Mrs. Wharton chos for the setting of "Ethan Frome," a sto in which she captured the last iron of th pioneer stock before it yielded to the ru to-seed hill billy.

The Berkshire Barrier is so rugged, an possesses so few passes, that no radical re location of the Great Road, or building o other roads to supplant it and its kind, wa possible before the days of modern high way construction. What doomed the hi towns to decline was, of course, the con struction of railways. The Boston and A bany followed up the wild gorge of th Westfield river to Pittsfield, and mad Pittsfield a city, while Sandisfield wen back to wilderness. The Fitchburg, farther north, followed up the Deerfield river, tun neled Hoosac Mountain and made a cit of North Adams, leaving the people o Florida, on the mountain top 1000 feet di rectly over the tunnel, to live, accordin to their detractors, on boiled potatoes an hard cider. Once the Barrier was pierce by rail and the Berkshire valley als reached by rail from New York, the ec nomic reason for the Great Road, an hence for the towns adjacent to it, cease to be, and the decline and degeneration of those towns automatically began.

III

To a native Yankee, it would be too sa a task to chronicle this decline and degen eration, in its human aspects. It is sa enough to contemplate these gray, ruine houses, and in a fluted mantel or a beau tifully moulded cornice sense the instin for style and beauty which our ancesto possessed and wrought out enduringly though they were pioneers in the virg

rest. No one is surprised to find a fine
ntel in Salem, in the house of some ship
ner who took his profits from the seven
as; or in Charleston, where he took his
ofits from the toil of his black slaves.
t to come upon a lovely mantel on the
p of Sandisfield hill, after grinding for
les through the mud of a half abandoned
ad, and to find it, perhaps, in a house
lf falling down, or occupied by dark-
ed foreigners who greet you with a dull,
asant stare, is a surprising adventure. I
ve purchased some of this woodwork
d hardware when I could, and I'm not
hamed to confess that I have taken more
it by personal condemnation proceed-
gs to save it from rotting into compost.
Now, after exactly two centuries, a cycle
American life is completed, and much
the land along the Great Road is going
rmanently back to wilderness; it is being
pidly retaken by the Commonwealth for
ate forests. The same thing is happening
ong other roads which pushed across the
rrier before the days of steam. Part of
e Great Road in Monterey goes through
corner of a 9000-acre State forest. Al-
ady the total acreage of public forest in
ese hills approaches 75,000. As yet, to
sure, the public forests bear little re-
mblance to the magnificent stands of vir-
n timber through which the pioneers
shed their first trail. The State is not
rmitted to pay more than five dollars an
re for its forest land, and hence can ac-
ire only scrub, second growth, and run-
t, abandoned fields and pastures. But
is land is being replanted and coaxed
ck to worth-while varieties of trees, and
another generation or two will begin to
ok once more like the wilderness. The
State, of course, has or will put motor highways through it. Certain of the villages may prosper again as Summer resorts. But the work of the pioneer is over; the work of the community builders is over; the era of the self-sufficient upland farmer is over; and I hope the days of progressive degeneration are nearly over, also. Advancing settlement two hundred years ago threw a wave crest up into the mountain forests; advancing industrialism sucked it back again. The cycle is now completed. The mountain land is reverting once more to forest, and all your Fords and radios and advertised panaceas to keep folks on the farm cannot save it—nor should save it. If it cannot be fair with solid, honest houses touched with beauty, and solid, honest men touched with heroism and the dignity of a sturdy, shrewd intellectual independence, better far that it should be fair with forests again. So gradually now, or rapidly in places, the ruins of our Yankee frontier will be swallowed up in verdure, clapboard and shingle rotting back to feed the hungry seedlings in the dooryard.

From wilderness to wilderness, in two centuries, with "Ethan Frome" for epitaph! I cannot imagine the American who would not pause a moment by some ruin on the Great Road, and sense the swing of history in its mute gray boards, in the fluted pilasters of its door frame, in the bed of orange lilies still fighting bravely to hold back the hardhack where once the garden bloomed. The Briton digs for relics on the Roman Road. Mussolini tunnels into Herculaneum while Vesuvius protests. But I am happy with a wrought-iron hinge from a cellar hole in Sandisfield.

THE OLD-TIME GANGS OF NEW YORK

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE old-time gangs of New York City had their genesis in the tenements, saloons and dance-houses of the old Five Points and Paradise Square district; but their actual organization into working units, and the consequent transformation of the area into an Alsatia of vice and crime, followed the opening of the cheap green-grocery speak-easies which sprang up around the Square and along the streets which, debouching into it, formed the Points. The first of these speak-easies was opened, about 1820, by Rosanna Peers, in Center street, just south of Anthony, now Worth street. Piles of decaying vegetables were displayed on racks outside the door, but Rosanna provided a back room in which she sold the fiery liquor of the period, her chief source of revenue, at lower prices than it could be obtained at the recognized saloons. This room soon became the resort of thugs, pickpockets, murderers and thieves.

The gang known as the Forty Thieves, which appears to have been the first in New York with a definite, acknowledged leadership, is said to have been formed in Rosanna's establishment, and her back room was used as its meeting place, and as headquarters by Edward Coleman and its other eminent leaders. There they received reports from their henchmen, and from its dimly lit corners dispatched the gangsters on their warlike missions. There was also a gang known as the Forty Little Thieves, composed of small boys and girls who admired the great deeds of their elders and strove to emulate them. These children were principally beggars, sneaks and pickpockets, and were carefully trained by the older thieves, to whom they surrendered their loot.

The Chichesters, Roach Guards, Plu Uglies, Shirt Tails and Dead Rabbits we organized in other bogus grocery-store and in time these emporiums came to b regarded as the worst dens of the Fi Points, and the centers of its infamy an crime. The Shirt Tails were so called b cause they wore their shirts on the outsid of their trousers, like Chinamen, and th expressive appellation of the Plug Ugli came from the enormous plug hats of th members, which they stuffed with wo and leather and drew down over their ea to serve as helmets when they went in battle. The Plug Uglies were for the mo part gigantic Irishmen, and included their membership some of the toughe characters of the Five Points. Even most ferocious of the Paradise Square cy gougers and mayhem artists cringed wh a giant Plug Ugly walked abroad looki for trouble, with a huge bludgeon in o hand, a brickbat in the other, a pis peeping from his pocket, and his tall h jammed down over his ears and all b obscuring his fierce eyes. He was an ade at rough and tumble fighting, and wo heavy boots studded with great hobnail with which he stamped his prostrate a helpless victims.

The Dead Rabbits were originally p of the Roach Guards, organized to ho the name of a Five Points liquor-sell But internal dissension developed, and one of the gang's stormy meetings so one threw a dead rabbit into the roo One of the squabbling factions accepted as an omen and withdrew, forming an

pendent gang and calling themselves the ead Rabbits. Sometimes they were also nown as the Blackbirds. Under the leadship of such noted gangsters as Kit rns, Tommy Hadden and Shang Allen ey achieved great renown for their owess as thieves and thugs. The battle signia of the Roach Guards was a blue ripe on their pantaloons, while the Dead abbits adopted a red stripe, and at the ad of their sluggers carried a dead rabbit paled on a pike. The Rabbits and the uards swore undying enmity and conntly fought each other at the Points, t in the rows with the Fourth Ward and owery gangs they made common cause ainst the enemy, as did the Plug Uglies, irt Tails and Chichesters. All of the Five ints gangsters commonly fought in their dershirts.

Little is known by historians of the acvities of the Chichesters; it is likely that is was a small gang and comparatively eak, and that it fought under the banner one of the larger and more powerful nds in the great gang wars which conued in downtown New York for so ny years and rolled up such an appalling t of dead and maimed. Its chief claim to mortality is its persistence; it outlived of the other Five Points gangs, and m it developed the murderous Whyos, rhaps the most vicious collection of ugs and cut-throats that New York has er seen. This gang, which took its name m the peculiar call of its members, arose on after the Civil War, and was not finly stamped out of existence until the late neties. The last haunt of the Whyos was a Bowery saloon called the Morgue, the ner of which boasted that his product as equally efficient as a beverage and as embalming fluid.

The Whyos attained their period of eatest renown during the eighties and rly nineties, when the gang produced ch celebrated criminals as Danny Drisll, Danny Lyons, Owen Bruen, Hoggy alsh, Googy Corcoran, Baboon Conlly, Red Rocks Farrell, Big Josh, Kid Brady and Slops Connolly, most of whom, beside being thugs of the first water, were pickpockets, burglars and sneaks. Driscoll and Lyons were the two greatest leaders of the Whyos, and appropriately enough were hanged in the courtyard of the Tombs within eight months of each other. Driscoll was embroiled in a fight in 1887 with John McCarthy over the affections of a girl known as Beezy Garrity, and in the gun fight which followed one of his bullets hit the girl and killed her. He was hanged on January 23, 1888.

Lyons succeeded Driscoll to the leadership of the Whyos, and was probably the most ferocious gangster of his period, a worthy rival of the later and equally eminent Monk Eastman. Lyons was also one of the first of the great gang leaders to avail himself of feminine counsel. He frequently consulted his girls, Lizzie the Dove, Gentle Maggie and Bunty Kate, all of whom proudly walked the streets for him and faithfully gave him their earnings. But Lyons was not satisfied with the manner in which they maintained him. He added a fourth girl, Kitty McGown, to his entourage, despite the vigorous objections of her lover, Joseph Quinn, who swore he would have vengeance. Both Lyons and Quinn celebrated the Fourth of July, 1887, by drinking heavily, and when they met at the Five Points the next morning their dispositions were even more murderous than usual. They began blazing away at each other across Paradise Square, and Quinn fell dead with a bullet in his heart. Lyons went in hiding for a few months, but was finally arrested, and on August 21, 1888, was hanged in the Tombs. After his death Gentle Maggie and Lizzie the Dove quarreled over who loved him most, and Lizzie stabbed Maggie.

Another shining light of the old Whyos, before the time of Driscoll and Lyons, was Dandy Johnny Dolan, who was not only a street brawler of distinction, but a loft burglar and sneak thief as well; nothing was too great or too trivial for him to steal. His fellow gangsters regarded him

as something of a master mind because he improved the current technique of gouging out eyes; he is said to have invented an apparatus, worn on the thumb and used by the Whyos with great success in their fights with other gangs, which performed this important office with neatness and dispatch. He is also credited with having imbedded sections of sharp ax-blade in the soles of his fighting boots, so that when he overthrew an adversary and stamped him the consequences were both gory and final.

But ordinarily Dandy Johnny did not wear his fighting boots. He encased his feet in the finest examples of the shoe-maker's art, for he was the Beau Brummel of the gangland of his time, and was extraordinarily fastidious in his choice of raiment, and in the care of his person. Under no circumstances, not even to take part in a brawl that promised to be rich in loot, would he appear in public until his hair had been properly oiled and plastered down against his skull, and his forelock tastefully curled and anointed. He had a weakness for handkerchiefs with violent red or blue borders, and for fancy canes, especially if the handle of the stick bore the carved representation of an animal. Of these he had a great store, to which he added as opportunity offered; he frequently promenaded the Five Points with a vivid handkerchief knotted about his throat and others peeping from his pockets, while he jauntily swung a handsome cane.

It was his passion for these articles of adornment that cost him his life. James H. Noe, a brush manufacturer, decided to enlarge his business during the Summer of 1875, and began the erection of a new factory at 275 Greenwich street. It was his custom to walk to the property each Sunday morning to see the progress of the work. On Sunday, August 22, 1875, he entered the structure as usual, and climbed the ladders and temporary stairways to the roof. There he came upon Dandy Johnny Dolan, his eye-gouger upon his thumb and a blue-bordered handkerchief about his neck, ripping away the lead from the gu ters. Mr. Noe pounced upon him a dragged him downstairs, but when th reached the ground floor Dandy John picked up an iron bar and struck the man facturer on the head, inflicting woun from which Mr. Noe died in a week. Wi his victim unconscious, Dandy Johnny pr ceeded to rob him, taking a small sum money and a gold watch and chain, a also carrying away Mr. Noe's cane, an el gant stick with a metal handle carved the likeness of a monkey. Then, for so obscure reason, Johnny tied his handke chief about his victim's face, perhaps an effort to gag him. The story goes th the thug appeared in the haunt of t Whyos at the Five Points with one of t manufacturer's eyes in his pocket, but th is probably apocryphal.

The alert Detective Dorcey was put work upon the case, and within a few da learned that the watch and chain had be pawned at a pawnshop in Chatham stre the present Park Row. Sometime later tw women with whom Dandy Johnny h been on intimate terms, but with who he had quarreled, identified the blue-b dered handkerchief as his, and then repo came to the detective that Johnny had be seen about the resorts of the Five Poin and in particular in a small cake and coff restaurant in Chatham street, proudly be ing a cane with a monkey's head in met for a handle. He was immediately arrest and at his trial was identified as the m who had pawned the watch and chain. April 21, 1876, he was hanged in the cou yard of the Tombs.

II

The Five Points was one of the earli amusement centers of New York, but gradually declined as the green-groc speak-easies came in and the gangs beg to abuse their privileges as its overlor Meanwhile, the Bowery became incre ingly important as a place of recreati As early as 1752, when the waters of

ollect pond still covered the present site of ne Tombs and flowed sluggishly through anal street, the Bowery began to make me pretensions to being a street of leasure by the opening of Sperry's Botan- al Gardens, later called Voxhaull's Gar- ens, near Astor Place, at the upper end f the thoroughfare. Its claims were greatly nhanced soon after the beginning of the ineteenth Century by the erection of the owery Theatre on the site of the old ull's Head Tavern, where George Wash- ngton had quenched his thirst with Bow- y ale on Evacuation Day, in 1783. Later ne Tavern was removed to Third avenue nd Twenty-fourth street, where Daniel rew owned it and laid the foundation of is pious fortune.

For many years the Bowery Theatre was ne of the principal playhouses of the city, nd its boards creaked under the tread of he foremost actors and actresses of the ay. It took fire one night about fifteen ears before the Civil War, and the police, ecently uniformed by order of Mayor arper, appeared on the scene in all the andeur of their new suits and glistening ass buttons. They ordered the mob of ectators to make way for the firemen, ut the Bowery gangsters jeered and ughed at them as liveried lackeys, and fused to do their bidding. The thugs at- acked with great ferocity when someone owled that the police were trying to imi- te the English bobbies, and many were jured before they were subdued. So much l-feeling arose because of this and similar cidents that the uniforms were called in, nd for several years the policemen ap- eared on the streets with no other insignia nan a star-shaped copper shield, whence me the names coppers and cops. The the- tre was rebuilt, and was the first in New ork to be lighted by gas. After weather- ng many storms it was finally renamed the halia. It still stands in the shadow of the hird avenue elevated railroad, devoted to oving pictures and Italian stock, with ccasional performances by travelling Chi- ese troupes.

Several other theatres soon followed the old Bowery, among them the Windsor, famous for its performances of "Hands Across the Sea" and "Johnny Thompson on Hand." For many years these houses presented first-class plays and were frequented by the aristocracy of the city, but in time, as the character of the street changed and the dives and gangsters made it a byword from coast to coast, they offered blood-and-thunder thrillers of a type that became known as Bowery plays, and could be seen nowhere else. One of the unique playhouses of the early Bowery district was the Grand Duke's Theatre, in the basement of a stale beer dive in 21 Baxter street. It was operated by the street boys who then swarmed the principal thoroughfares, earning precarious livings as crossing sweepers, cinder-collectors, rag-pickers, beggars and newsboys. They built their own scenery and maintained their own stock company, charging ten cents admission and refusing to pay a license fee to the city, although many attempts were made to compel them to do so. Their theatre became famous and was visited by curiosity seekers from all over the city. The police finally closed it when it became the haunt of most of the juvenile criminals of the lower part of Manhattan Island.

Within a few years after the erection of the first theatre the Bowery was lined with playhouses, concert-halls, saloons and basement dives, and huge beer-gardens seating from 1,000 to 1,500 persons. As late as 1898 the Bowery had ninety-nine houses of entertainment, of which only fourteen were classed as respectable by the police, and there were six barrooms to a block. Now the street can muster only a bare dozen theatres, all devoted to burlesque or moving pictures, or to the Yiddish, Italian or Chinese drama. Some of the dives which dotted the Bowery before and after the Civil War have never been equalled, even by Prohibition speak-easies, for the frightful and deadly quality of their liquor. In many of the lower class places drinks were five cents each and no glasses or mugs were

used. Barrels of fiery spirits stood on shelves behind the bar, and poured out their contents through lines of slender rubber-hose. The customer, having deposited his nickel on the bar, took an end of the hose in his mouth, and was entitled to all he could drink without breathing. The moment he stopped for breath the watchful bartender turned off the supply, and nothing would start it again but a nickel. Some of the Bowery bums became so expert in swallowing, and were able to hold their breaths for such a long period, that they could get dead drunk for five cents. One famous saloon, in Baxter street near the Bowery, provided and extensively advertised a rear chamber called the Velvet Room. When a customer was reduced to his last nickel, he was given an extra large bowl of liquor and escorted with considerable ceremony into the Velvet Room, where he was permitted to drink himself unconscious, and sleep until the effects wore off.

The most famous of the early Bowery beer-halls was the Atlantic Gardens, next door to the old Bowery Theatre and now a palace of the moving pictures. Upstairs and down it provided seats for more than a thousand, and two four-horse drays, working ten hours a day, were scarcely able to keep the customers supplied with beer fresh from the brewery. In this and other similar establishments there was music by pianos, harps, violins, drums and brasses; and dice, dominoes, cards and sometimes rifles for target shooting were provided. Everything was free except the beer, which cost five cents for an enormous mug. Most of the gardens were operated by Germans, and at first were frequented by men and women of that nationality, who brought their families and spent the day quietly. Beer was served by girls from twelve to sixteen years old, wearing short dresses and red-topped boots, which reached almost to the knees and had bells dangling from the tassels. The sale of the beverage was so profitable that the managers of the gardens bid against each other for the privilege of entertaining the large racial an political organizations, frequently payin as much as $500 to any association tha would agree to hold an all-day picnic o their premises.

For many years these huge beer-garden were entirely respectable, but low clas thugs and hoodlums finally began to in vade them, not to drink beer but t guzzle hard liquor from flasks, and in tim they came to be the resorts of the gang sters and other criminals of the district and the Bowery assumed the characte which made it one of the most renowne thoroughfares in the world. An indignan writer thus described it during the perio of wildness that followed the Civil Wa

> To be seen in all its glory the Bowery must be visited on Sunday morning and night. Broadway is quiet, the lower part of the city still, but the Bowery is alive with excitement. The clothing establishments of the Hebrews are opened for trade. Many of this race are apothecaries, jewelers and keepers of drinking saloons. These men have no conscience in regard to the Christian Sabbath. Early they are at their places of business. Their stands on the sidewalks are crowded, and, as their custom is, they solicit trade from all passersby. The degraded population who live in the filthy region east of the Bowery, from Catherine to Canal street, come up to the pavement of this broad thoroughfare to breathe and drive their trade.
>
> Early in the morning troops of young girls can be seen, thinly clad and bare-footed, on their way to the dram-shops. These shops are very numerous, and, with the larger beer-gardens, are opened early, and are crowded. These places are mostly kept by Germans. The Italians and Irish are also in the business. On the afternoon of Sunday the Bowery, for its entire length, is crowded. At night it is brilliantly illuminated, and the drinking places are filled by thousands of men, women and children. The lowest drinking places, the vilest concert saloons, Negro minstrels of the lowest order, and theatricals the most debasing, distinguish the pastimes of the Bowery. These places are jammed to suffocation on Sunday nights. Actresses too corrupt and dissolute to play anywhere else appear on the boards at the Bowery. Broad farces, indecent comedies, plays of highwaymen and murderers, are received with shouts by the reeking crowds that fill the low theatres. Newsboys, street sweepers, rag pickers, begging girls, collectors of conders, all who can beg or steal a sixpence, fill the galleries of these corrupt places of amusement. There is not a dance cellar, a free-and-easy, a concert saloon, or a vile drinking place that presents such a view of the depravity and degradation of New York as the gallery of a Bowery theatre.

III

The most important gangs of the early days of the Bowery district were the Bowery Boys, the True Blue Americans, the American Guards, the O'Connell Guards and the Atlantic Guards. Their membership was principally Irish, but they do not appear to have been as criminal or as ferocious as their brethren of the Five Points, although among them were many gifted brawlers.

The True Blue Americans were amusing, but harmless. They wore stove-pipe hats and long black frock coats which reached flappingly to the ankle and buttoned close under the chin, and their chief mission in life was to stand on street corners and denounce England, and gloomily predict the immediate destruction of the British Empire by fire and sword. Like most of the sons of Erin who have come to this country, they never became so thoroughly Americanized that Ireland did not remain their principal vocal interest. The other gangs were probably offshoots of the Bowery Boys, and commonly joined the latter in their fights with the roaring denizens of Paradise Square. But their exploits earned them no place of importance in gang history.

For many years the Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits waged a bitter feud, and a week seldom passed in which they did not come to blows, either along the Bowery, in the Five Points section, or on the ancient battle-ground of Bunker Hill, north of Grand street. The greatest gang conflicts of the early Nineteenth Century were fought by these groups, and they continued their feud until the Draft Riots of 1863, when they combined with other gangs and criminals in an effort to sack and burn the city. In these early struggles the Bowery Boys were supported by the other gangs of the Bowery, while the Plug Uglies, the Shirt Tails and the Chichesters rallied under the fragrant emblem of the Dead Rabbits. Sometimes the battles raged for two or three days without cessation, while the streets of the gang area were barricaded with carts and paving stones, and the gangsters blazed away at each other with musket and pistol, or engaged in close work with knives, brick-bats, bludgeons, teeth and fists. On the outskirts of the struggling mob of thugs ranged the women, their arms filled with reserve ammunition, their keen eyes watching for a break in the enemy's defense, and always ready to lend a hand or a tooth in the fray.

Often these Amazons fought in the ranks, and many of them achieved great renown as ferocious battlers. They were particularly gifted in the art of mayhem, and during the Draft Riots it was the women who inflicted the most fiendish tortures upon Negroes, soldiers and policemen captured by the mob, slicing their flesh with butcher knives, ripping out eyes and tongues, and applying the torch after the victims had been sprayed with oil and hanged to trees. The Dead Rabbits, during the late thirties and early forties, commanded the allegiance of the most noted of the female battlers, an angular vixen known as Hell Cat Maggie, who fought alongside the gang chieftains in many of the great battles in the Bowery. She is said to have filed her front teeth to points, while on her fingers she wore long artificial nails, constructed of brass. When Hell Cat Maggie screeched her battle cry and rushed biting and clawing into the midst of a mass of opposing gangsters, even the most stout-hearted blanched and fled before her ripping brass finger nails and her champing teeth.

No quarter was asked or given by the early gangsters; when a man fell wounded his enemies leaped joyfully upon him and kicked or stamped him to death. Frequently the police were unable to disperse the mobs, and were compelled to ask the National Guard and the Regular Army for aid. The city soon became accustomed to seeing regiments of soldiers marching in battle array through the streets to quell a gang riot. Occasionally the artillery was called out, but generally the gangsters fled before the muskets of the infantrymen.

Much of this work was done by the Twenty-seventh, later the Seventh Regiment.

Little knowledge of the activities of most of the Bowery gangs has survived, but the lore of the street is rich in legends of the Bowery Boys and the prowess of their mighty leaders. Sometimes this gang was called the Bowery B'hoys, which is sufficient indication of its racial origin. It was probably the most celebrated gang in the history of the United States, but before the eminent Chuck Conners appeared in the late eighties and transformed the type into a bar fly and a tramp, the Bowery Boy was not a loafer except on Sundays and holidays. Nor was he a criminal, except on occasion, until the period of the Civil War. He was apt to earn his living as a butcher or apprentice mechanic, or as a bouncer in a Bowery saloon or dance cellar. But he was almost always a volunteer fireman, and therein lay much of the strength of the gang, for in the early days before the Civil War the firemen, nearly all of them strong adherents of Tammany Hall, had much to say about the conduct of the city's government. Many of the most eminent politicians belonged to the fire brigade, and there was much rivalry between the companies, who gave their engines such names as White Ghost, Black Joke, Shad Belly, Dry Bones, Red Rover, Hay Wagon, Bean Soup, Old Junk and Old Maid. Such famous New York political leaders as Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence, Zophar Mills, Samuel Willetts, William M. Wood, John J. Gorman and William M. Tweed were volunteer firemen. In still earlier days even George Washington was an ardent chaser after the fire-engines, and for a short time during his residence in the metropolis was head of the New York department.

But the rivalry between the fire companies whose membership included such men as these was friendly if strenuous, while the Bowery Boy loved his fire-engine almost as much as he did his girl, and considered both himself and his company disgraced if his engine was beaten to a conflagration. And the acme of humiliation was to roll to a fire and find that all of the fire-plugs had been captured by rival companies. To prevent this the Bowery Boy resorted to typically direct methods. When the fire-alarm sounded he simply grabbed an empty barrel from a grocery store and hurried with it to the fire-plug nearest the burning building. There he turned the barrel over the plug and sat on it, and defended it valorously against the assaults of rival firemen until his own engine arrived. If it did not appear, he attempted to maintain his seat on the barrel until the building was destroyed. If he succeeded he was a hero and his company had won a notable victory. Frequently the fight for fire-plugs was so fierce that the Bowery Boys had no time to extinguish the flames.

The original Bowery Boy, who followed his chieftain in so many forays against the hated Dead Rabbits and other Five Points gangs, was a burly ruffian with his chin adorned by an Uncle Sam whisker —the type of American still portrayed by the English comic weeklies. On his head was a stove-pipe hat, generally battered, and his trousers were tucked inside his boots, while his mighty jaws moved constantly on a chew of tobacco as he whittled on a shingle with the huge knife which never left his possession. In later years, a little before the time of Chuck Conners, the type changed as new fashions in men's clothing appeared, and the Bowery Boy promenaded his favorite thoroughfare with his head crowned by a high beaver hat with the nap divided and brushed different ways, while his stalwart figure was encased in an elegant frock coat and about his throat was knotted a gaudy kerchief. His pantaloons, cut almost as full as the modern Oxford bags, were turned up over his heavy boots. The hair on the back of his head was clipped close and his neck and chin were shaven, while his temple locks were daintily curled and heavily anointed with bear's grease or some other powerful, evil-smelling unguent. His downfall had begun in those days, but he was

kill an unruly and belligerent citizen, and it was unwise to give him cause for offense. Some of the most ferocious rough-and-tumble fighters that ever cracked a skull or gouged out an eye-ball fought in the ranks of the Bowery Boys, and from their rough school emerged many celebrated brawlers and political leaders. Bill Poole, the famous butcher and ward heeler, owed allegiance to the Bowery Boys, and so did his murderer, Lew Baker, who shot him to death in Stanwix Hall in 1855. Reddy the Blacksmith, and Paudeen McLaughlin, whose nose was chewed off by an accomplished mayhem artist of the Five Points, also learned the art of brawling along the Bowery. McLaughlin was finally killed by Dad Cunningham in Butt Allen's dance house in Howard street.

Another noted Bowery Boy was Handsome Sam Suydam, the Apollo of the underworld. Suydam was apprenticed to a baker, but he soon abandoned this occupation for the more congenial one of loafing, and became one of the foremost leaders of the Boys, among whom he was distinguished for his good looks, his lively disposition and his willingness to engage in any enterprise that promised excitement. When he became older he forsook the Bowery and operated a gambling hall in Barclay street, one of the most aristocratic and exclusive of the many similar establishments which lined such streets as Barclay, Vesey, Park Place, Park Row and Lower Broadway. Handsome Sam exercised great care in selecting his cliéntèle, and none was admitted to his gaming tables without providing satisfactory proof of his solvency. At eleven o'clock each evening Handsome Sam mounted a card table and impressively struck a huge gong, whereupon gambling ceased for an hour, while uniformed Negro lackeys served supper, with costly wines and cigars. Occasionally the guests were entertained by artists from the music halls and the concert saloons.

But the greatest of the Bowery Boys, and the most imposing figure in all the history of the New York gangs, was a leader who flourished in the thirties, and who captained the gangsters in the most important of their punitive and marauding expeditions into the Five Points. His real name remains unknown, and there is excellent reason to believe that he may be a myth, but vasty tales of his prowess and of his valor in the fights against the Dead Rabbits and the Plug Uglies have come down through the years, gaining incident and momentum as they came. Under the simple sobriquet of Mose he has become a legendary figure of truly heroic proportions, at once the Samson, the Achilles and the Paul Bunyan of the Bowery. And beside him, in the lore of the street, marches the diminutive figure of his faithful friend and counsellor, by name Syksey, who is said to have coined the phrase, "hold de butt," an impressive plea for the remains of a dead cigar.

IV

The present generation of Bowery riffraff knows little of the mighty Mose, and perhaps only the older men who plod that now dreary and dismal relic of a great street have heard the name. But in the days before the Civil War, when the Bowery was in its heyday and the Bowery Boy was the strutting peacock of gangland, songs were sung in honor of his great deeds, and the gangsters surged into battle shouting his name and imploring his spirit to join them and lend power to their arms. He was scarcely cold in his grave before Chanfrau had immortalized him by writing "Mose, the Bowery B'hoy," which was first performed before a clamorous audience in 1849 at the old Olympic Theatre, then still standing in Broadway near Bleecker street.

Mose was at least seven feet tall and broad in proportion, and his colossal bulk was crowned by a great shock of flaming ginger-colored hair, on which he wore a beaver hat measuring more than two feet from crown to brim. His hands were as large as the hams of a Virginia hog, and

on those rare moments when he was in repose they dangled below his knees; it was Syksey's custom to boast pridefully that his chieftain could stand erect and scratch his knee-cap. The feet of the great captain were so large that the ordinary boot of commerce would not fit his big toe; he wore specially constructed foot-gear, the soles of which were copper plates studded with nails an inch long. Woe and desolation came upon the gangs of the Five Points when the mighty Mose leaped into their midst and began to kick and stamp; they fled in despair and hid themselves in the innermost depths of the rookeries of Paradise Square.

The strength of the gigantic Mose was as the strength of ten men. Other Bowery Boys went into battle carrying brickbats and the ordinary stave of the time, but Mose, when accoutred for the fray, bore in one hand a great paving-stone and in the other a hickory or oaken wagon-tongue. This was his bludgeon, and when it was lost in the heat of battle he simply uprooted an iron lamp-post and laid about him with great zeal. Instead of the knife affected by his followers, he pinned his faith to a butcher's cleaver. Once when the Dead Rabbits overwhelmed his gang and rushed ferociously up the Bowery to wreck the Boys' headquarters, the great Mose wrenched an oak tree out of the earth, and holding it by the upper branches, employed it as a flail, smiting the Dead Rabbits even as Samson smote the Philistines. The Five Points thugs broke and fled before him, but he pursued them into their lairs around Paradise Square and wrecked two tenements before his rage cooled. Again, he stood his ground before a hundred of the best brawlers of the Points, ripping huge paving blocks from the street and sidewalk and hurling them into the midst of his enemies, inflicting frightful losses.

In his lighter moments it was the playful custom of this great god of the gangs to lift a horse car off the tracks and carry it a few blocks on his shoulders, laughing uproariously at the bumping the passengers received when he set it down. When he quenched his thirst a dray load of beer was ordered from the brewery, and when he dined in state the butchers of the Center and Fly markets were busy for days in advance of the great event, slicing hogs and cattle and preparing the enormous roasts and steaks which he must needs consume to regain his strength. Four quarts of oysters was but an appetizer, and soup and coffee were served to him by the keg. He was, in truth, a giant among men, and one of the most eminent citizens New York has ever had.

SAM HOUSTON

BY SAM ACHESON

[T REMAINED for one of those Italianate sculptors who infest the hinterland to immortalize both the first and the latest cions of the Scotch-Irish dynasty in Texas. Ma Ferguson sat for him one February afternoon at the mansion in Austin and he completed his bust of her with a flourish round the base reading: "The First Lady Governor of Texas." Then General Sam Houston, dead sixty years, was dragged out of his tomb and his likeness entrusted to the same artist.

If the last Governor Ferguson in the maternal line was to regret her indiscretion, there was always the consolation that such a piece of bric-a-brac as her effigy might be smashed in the next Spring cleaning. But poor Houston was without the protection of plaster of paris; the sum of $75,000 lay in a bank down on the Buffalo Bayou and an heroic equestrian statue seemed inescapable. In vain did Col. Andrew Jackson Houston, the only surviving son of the Hero of San Jacinto, protest the commission. The court he appealed to listened gravely to the old man's ravings, eyeing drowsily that Summer afternoon a model which the defendant had placed on a table. His violence in objecting to this graven image of his father was against him—what did he know about Art? Practically a public ward, now entering his eighties year as custodian of a city park, how could he sit in judgment against the combined wisdom of the committee—on which were a former police reporter, three directors of the Houston Art Foundation, and an undertaker fast blooming into a mortician? So the injunction was refused.

Thus did Sam Houston come back to the overgrown village named in his honor where he had been most loudly hooted during the birth-pangs of the Confederacy. He was placed astride a bronze steed, and the ensuing statue, even as his son had prophesied, resembled "a monkey for a man straddling a jackass." They unveiled the hideous thing on a March day, just across the freshly esplanaded Main street from Rice Institute. Someone remembered that it was the anniversary of Houston's birthday. Other pleasantries followed. Then the crowd departed, leaving Big Drunk in the night, very uncomfortable on his bronze he-jinny. That night inebriated undergraduates officially welcomed him to the academic precincts.

The restoration of old Sam's fame had begun. For a moment the dark cloud which had hung over the Hero of San Jacinto since the "wicked Revolution" of 1861 seemed to be lifting. The words of Andrew Jackson came perilously near to fulfillment: "Let those who clamor for blood, clamor on; the world will take care of Houston's fame." But the dawn proved false. By one of those unaccountable shifts of sentiment in which the Latin temperament of the Texans is ever being caught up and diverted, public attention veered to the more immediate matter of the Ferguson highway scandals. How could the passive whitewashing of the dead compete with the joy of tearing down the reputations of the living? So the first attempt at Houston's rehabilitation on a grand scale was doomed to an end as bad as its medium. The long obscurity fell upon him again.

But one humiliation the future does not

hold for him. While Washington, Lincoln, Lee, even the gallant LaFayette are being scarified for the pleasure of a ribald modern audience, and their beautiful legends stripped away, the Hero of San Jacinto will be spared this last indignity. For the popular estimate of him, in the imperial Commonwealth which he created, is so low and so faint that any discussion of him at all must be accepted as the flattery of recognition.

Yet without Houston, the opinion of the learned cult behind Stephen F. Austin to the contrary, the Republic of Texas might never have been carved out of the Mexican Union. This singular barnstormer of politics, intrigue and Indian style warfare, who holds the unique record of having served two States as Governor and his beloved Union as one of its Senators, and of bringing to its feet a territory greater than Napoleon's empire at its height, was the deciding figure in that conquest. Without him the febrile plottings of Austin's Anglo-Saxon colonists might have gone for naught.

He made good his preposterous boast of that December morning of 1832 in the Arkansas Territory: "Remember my words, Elias. I shall be President of a great and as yet unborn Republic." It seemed preposterous then, for how could twenty thousand souls and a bankrupt currency make a great Republic? The boast had a second clause, and he fulfilled that, too: "I shall bring that nation to the United States." They finished their fire water and Houston's chance companion eyed the wilderness across the Red River that was Texas. With the tradesman's fatal attraction for any gamble, if it be disguised sufficiently, Elias split his purse with the madman. Houston's volubility rose to an even greater pitch as he concluded his threefold boast, the statement of his life-long programme: "And if they don't watch me too close, I shall be President in the White House some day."

But they watched him too close. Sixteen years later he was to stand by in Washington, perhaps a little ungraciously, as a old paralytic general was helped into th White House. The sole distinction of thi rival lay in having beaten Don Antoni López de Santa Anna, the resuscitat Napoleon of the West, after Houston ha crushed him ingloriously a decade befor on the battlefield of San Jacinto.

II

Santa Anna and Sam Houston: it was th destiny of each to believe in stars lon after the fashion had been discredited a Waterloo. Born at opposite poles of th New World and at the extremes of rank their meteoric courses were yet foreor dained to bring them into close and cata clysmic proximity. It was their destiny t enact a cis-Atlantic comedy of Napoleon ism after the Master had succumbed t cancer at St. Helena, and if this North American version rapidly took on th shapes of the sawdust ring rather than th best traditions of the Comédie Française the improvement may be laid to that New World strength which permits us to d that sort of thing so much better i America.

In 1793 in France a young man wa sweeping the streets with grape-shot, th better to clear his way to an imperia throne. It was in this glorious year o human liberty (and of American Independence, the seventeenth) that an inspector o General Moore's brigade returned hom one night in Virginia to find a new son the sixth male of his progeny. Mrs Houston, being a staunch Presbyterian was fond of the Old Testament, and so sh piously named the boy Samuel.

Three years later, in the distant India village of Jalapa, a Mexican statesman wa born. His parents, likewise, were piously inclined, but the family name already re called the Holy Saints, so they were con tent to give the infant the rather commo surname of López. López and Sam—it wa to require more than forty years for thei destinies to transform them into His Ex

llency and the Hero of San Jacinto, but ey dutifully began the long road that ok them by devious turns, reverses and ctories to their one encounter of an April ternoon in Texas.

The differing customs of the two lands rly sent them to the same field, and both ught preferment in the military profes- on, the American because of his distress- g poverty, the Mexican because of his ste and fortune. This superficial force of vironment, though, cannot account alto- ether for the common objective. One name ove all others fired the imagination of rtain temperaments of that generation, d the name was Napoleon. The conta- on had been noticed in the New World early as 1806. Burr's disastrous attempt empire in the Southwest had stirred two ations, and as the two lads grew up, their eams somehow included the exploits of ne Corsican.

But what is visible from the foothills Tennessee may not always be the same what is seen from a tropical Mexican llage. For his contemporaries in the new ntury, the legend of Napoleon had arcely been poured, much less crystal- zed. How easy then, for these widely parated hero-worshippers to read a false ualism into the nature of their god! ouston never saw the Emperor with his traps, but only the pro-consul, the Re- ublican patriot who saved France from er enemies. But the young Santa Anna, ith his clearer intuition, gained the true nage of the model; for him Napoleon was ver Cæsar or nothing. The years that ame and went between their adolescence nd the third decade of the new century ere not idle ones for dreaming and specu- tion. The British were fighting America gain and Houston must be off with Old ickory to New Orleans. And in Mexico e patriots, aided unwittingly by this me Napoleon, were fighting to throw ff Spanish rule.

Houston came home with a terrible ound, and having now reached man's es- te, put aside the childish sword and en- tered politics. The young war veteran met with almost instantaneous success. It was unbelievable, but it was true: two terms in Congress, then a triumphal sweep into the Governor's chair at Nashville, and his political star seemed fixed in the firmament. He capped off the success by marrying into the aristocracy of the State. He seemed to have outgrown Napoleon, or forgotten all about him. Another hero had taken his place, the redoubtable Andrew Jackson, fellow Tennesseean and hero of New Orleans, who had just been inducted into the White House by the Western radicals. The Jacksonian band-wagon rolled to one simple tune: "Eternal opposition to all banks," and Houston climbed on docilely.

Santa Anna was fast distinguishing himself, also; but still on the field of honor. When the hated Spaniards finally withdrew from Mexico in 1824 and acknowledged the new nation, it appeared that this rising military genius had played no minor rôle in the event. While still under thirty, he had turned on the recently proclaimed, home-grown Emperor Iturbide and tumbled His Serene Highness off his throne. His Serene Highness! How fascinating it sounded! Santa Anna must first become the Napoleon of the West; then he, too, might have need of the title. Meanwhile, as the third decade of the new century drew to its close, the supers in a vast drama were slowly assembling in the borderland of Texas, preparing a conflict of peoples which was to be led by these two captains.

III

It was in keeping with the histrionic gesture by which he lived that Houston should suddenly renounce the governorship of Tennessee in 1829, and desert the company of his three-months bride for the more taciturn companionship of his Indian brothers. The mystery surrounding this marital tragedy has been carefully guarded since he himself laid the ground with meaningful silences. Yet it is clear that behind

the broken heart, in the midst of disgrace, the circus clown had already decided upon a trapeze career. His old hero now sat at Washington and Houston went forth into the Arkansas Territory with an ambition as definite as his explanations were vague. Burr and Napoleon, after some strange fashion, were at the bottom of this decision, and Texas was a bright gew-gaw that only awaited plucking.

Now, conspirators must live, no matter how righteous their cause. Houston was soon found in Washington on behalf of his Indian brothers, seeking a contract to feed these wards of the nation. The contract nearly ruined him, for an Ohio Congressman made some nasty allusions to its profits and hinted veiledly that his friend the President was a party to it. So, while the plans for striking in Texas proceeded, the future Hero of San Jacinto was forced to take cognizance of the attack. He waylaid the law-maker one night in Washington and soundly thrashed him with a hickory cane.

This "most atrocious attack" upon a member of the House brought the conspirator into a welcome limelight, just as his fortunes ebbed the lowest. Later in life he admitted that "I was dying out once and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars, it would have killed me." But the star which was yet to make him the conqueror of the Napoleon of the West still guided his destiny. "They gave me instead," he said, "a national tribune for a theater and that set me up again."

The unfortunately attacked lawmaker, on a plea of breach of privilege, carried his grievance to the House of Representatives, and that body, it is written, "spent exactly one calendar month in debating the subject." The matter enlisted party support. James K. Polk, another distinguished Tennesseean, who was to sound the tocsin of the annexation of Texas in 1845 and ride into the White House on the war cry, became famous for his "zeal to prevent an investigation." It was this same Polk who, so his enemies charge would have favored the annexation of He itself if his elevation to the presidenc might have been thus furthered. Th author of "The Star Spangled Banner, likewise, was ranged behind the defens table and made an impassioned plea fu of the florid imagery of his masterwork And while the case was carried from cou to court during the next few years, Sam friend, the President, obligingly remitte any fines that might be imposed.

By the time Houston set out definitel for the conquest of Texas in 1835, his re utation among his fellow Tennesseeans ha been sufficiently restored by this episod coupled with several well chosen duel for him to pass through Nashville in a the triumph of a hero. The prelude to th conquest had been well played. The gua dian in the White House rested conten certain of the outcome of his protégé schemes beyond the Sabine and Red river

IV

In Mexico the slow manœuvres of th Anglo-Saxons in Texas, accelerated towar the last by Houston's arrival, were a cepted at their true meaning. From th opening of the Nineteenth Century th vast emptiness between the Sabine in th east and the Rio Grande on the west ha been the playground of innumerable fil busters from the United States. They wer obsessed with the idea of Texas *Irredent* and they pursued their guerilla warfa with all the passion of an unjust cause.

There were claims, to be sure, arisin out of the juggling of Louisiana betwee His Majesty the King of Spain, the Em peror Napoleon and President Jefferson but the United States never pushed the and the new Mexican governments neve recognized them. Even the tottering vice roys of Mexico, prior to 1820, had grow alarmed at this westward backwash fro the American highlands. Restrictions wer imposed so that the vanguard of America settlers were forced to enter Texas unde

se colors, forswearing their Covenanter igion in favor of His Most Catholic ajesty's faith. But when these early ar- als accepted the Spanish citizenship of e country without a murmur, a step so eign to the American nature, it was ob- ously time to act. Settlement from the ited States was absolutely prohibited, th a single exception in favor of those avellers who came for the explicit pur- se of botanical research. The interest of sidents of Georgia and Tennessee has ever en marked in natural science and the igin of species, so they pursued their udies in Texas under this courtesy.

The year 1821, which saw the first legal cursion of American settlers on a large ale, was notable in Mexico for the fervor Independence. Patriots were blooming ith the exuberance of the mango tree; the old plateaus and fervid low lands were ouring their statesmen's blood into the *calli* of liberty. They could scarcely give eir attention to the wasteland north of e Rio Grande.

Only when the eloquence of the Texans irst forth into fiery rebellion in 1836, and ifted down to the alert Santa Anna, who ad by now become the chief magistrate f his country, did the Mexicans stir to ncerted action. The grandiose ambitions f his antagonist were clear to Santa Anna; Houston was preparing to stage what *El residente* later branded as "the most scan- alous robbery of the present age," the testing of Texas from Mexico. His agents ported that this former Governor of Ten- essee had been seen reconnoitering the nd. They did not know the contents of Houston's letter to a dyspeptic bank- uster in the White House, but that letter ould have confirmed their worst fears. Houston had seen Naboth's vineyard, that t was good.

To the Mexicans, Texas had seemed a orthless land; it had cost the lives of any a *caballero* during the past three cen- uries. But when Houston wrote to his uardian that "Texas is the finest country pon the globe, for the greater portion of it is richer and more healthy than West Tennessee," and the arrogant Yankees began crying for it, the bauble suddenly took on an enormous significance. And as Houston renounced his native land in 1835 to assume command of the Texan forces, having first made certain of this honor, the Napoleon of the West started northward with his Grand Army to crush the rebellion.

Was it possible that Washington connived with the insurrectionists against a friendly power? The memory of Burr's plot, stamped out by his own people thirty years before, reassured His Excellency as he marched toward the province. James Wilkinson's betrayal of the Romantic still kept an aged and disgraced man in obscurity, wondering betimes if it were a greater misfortune to have fought a duel with an idealist who will not shoot or to have been born thirty years before his era. But Andrew Jackson sat in the White House now, and President Jefferson had been forgotten.

V

Unfriendly critics of Houston's military genius have attempted to belittle his strategy in the long Winter of 1835-36, when, following the fall of the Alamo, he retreated incessantly before Santa Anna. His enemies decried the appointment of an upstart as commander-in-chief; his highest rank before, in actual combat, had been that of a lieutenant before New Orleans. Has not a certain General Thomas Jefferson Greene of North Carolina crabbedly referred to him as "this military buffoon, this bleating cub?" But the arbiter of such nice questions has long since given the unanswerable verdict: success smiled on him at the testing time. And certain it is that a knowledge of Indian tactics, which by a deadly parallel in this instance were proclaimed Fabian, worked the miracle of grinding the Napoleon of the West into the dust at San Jacinto.

The advance agent of the destiny circus picked the battleground with unerring

good judgment. Even today it is superb for sham battles. The sluggish bend of the bayou has since been dredged for the fleets of the cotton world, and the pine trees in the thicket have been largely sacrificed for memorial tablets, but the picture of the original is easily evoked.

The battle of San Jacinto lasted scarcely twenty minutes, yet in that short flare the two heroes stood forth in an unequivocal light. It was the one divine event toward which their careers had been tending from infancy, the one fixed point toward which their lives ever afterward were deflected. In the larger sense the twenty-first of April, 1836, will continue as the date of one of the world's decisive battles, fit to rank with Crécy and Tours; for on that sultry afternoon the course of history in the West was changed and Mexico lost thereby the richer if less picturesque half of her heritage from the Kingdom of New Spain. But it is in the personal fortunes of its two chief protagonists, in the summary dissolution of Santa Anna's glory and the equally unexpected feat of victory for Houston, that the greater interest lies.

The two armies had been converging into this trap, where a fight was inescapable, for half a week, the Texans, ragged according to the best tradition of revolutionaries, still withdrawing under the pressure of Santa Anna's genius. For several days Houston had been of a mind to make a final stand, to risk all on one turn of the wheel. The dramatic touches were not missing; he had seen to that. Early on the morning of the twenty-first, as he bounded out of his tent beholding a cloudless sky and an audience of his soldiery nearby, he exclaimed, "The sun of Austerlitz has risen again." Then he issued a laconic message to his "comrades" in the best Napoleonic tradition, entrusting the issue to the all-wise God of Battles. Vince's bridge, the one hope of escape for any vanquished, lay severed and floating down the bayou; it must now be a fight to the finish.

His Excellency the President of Mexico, unmindful of the fact that several detachments of his Grand Army lagged from or to two days behind in their eastwa sweep, had ordered a permanent cam made here, their backs to the waters the sluggish bayou. That morning he i spected the Mexican fortifications, whic had been hastily assembled of pack sa dles, caissons and a "trifling barricade branches." The camp site, of "His Exce lency's own selection," reflected one of h staff officers in a later, bitter mood, "w in all respects against military rules. W had no ground for retreat in case of a r verse. Any youngster would have do better."

This same Col. Delgado even protest to General Castrillon, but his superior on answered, well within hearing of His E cellency's tent: "I know it well, m friend. But what can we do? You kno that nothing prevails here against th caprice, ignorance and arbitrary will that man!" "That man!" It was an om nous phrase, but Santa Anna ignored th impudence.

Beyond his own fortifications he cou see the Texan camp, and he noted an u usual stirring. Was this worm of an arm (he demanded with some scorn of Co Almonte) about to turn and give figh The rebels had scarcely more than 800 me to pit against the 2000 seasoned veterar of the Napoleon of the West. He must b prepared, though, for any foolhardy ge ture from the Texans, so guards we posted throughout the morning.

As the heat of the afternoon rose, an only the hum of mosquitoes broke th idyllic quiet, no sign of war came from th slight crest to the eastward. His Exce lency retired to his tent, the better t baffle the insects, lay down on his cot an was soon fast asleep.

If the Texans have received some glor for their observance of the code of hon toward prisoners taken in battle, thereb shaming the barbarous violations of Sant Anna's own men at the Alamo and Goliad they were yet not without their imperfe tions. The *siesta* is an honored custom

ny Latin nations, and considering that xas on that April day was nominally a t of Mexico, it does seem the intruders ıld have respected so sacred a tradition. the pale impartial reflection of history, ıll it be said that more recent violations international fairplay were more hei- us than the shattering of His Excel- cy's *siesta?*

Yet such was the savagery of Houston's n that without any warning they ooped down on the Mexican camp rtly after four o'clock, and by the sud- ness of their intrusion as much as by ir unearthly yells, caused consternation l rout. In vain did His Excellency, used, attempt to stem the fury, incit- his men to lie down to avoid the mus- ry. It was too late to check the stam- le. Seeing that all was lost, the Napoleon the West accepted a dead man's horse l escaped across the bayou, where his diers already had thoughtfully provided th their dead bodies a bridge for his exit. It was Santa Anna's double humiliation next afternoon to be betrayed by his dershirt and saved from instant execu- n by a resort to the signals understood ly by brother Masons. Hiding in the lderness, it might have been his fate perish as the Frenchman de la Salle a ıtury before, since the Texans were not cing captive every greaser they encoun- ed. But by chance one of these louty nkees, spying the finish of His Excel- ıcy's undergarment as he lay exhausted a nearby wood, sensed the importance the man. As he trailed moodily into the xan camp, despite his linen trousers, ıe cotton jacket, cap and red worsted ppers, he was recognized by his fellow ptives. The temper of the Texans became ly; insults might easily have become ınslated into violence to his person had victim of his own sleep been equally thful at this moment. The York rite d been introduced in Mexico several ars before, and it was possible that his ctor, stretched out there under a large e, was also an initiate, so he made the sign to General Houston. It was his only chance, but the charm worked and Don López saved his own hide with only the additional trifle of surrendering half of the Mexican Republic to the Texans. The weakened captive was made as comfortable as possible and given several drops of opium. Then the fatal interview began with His Excellency modestly informing the Hero of San Jacinto: "Sir, you were born to no common destiny. It has been your high fortune to defeat the Napoleon of the West; you can afford to be generous."

In the White House the narrow, beady eyes of Old Hickory were studying the map of Texas. The reports were wildly jumbled, and only with difficulty could he decide which black line was the San Jacinto bayou. But he smiled in deep satisfaction as he pieced out the victory.

In a friend's house in New York Aaron Burr lay dying, incognito. His eighty years of sorrow and disappointment were drawing to a close. But in his fevered dreams he saw again the empire he would create, and his darling Theodosia's son sat in the imperial frame. The doctor entered his room one morning, at the hour when fever sometimes slackens its grip. He was instantly alarmed for his patient, for "newspaper in hand, he was all excitement, his eyes blazing."

"You see!" the old duelist cried, pointing out the latest news from Texas, "I was right! What was treason in me thirty years ago is patriotism now. I was only thirty years too soon."

The visitor gently removed the disturbing piece of paper and proceeded to his blood-letting.

VI

In the latter history of Sam Houston and Santa Anna, it would seem that fate, with any sense of proportion at all, should have worked with greater dramatic nicety. The Emperor had met himself in the person of the pro-consul, and how satisfying it would have been if the climax there had trailed off with an operatic flourish! But

the inexorable years were to drag on for each.

Houston now reverted to his first successful rôle. Whereas, since his flight from Tennessee, he had been the adventurer with an impossible goal, he now set about to consolidate this unexpected success with all the arts of the politician. The imperial manner had been ineradicably grafted on, however. His communiques to the army took on even more of a Napoleonic ring, now that the second Austerlitz had been won, and he admonished his new comrades to stand fast "until liberty is firmly established by your patience and valor. It will be fame enough to say, 'I was a member of the Army of San Jacinto'."

In May, 1837, the young Republic had its capitol near San Jacinto, in the new city of Houston. The ten years of intrigue, of playing off the cupidity of England against the avarice of the United States, with the object of securing annexation to the latter, had begun. A Louisiana naturalist—"one of God's noblemen"—sat drinking grog with President Houston to the success of the new Republic.

"Houston wore," said Audubon, "a fancy velvet coat, trousers trimmed with broad gold lace and a cravat tied somewhat after the manner of '76." The manner of '76 was to be singularly confused with that of '93 and other grand epochs in history during the course of Houston's two terms as President. At one stormy period in the new country's history, when representative government seemed all but lost, this "magnificent barbarian" stalks grandly about the capital city, his six-foot figure seeming giant-like in the dusk. Like Cæsar he has spurned a crown and his life is threatened in consequence. But the Republican is still the pro-consul and he takes a short ride on his horse, Saxe-Weimar, trotting slowly up and down the streets. And on another night, "being slightly in his cups," he orders his portrait painted. In it, as a togaed Roman, he sits pensively amidst the splendid columns of the Forum. (This curiosity has survived three fires, and lies neglected today in the Capitol a Austin.) But at last the ten years of strug gle are ended. Polk is President in th White House, and Houston can write t Jackson, now on his death bed at th Hermitage, "Texas is presented to th United States as a bride adorned for he espousal."

In 1845 he returned to Washington, bu not as a despised Congressman. It was a the first Senator from the new State o Texas and a national figure. Would h finally reach the White House? The ma ner and ideas of '76, even of Jackson's a cendency, were by now sadly out of plac New issues bubbled in this strange cau dron at Washington. Jackson was dea Slavery, Secession, Know Nothingism- how foreign they all seemed to the simp formula of his youth, "Eternal oppositio to all banks!" The third and most difficu step in his three-fold boast yet lay unfu filled, and he chose the Know Nothin road to take him into the White Hous But this early hundred-percentism only l him into a dismal swamp, and he was nev to realize his final and grandest ambitio In the Spring of 1857, having suffered bot a religious conversion and defeat for t election, he returned to his home in th pine trees on the red hills at Huntsvill a tired and resigned old man.

It was all so complicated, this new ag tation over slavery, which had ev spread its infection to Texas. There w talk of Secession, of a new Confederati below the Mason and Dixon line. Wha destroy the Union? Impossible! So he thre himself once more into politics, and in 18 was elected Governor of Texas, presu ably as a rebuke to the Secessionist spir But the new ideas closed in on him br tally, and two years later Texas cast h lot with Jeff Davis.

"Jeff Davis?" he once sneered. "I kno him well. He is as ambitious as Lucif and as cold as a lizard." For a time, as t fires of rebellion were lighting in the tra Mississippi country, the old man seem to waver. In February of the first year

e war he even accepted the surrender of e Federal forces in Texas, some 2500 men th property worth $1,200,000. At the oment he was saying, "The time has me when a man's section is his country. tand by mine. . . ." But when the Seces- n convention actually met in Austin, s heart quailed before the dissolution of e Union, his beloved Union.

When they brought the ordinance of Se- ssion to him that March afternoon of '61, refused to sign it. By that act he sided th the Union against Texas and for that has never been forgiven. For a few eks he hung on, even after the conven- n deposed him; but one morning he nd the executive offices held by a brave ung fellow with a brace of guns and a tachment of soldiers. It was impossible dispute longer, now that reason was ad, so he retired once more and finally his home at Huntsville.

"My views," he told the Presbyterian inister who called one July afternoon in 3, "as to the propriety and possibility success of this wicked revolution have dergone no change." And they were to dergo no further change, for in an hour was dead.

VII

ow odd it is that Don Antonio López Santa Anna, remembering that he lived rty years after San Jacinto, has never fur- shed the text of an inspirational sermon, r he is the archetype of the optimist who ver admits defeat. Once back on Mexican il, he repudiated his recognition of Texas d blusteringly promised to reduce the xans to slavery if they did not admit s authority. But in 1844 his own con- ituents, having placed their arms at the sposal of a rival, deserted him. He was peached and barely escaped to Havana. hen war with the United States came on afterwards, the Mexicans recalled eir Napoleon from the Elba of the Antilles and gave him one more chance as head of their armies. The disastrous defeats of that conflict soon had him scurrying off in exile once more. That was in 1848. First in Jamaica and later in South America, his irrepressible ambition would not let him forget his destiny.

Then in 1853, returning to his native land "in connection with a revolution," he became President again. A well-meaning Congress that had done this thing so often before, agreeably made him President for life and bestowed on him the additional title of His Serene Highness. His old dream of Empire seemed very close to realization now, and soon the streets would be ringing with "*Viva el Emperador!*" But the unstable wheel of Mexican politics spun again in 1855 and he deserted his throne for the last time.

Ten years were to pass for him, as bitter as those of Houston's. In the year that the Hero of San Jacinto died, Santa Anna was on the island of St. Thomas, despondently stumping around on his wooden leg. (Has an ingrate people forgotten that he lost it against the Gringoes in '47?) Another foreign invasion threatened his homeland and he waited for the call that would bring him back again, this time to unseat the Emperor Maximilian. But the call never came.

In his nervousness during the next ten years he attempted several assaults in person against the Mexican coast; they would know that the Napoleon of the West still lived. But his compatriots only laughed, cruelly, at a silly old man. At last, since no one remembered or feared him, he was allowed to return to Mexico City in peace, and in 1876, being in his eightieth year, he died there. Santa Anna shares with the illustrious Captain General Cortes the distinction of having no monument in a land which provides opulence for the stonecutter. But at that, he is the envy, considering the vicissitudes of sculpture, of the Hero of San Jacinto.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Angosciosamente.—The American's hostility to what is beautiful and charming—a hostility as deeply rooted in him as his belief in the omnipotence of mazuma and God—finds its best illustration in a reconnaissance of all those originally placid and lovely spots of his own country which, with what would seem to be a flagellant's glee, he has debased and made hideous. There is today, with the exception of the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park, hardly one such beauty spot that he has left unsullied. He has taken the kingly magnificence of Niagara Falls, that mighty panorama of shooting silver and wind-waving green, and converted it into a mere sideshow for the legalized carnalities of yokels and the sale of picture postcards, tin medallions and souvenir garter buckles. He has taken Palm Beach, soft with the warm whisper of the tropics and lounging lazily by the tropical sea, and deafened it with jazz bands and the conversations of stock-brokers; and he has cut down its tall palms to put up bastard Andalusian villas and made its quiet sands a parade-ground for ostentation and vulgarity. Atlantic City has been turned into what is nothing more than a three-mile-long hot-dog stand; Aiken and Hot Springs have been spread over with golf links for the delectation of opulent dolts; the Maine woods have been made indistinguishable from a New Jersey picnic ground, with frankfurter ends and the heels of Heinz pickles perfuming the pine-needled hills and with hundreds of canoes christened "Oh, Boy!", "Step-On-It" and "Hot Mama" infesting the lakes and streams; the Catskills have been turned into a synagogue and the Adirondacks into a lunger camp; New Orleans has been converted into a sort o Sam. T. Jack's Creole show, with an a nual shindig that is presently as Mar Gras in spirit as an Asbury Park bab parade; and the entire State of Californi excepting only two small slices, has be made over from a land of tranquil love ness into one that is of a piece with th old Thompson and Dundy Luna Par though without the latter's amusemen possibilities. I pick out a few example many others will readily occur to yo One and all they have been ruined by th spirit of æsthetic devastation that is th peculiar gift of our fellow-countrymen One and all they have been devitalized their natural charm and degraded.

The test of any place's charm, I dares is to imagine a civilized Continental bei happy there. Try to imagine such a fell at any of the places I have mentione Take California, for instance. The arg ment most commonly heard about Ca fornia is that it would be all right if one contemplation of the beauty of the sce were not ever regularly obstructed a offended by the presence of a retired Kans or Iowa profiteer. This is largely a po A Kansas or Iowa ex-farmer may, t enough, be no lovely spectacle but, human beings go in this world, he surely no harder to look at than a Frenc man, and Frenchmen have never yet spoil the French vista. What has ruined Ca fornia, save in two spots, is not the pre ence of these American images of Jehov but the mood that they have brought in the State with them. The mood of Ca fornia, even up to ten years ago, was o of easy and gracious peace. Today, it that of an Elk driving a Ford. Where on

re orange groves are now only realty velopment projects. Along the once un- iled southern coast, a Riviera trans- nted to the Pacific, are now thousands large red-painted atrocities heralding e merits of women's corsets and men's oking tobaccos. Everywhere are ten- it roller coasters, hit-the-nigger-in-the- ad games, shoot-the-chutes and Ferris heels. The highways are dotted with ichita-Mexican and Omaha-Spanish ar- itectural debauches. Down the lovely nding sea road toward Playa del Reyo d San Pedro, on a high green wooded l overlooking the arm of the ocean that ches out to enfold within it the most autiful coast line this side of Port Limon d Costa Rica, there stands—a tea-room!

Au Naturel.—The latest cure for all hu- n ills, whether of mind or body—the max to osteopathy, chiropractic, phys- iltopathy, Kneippism, Fletcherism, deep eathing, vegetarianism, anti-vaccination, hlatterism, Christian Science, psycho- alysis, Prohibition, Fabianism, Kaffee- g and denicotinized cigarettes—bears e label *Nachtkultur* or, in its English and nerican incarnation, gymnosophy. Ac- rding to this newest philosophical pro- ylactic, the trouble with the human ce is that it wears clothes. Gymnosophy voeates, in brief, as an alleviation of all ortal distress, the practice of nudity of oth sexes in common, for hygienic, social nd æsthetic reasons. In Germany, where, ce the dill pickle, it had its origin, it has eady gained favor in various localities, rticularly in those where the police are verted and kept busy by Wedekind ays and French spies, and in England nd America, I am informed, there are at ast a half dozen groups currently engaged a devotion to it.

In a pamphlet announcing the bible the new order, the work of Maurice armelee, Ph.D., member of the Institut nternational de Sociologie, fellow of the merican Association for the Advance- ent of Science and member of the Ameri- can Anthropological Association, the battle-cry is thus sounded: "Mankind has become largely cut off from nature, and life is too artificial, much to the detriment of health and happiness. Thus man can little know and understand himself, his fellows and his natural environment, and this ignorance causes much of the stress and strain of human existence. This situation is strikingly exemplified in the concealment of the body, which hampers the rearing of the young and gives rise to unhealthy mental complexes. The new gymnosophy endeavors to regain what mankind has lost through civilization, without rejecting anything of human, social and cultural value. Nudity aids materially in bringing mankind closer to nature and in promoting more genuine and sincere relations between the sexes."

One shudders to think what the world will be like when Dr. Parmelee's great undressing plan is universally adopted, as, of course, it is bound to be. On the therapeutic and cultural advantages of the idea I hesitate to expatiate, but its more immediate results cause me some concern. As a professional student and critic of the arts, I rise to ask if it will be required of me that I contemplate Cal Coolidge, Bill Borah and Bishop Manning in the altogether. If so, I state that I shall demand a passport for Liberia instanter. As an American citizen I am perfectly willing to be compelled to pay taxes, spend time serving on juries to free guilty bootleggers, write the necessary number of letters in behalf of the MM. Sacco and Vanzetti, and make my own gin; but this other I decline to do. In order to keep out of jail, I'll compromise on Aimée McPherson, but I draw the line somewhere. The day I have to look at Charlie Schwab and Otto Kahn in their birthday clothes, on that day shall I enlist in the Japanese secret service.

The Will to Act.—"He believes that he has discovered a new instinct, hidden from psychologists until this year of grace

—the instinct of transformation, or the instinct of theatricalization." Thus, one of the literary critics in a summation of the latest philosophical crumb of the Russian Evreinoff. That our Slav friend has actually discovered something new, however, is to be believed only by those who are unaware of John Palmer's distillations from the elaboration by Wilde of Shakespeare's meditations upon the same subject. Taking the latter's familiar "All the world's a stage," Wilde pursued the truth further in his equally familiar treatise on nature's invariable imitation of art. And taking Wilde's animadversions as a springboard, Palmer splashed around amusingly in the theory that so great was life's imitation of the drama that when a man found his wife had been unfaithful to him he generally met the situation with a line out of a Pinero play. All that Evreinoff has done is to expand Palmer's idea, originally set forth brilliantly in an essay in the *Saturday Review*, into a book. And as a book, whatever its shortcomings, always makes much more impression than an essay—in the same way that a skyscraper always makes much more impression than a smaller building, however superior architecturally the latter,—we find Evreinoff hailed as a profound fellow the while Palmer is brushed aside.

The impulse toward theatricalization has long been as habitual to human beings as their impulse to lie to themselves in most other directions. It begins in childhood with boys playing the rôles of Indians, firemen and policemen, and with little girls "playing house" and mothering doll babies; it continues into adolescence with an imitation in dress and deportment of objects of their admiration; it goes on into the twenties with boys patterning their conduct after celebrated football heroes and movie actors, and girls patterning theirs, in turn, after the heroines of romance; it grows, rather than diminishes, with age's coming and finds men and women offering to the world spurious and somewhat idealized projections of themselves, that the world may be persuaded to accept them for what they actually are not. It is thus that we have the Napoleon complex in countless business men, the Valentino complex in innumerable fake cavaliers, the Nietzsche complex in various jitney radicals, the Tunney complex in weaklings—after they have swallowed a couple of cocktails—and the Cleopatra face-powder and lip rouge of shop-girls, together with Turkish incense attempting to lend an Oriental air to Harlem flats, clerks dressing themselves up to look like an approximation to the Prince of Wales, bowlegged and knock-kneed women trying to shortskirt themselves into the wallop of a Peggy Joyce and thousands of Fords equipping themselves with twenty-five-dollar foghorns and hoping to convince startled pedestrians that they are Hispano-Suizas.

The tremendous jump in the trade of interior decoration, with its penchant for converting bed-rooms of the Benjamin Harrison period into Du Barry boudoirs and Grand Rapids sitting-rooms into George Alexander drawing-rooms, marks simply the growing tendency to bring the stage into the American home. So, too, does the increase in the use of soft lamps, and the increase of English servants, and the increase in triangular emotional sport. In the way of individuals, it was at times almost impossible to distinguish William Jennings Bryan from Robert B. Mantell, just as it is at times difficult to distinguish between the Hon. Mr. Dawes and a dress rehearsal of "What Price Glory?" A Mrs. Snyder plays the rôle of a Paul Armstrong heroine; a Governor of the State of New York acts the rôle of a Paul Bourget hero; a hundred thousand little stenographers droop their mouths like Dolores Costello and drink their bosses to drink making Mae Murray bed-room eyes. Small wonder that theatrical and moving picture censorship is a grim necessity.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

O'Neill's Finest Play

THE play which he calls "Strange Interlude" and upon which he has just put the ishing touches, Eugene O'Neill has itten the finest, the profoundest drama his entire career, a drama, I believe, that s not been surpassed by any that Europe s given us in recent years and certainly none that has been produced in America. to this work he has poured his accumution of dramaturgic skill, his mounting ility in the flow and fire of dramatic nglish, his increasing invention and all e wisdom of life, with all its admixture hopeful cynicism and hopeless exaltaon, that he has garnered since first he set mself to convert the American theatre to something worthy of the attention of telligent men and women. Here is a play side which his antecedent work—beside hich his "The Emperor Jones," "The reat God Brown" and other more imortant drama—seems trivial; a play beide which even the more latterly and brilant "Marco Millions" pales and beside hich the directly previous "Lazarus aughed" seems a completely negligible oduct. Like "Marco Millions," it will obably be presented by the Theatre uild some time before the season of 1928 as run its course.

That the Theatre Guild has at last and latedly had the comprehension and gumption to offer O'Neill a hearing brings one regard that organization with a more ordial sympathy than has hitherto been lt for it. For it so long to have posed a esire to present the best that there was American drama and to have regularly jected O'Neill's plays in favor of such ird-rate native stuff as, with one exception, it has offered, was surely not to inspire confidence among most of us. If anyone must produce O'Neill's plays, it is the Guild, as it is hardly appropriate that the genius of America's first dramatist should be left largely to the chance and hazard of semi-amateur groups and theatres hidden up mews and alleys like so many speakeasies. That O'Neill should have had so hard a time getting his plays produced is one of the blackest marks against the native theatre. The story of the difficulties that he has encountered is too familiar to call for reiteration, yet one or two points may not be generally known.

Mr. Otto Kahn, for instance, the self-constituted and distinctly audible patron of aspiring dramatic talent, has regularly been deaf to every appeal made to him to support anything that O'Neill has done. He has not been loath to back such absurd enterprises as the so-called Playwrights' Theatre with its schoolboy Expressionism, or the Hanlon Brothers species of circus spectacles put on at the Century, or sensational box-office dramatizations of best sellers—all fertile in publicity and some in mazuma—but O'Neill he has run from as from the pox. The reason for this I do not know and can only guess at. A backer of the O'Neill drama would naturally find that O'Neill himself would get all the space in the newspapers, where a backer of John Howard Lawson and other such boys might rest assured that there would be a lot left over for himself. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that Mr. Kahn abruptly declined to give a cent toward the production of "Desire Under the Elms," for example, on the ground that the play was utterly no good, or toward that of "The Great God Brown," on the professorial ground that—to quote him—it was "bad theatre," or—and this is the

master touch—toward that of "Marco Millions" on the lofty æsthetic principle that no man in the world could, like the Marco Polo of the play, spend a night on a ship with the lovely Princess Kokachin without having an affair with her! O'Neill, incidentally, was compelled at the last moment to dig down into his own pocket for a thousand dollars in order to allow the curtain of "The Great God Brown" to go up. When Mr. Kahn turned his haughty critical shoulder upon this play, he asked O'Neill why he didn't give up writing such things and turn his hand instead to something which he, Kahn, might be proud to endorse. And what was this something? O'Neill timidly wished to know. A play apotheosizing American big business and the American business man—a man like Mr. Kahn, for example, came the reply. O'Neill coughed, and bowed himself from the great presence. His answer was to write "Marco Millions," the sourest and most magnificent poke in the jaw that American big business and the American business man have ever got.

II

"Strange Interlude" brings to the drama a technical innovation over which its author has long been pondering, to wit, a combination of the method of the novel and that of the drama. O'Neill's attempt is to show us not only what his characters say and do, but also what they often think while they are speaking and acting. In other words, what is actually going through their minds while they are conducting themselves in this way and that, ways that are sometimes hardly indicative of their real impulses. We had a foreshadowing of this method in "The Great God Brown": there it was embodied in the mask device of revealing the outward and inner aspects of the characters. But here there are no masks, save in a metaphorical sense. Here O'Neill employs parenthetical speech to give us the truth of character and attitude that is hidden behind the fore-veil of passion and doubt, of equivoque and hypocrisy. Superficial criticism will perhaps persuade itself to believe that this stratagem is little more than an amplification of the old soliloquy, yet it is nothing of the sort. The soliloquy, in general, was and is simply a character's statement to himself of the reasons for an act just accomplished or presently planned; in the O'Neill play we have meditation and act as things often completely dissociated from each other. That is to say, we have overt act commented upon and criticized by covert thought, and—in the audience's imagination—synchronously.

Again, facile criticism may find in the device merely our old friend, the so-called aside. But, again, it is no more precisely a development of the aside than it is of the soliloquy, save in a skin-deep sense. To dub it such is to pose the same criticism against certain portions of James Joyce's "Ulysses," which, incidentally, would seem to have exercised a considerable influence on O'Neill. Also, snap-judgment criticism may argue that a sound dramatist should have no need for recourse to such a dodge and should be able to indicate his characters' thoughts in the details and acts of those characters, in a word, to suggest them without stating them. This would be true enough in many cases, but it is not and could not be true in the specific case of O'Neill's play for the reason that he aims at an elaborate clinical psychological study of his characters and an automatic commentary upon and analysis of them, and the established methods of dramatic writing would not meet his needs. In order to fashion the peculiar job he had in mind, it was necessary for him to devise a technique through which to funnel it; his play simply could not be written in the way other plays had been written; if it was to be written at all, this was the only way to do it. This fact will, I dare say, become readily apparent when one sees the play on the stage. In a sketchy description such as the present one, it is impossible to present O'Neill's scheme

with plausibility and conviction. As well have tried some years ago to make persons believe in a few hundred words that Strindberg's "Dream Play" would seem what it seemed when finally they saw it on the stage, or that prestidigitators could actually appear to saw women in two.

"Strange Interlude" is divided into nine acts and will take longer to play, save cuts are arbitrarily made in it, than Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." It might be played in two successive evenings or it may be played—as doubtless it will be—with the curtain rising at six o'clock and with the audience being allowed time off for dinner at the conclusion of Part I and before the beginning of Part II. But, so far as I can judge from a reading of the script, the producers will need have no fear that the audience will linger unduly over its coffee and cigars.

III

The play has only eight characters: Professor Henry Leeds, his daughter Nina, Charles Marsden, Dr. Darrell, Sam Evans, Gordon Evans, son of Sam and Nina, Sam Evans's mother and Madeline Arnold, the son's fiancée. The first act takes place in the library of Leeds's house in a small university town of New England on an afternoon in the late Summer of 1919. Marsden, a tall, thin, second-rate novelist of thirty-five, meticulously dressed and with an indefinable feminine quality about him—though this is not apparent in either his appearance or act—a friend of the Leeds family for many years, meditates on the Leeds he has known since his father brought him to this dark house at the age of six; on Nina's aviator fiancé, Gordon, killed in the war; on Nina's desolation; on his own sexless but persistent love for the girl, years younger than he; on his own tortured, unrealized sex life among the phantoms; and again on Gordon and Nina. "What must her thoughts be when she thinks—Gordon leaving her for the war—shot down two days before the Armistice—his wonderful body that was to be her lover now a charred bone in a buried cage of twisted steel?" The old professor, Nina's father, brings out his daughter's morose bitterness, her physical despair: "The morning news of Gordon's death came—her face like gray old putty—beauty gone—no face can afford intense grief—it's only later in the calm stage . . . wandering from room to room with gutted, God-abandoned eyes." And then the gradual change in the girl: "Refuses to be thoughtful or serious—in fact, jeers at everything, and laughs a great deal—not her old lovely laughter, but forced and strained—and not good to hear." As he speaks, one hears his hidden thoughts. It is he who is responsible for his daughter's condition, for it was he who had privately told her young man that marriage was temporarily impossible and had driven him off, for selfish reasons, to his death. As the two men, each knowing what is in the other's mind, speak yet avoid the spoken truth, Nina, a girl of twenty, enters. "Her eyes since Gordon's death have the quality of continually shuddering before some terrible enigma, wounded to their depths, made defiant and resentful by their pain, then fleeing pitifully back to hide behind themselves." The three, father, daughter and Marsden, battle against one another with the acid of their self-counsel. Fear, hate and vindictive cowardice play out, beneath the negligible spoken words, their silent and quivering drama. Does his daughter know what Leeds has done? Slowly it dawns upon the men that she does. She will leave this house and her father. The latter, still dissembling, seeks to restrain her, but to no avail. Through the girl's morbid mind runs the course she must take. She who was cheated of her lover must atone to him by being in turn lover to the war's maimed and crippled—"What is left of me? What use is my life to me or anyone? But I must make it of use—by giving it to others." She who denied her lover and was denied his body on that eve of final parting will seek absolution and re-

venge, and perhaps forgetfulness, in giving her passion to her dead lover's sick and battered companions in arms.

Act II is laid in the same scene. It is night of the Autumn of the following year. Marsden sags wearily in the chair of the now dead professor. His tormenting thoughts hover about Nina, for whom his impotent love stubbornly persists, and about the threats she has made against her own chastity. The body of Leeds lies upstairs, awaiting the daughter's coming. When finally come she does, Marsden beholds a woman whose voice and laughter have become offensive weapons with which she immediately strikes in order to forestall the always-expected attack. With her is the doctor, Darrell, a fellow in the late twenties, together with the blond, boyish Evans, a classmate of Nina's dead lover. To Evans, no less than to Nina, the latter was a god; to Marsden and to Darrell, an object of more or less jealous envy. Always Gordon, Gordon, Gordon—like a spectre at the elbow of the still living. O'Neill reveals now the thoughts of the three men as they appraise one another, and of Nina as she, in turn, appraises them. Marsden wonders as to the nature of Darrell's relations with Nina; Evans is blindly, romantically in love with the girl; Marsden, flapping his impotent wings, tortures his impotence with speculations regarding Nina's immediate past; Darrell's cool scientific eye penetrates the several masks about him; Nina herself, giving way more and more to a morbid longing for martyrdom where her love-life is concerned and colder even than Darrell, tells—out of Evans's hearing—the story of her passionless surrenders, tearing at Marsden's heart with the dirty finger-nails of pitiless truth. There is, think Marsden and Darrell, but one way to save her from the future: she must marry young Evans. In a child there will be an outlet for her sacrificial madness. As for Nina, she sees in the innocent, adoring Evans an easy, pitiable refuge.

The action passes now to the Evans homestead in Northern New York. It is seven or eight months later. Nina, married, still cannot get the image of her dead lover out of her mind. To the house come Marsden, still the Crocker Harrington, still weakly, vainly, contemptuously, but irresistibly drawn to Nina, and tormented as ever by the thought mosquitoes of the soul. It develops that Nina is to have a baby, and a dim trace of happiness comes over the household. But presently, through young Evans's mother, she learns of the insanity of her husband's forebears and of the fate that must confront any child that is his. In a scene mad with the collision of madder thoughts, she sees her hope for a comfortable oblivion go glimmering. To bear the marked child is impossible. It must be got rid of. And again the relentless memory of the dead Gordon, now that the one fleeting hope of momentary forgetfulness is gone, comes to claim her corroded mind as its own.

It is an evening in the following Winter about seven months later—and once more in the dead professor's study. Evans does not know what his wife has done. His time is consumed trying helplessly to lift himself out of the sucking quicksands of failure. But his blind adoration of Nina never halts. Still he hopes for a child. "I'll never worry again about her loving me if I'd know then!" Nina meditates his pure soul, and bitterness mingles with her pity for him. Gradually there comes to her the thought that there is only one thing that she can do to bring to him the share of happiness she owes him and, to herself, the single chance of banishing the ever-dominant and agonizing phantom of her lost lover. She will have a baby by another man. Her thoughts turn to the young doctor, Darrell. Of him she asks advice calmly, impersonally. But gradually into their discourse creeps the personal note. Darrell battles with his scruples, with the ghost of the dead Gordon driving the woman on for all her not realizing it, with the self-torture that lies at the bottom of her every thought and act. "I dreamed the baby would grow up into a second Gordon

t seemed at times that Gordon must be his ather," he hears her whisper to herself. His own thoughts swirl back and forth; his eyes covet the woman before him, but his honor, his debt to his young friend, her husband, restrains him. The woman edges in and around him, with deliberation and steel-like resolve. "Evans and his wife," go Darrell's thoughts, "have a right to happiness. If life does not give it to them, it is their right to take it. Everyone has a right to happiness"—his eyes again fasten themselves on the woman's beauty—"*I* have a right!" Evans must never know—to let him know, their twin thoughts tell them, would be insanely cruel and stupid, for then no one could be happier for her act.

We are next in the sitting-room of a small house that Evans has rented in a seashore suburb near New York. It is a bright morning in the April of 1922. Nina no longer gives out an impression of neurotic strain; she seems nerveless and deeply calm; her body is placidly sure of its restfulness. Her baby is soon to be born. Her only disturbing thought is the feeling that, fight against it as she will, she has come to love Darrell, its father. Darrell himself has gone about the business between them more or less rationally and without thought of unduly prolonging their relations. But Nina cannot persuade herself to accept the situation quite so simply. Evans is still the humbled and overly assertive failure. Contempt and tenderness are combined in his wife's attitude toward him: contempt for his empty and futile ambitions, tenderness for his trust and weakness. The woman can hardly contain her impatience over Darrell's delay in coming to her. When finally he appears, one sees an older man in him, an expression of defensive bitterness and self-resentment about his mouth and eyes. But this vanishes into one of desire and joy as he sees Nina who, in turn, forgetting Evans's presence, almost betrays herself. The secret thoughts of Darrell and Nina now dramatize the situation, the former's a combination of lust, of admiration and of hatred of himself, the latter's a combination of longing and of fear for the other's thoughts. Both feel the growth of a dismaying and dangerous love; both fight to hide it and, in the very hiding, reveal it. Confession can no longer be held back, and they are in each other's arms. At this juncture Marsden enters. His mother, to whose apron-strings he has been tied throughout his life, is dead, and he is more pathetically *sine ictu* than ever. Darrell welcomes the intrusion, as it allows him to get himself in hand again. Marsden's thoughts read the man and woman before him and, reading them, add to his already long and helpless agony of body and mind. Again the dead Gordon's image crosses Nina's mind and, caught by Darrell, fans him into a jealousy even as he, in turn, has fanned Marsden.

With Marsden gone, Nina and Darrell confront each other. Brushing every other thought from her, she tells Darrell that she can stand the situation no longer. She will divorce Evans and Darrell, whom she loves and who is the father of her baby, must marry her. He rebels. He admits his love for her, but he cannot bring himself to add further to Evans's humiliation. Yet even as he speaks his thoughts tell him that he himself should not suffer humiliation by allowing Evans to take the credit for the child. Evans comes in and Darrell begins to shout the truth to him, only to be checked by the feeling that Nina is making a fool of him. He announces presently that he is going abroad and quietly tells Evans —Nina has left the room—that he is about to become a father. The blind Evans is hysterical with joy and, upon his wife's reappearance a moment later, seizes her in his arms. Bewildered and terror-stricken, she wonders if Evans has gone crazy or if Darrell, who has slammed the door behind him, has told him the truth. Evans's inarticulateness only adds to her dread and bepuzzlement. She cannot know whether it is happiness or madness that he feels. Gradually she learns from him that he has innocently accepted Darrell's lie. She can-

not stand the deceit. She is about to tell him when pity for him overtakes her and, with thoughts crying out their love for Darrell, she allows him to bury his foolishly proud head at her breast.

Thus ends the first part of the play.

IV

A year passes; the scene is the same. But the ugliness of the house has passed also: it has acquired a cozy, middle-class prosperity, as though it definitely belonged to the people who lived in it. Nina, her husband and Marsden are present. The woman has grown older. While the traces of suffering are on her face, there are also contentment and calm there. Evans's self-conscious inferiority has disappeared; he is healthy and self-satisfied; there is about him a look of strength, of a determined will moving toward ends it is confident that it can achieve. Marsden has aged greatly. Nina's baby has been born. Through Marsden's mind course puzzled thoughts of the change that has come over this house and these people, thoughts that virulently flow toward and ebb from Darrell. Evans is full of his new business enterprises; the baby's coming has given him the faith that he previously lacked; he is now courageous and self-reliant and head-high. The sexless Marsden, still writing his lifeless, second-rate novels, continues, the while her physical life disgusts him, in his dog-like, romantic veneration of Nina. Waiting, waiting . . . but for what? He tortures himself with imagining the passion that the woman has given to other men but that, even were it to be given to him, he would not be able to accept. He tortures himself further by insinuating to the woman that he suspects the secret of her child, the while praying fervently to himself that he is wrong. Darrell's name is presently mentioned; he has been heard from. Nina cannot hide her curiosity. Discreetly she coaxes out news of him, fighting meanwhile to convince herself that she loves the husband whom she knows she does not love. Accounts of Darrell's affair with women abroad stab her to the quick Marsden observes. Nina catches the drift of his mind. But there is something he is hiding. Darrell has returned? Darrell is coming to this house? She has difficulty in suppressing her excitement.

Darrell arrives. He has returned from abroad that morning. It is apparent that he has been unable to forget Nina and that his desire for her has been uncontrollable. The same thing is apparent in the woman's case. Through the heads of both, the while the thoughts of Marsden play a malevolent and pained counterpoint, crowd the cravings that will not be stilled, though their overt actions remain circumspect. Yet through thought and act the haunt of the dead Gordon remains in the woman. Marsden now realizes that Darrell has been Nina's lover. His suspicions as to the baby become now transmuted into fact. Darrell can feel the killing hatred in the other's thoughts. Nina is at the crossroads. Shall she go with Darrell or remain with Evans? The moment Marsden leaves, she is in Darrell's embrace. Darrell demands that Nina tell her husband the truth of their child's paternity. Nina refuses. Darrell repeats his demand. Nina, hard as ice and coldly calculating, compromises with him. She will preserve her husband's peace and happiness by keeping him in ignorance, but she will preserve her own and Darrell's peace and happiness by giving the latter her passion. Darrell pushes her from him and announces that he will smash her calculating game for her by telling her husband what he has hitherto held back. Evans enters. Darrell opens his mouth to speak, but cannot. "Memory is too full of echoes. . . . Memory is lined with mirrors."

Eleven years pass. The scene is the Evans's Park avenue apartment. Evans has been successful in the world; Nina's child —she has named him Gordon—is now eleven. Nina is thirty-five, in the bloom of her womanhood. The boy Gordon is a strong, handsome youngster. Darrell, grown stout and a bit puffy under the eyes, and

ina sit watching him play with his birth-
y toys. Through the youngster's mind
ns a dislike for Darrell. Through Nina's
e perception of her lover's decline and
e hope that her child will grow to be
like him and like her Gordon who was
lled and, in being killed, killed her.
hrough Darrell's the emptiness of things
they have turned out for him, the desire
ly to rust nicely and unobtrusively. As
e two guilty human beings sit there, the
ild's thoughts timidly approach the na-
re of the feeling Darrell has had for his
other. Gradually he works himself up to
fury that begins to burst when Darrell
akes light of his father and that finally
rsts when he sees the man kiss his
other. As O'Neill has contrived it, this
one of the finest episodes of the play.
ere, I can only roughly suggest it. Dar-
ll still cannot reconcile himself to losing
e child. Nor can he reconcile himself to
aving Nina. But, though the love be-
ween them is not dead, there is no other
urse left. Marsden, coming upon the
ene at this moment, is made to suffer the
unt of Darrell's bitterness. "Two bad
nnies, eh, Marsden? Counterfeits—fakes
-Evans's silent partners." The boy Gor-
on, unable to get the hatred of Darrell
t of his mind, unable to get the thought
that kiss which he has seen out of his
ead, seizes the toy that Darrell has sent
him as a birthday gift and smashes it
bits at Darrell's feet.

Ten years later; an afternoon in June; the
terdeck of Evans's cruiser anchored in the
ne of yachts near the finish line at Pough-
eepsie. Nina is forty-five, her hair com-
letely white, her beauty desperately rely-
g upon make-up. Darrell seems to have
rown back, in individual quality, to the
oung doctor we saw at the house of
ina's father. Marsden is definitely old.
vans is simply Evans, his type logically
eveloped and accentuated by ten years of
ontinuing success and accumulating
ealth. Nina's son, Gordon, is stroking
ne of the contesting crews. The race is
bout to start. Evans is in a lather of idi-
otic excitement; his theoretical son is, to him, the race's one and only feature. In Nina's mind, there is but one thought: that she is about to lose her boy to another woman, his intended wife. Darrell discerns the bitterness growing in her heart. The act passes in the silent warfare of the group's meditations, to which—with what must prove to be a remarkably powerful stage effect—the crescendo cheers and sirens of the race's spectators serve as counterpoint and lead to a bomb-bursting climax. In these meditations, all the hard cruelty and futility of the characters' emotions and lives are focused. Here O'Neill cuts open their hearts and lets the blood out. Nina, her son about to leave her, her lover able to view her objectively, her husband lost to her in his engulfing interest in her boy. Poor Marsden still hanging pathetically, sexlessly to the crass illusion of one woman. Darrell himself again—but to what end, what use? Evans in a fat, ridiculous second-childhood. Life fingers its nose sardonically at all of them, and their minds grope baffled for a palliative retort. But there is none. And the image of the dead Gordon, reborn again in the boy stroking the winning eight, casts its portentous and irremovable shadow over the sorry puppets, their past, their present and what is left of their future. In the excitement of the race, Evans is seized with apoplexy and, as the son he imagines to be his own crosses the finish line, goes slowly to death.

The brief last act passes on a terrace of the Evans estate in Long Island, several months later. It is late afternoon of a day in the early Autumn. The son, Gordon, and his fiancée are about to leave. The boy's eyes still cannot get out of them the vision of his mother's lover, Darrell, nor the thought that in the dead Gordon lay the true and only heart of her. In a scene that O'Neill has never excelled, the boy confronts Darrell and then his mother and tells them the forgiving truth of them as he sees it. Then at length out of the background comes Marsden, still lugging his

impotent illusion after him. "We'll be married—in the afternoon," and he takes Nina's worn hand in his. "I've already picked out the church, dear Nina Cara Nina—a tiny ivied chapel full of restful shadow, symbolical of the peace we have found. The crimsons and purples in the windows will stain our faces with faded passion. It must be in the hour before sunset when the earth dreams only in afterthoughts. . . ."

V

But no such barbarous and meagre outline of "Strange Interlude" can offer an adequate idea of what actually is deep within it. If ever a play could not have its intrinsic tale taken from the stage and set so upon paper, this is such a one. I can only suggest—and I fear clumsily and not a little foolishly—the general outlines of it, with no hint of what is between the lines. That is the difficulty. For "Strange Interlude" is a drama written entirely between the lines; the external action is of small matter. What the play gives us is the story of woman and the story of love and the story of all miserable, beautiful, tangled and chaotic life, profoundly wrought out of an artist's experience and played upon by the brilliant lights of his deep-running mind. The story of "Hamlet" put upon paper is inevitably no less crude and even ridiculo than the story of a play like this. Only t second-rate in drama may be satisfactori retailed in such a manner, for the secon rate is sufficiently obvious in its details a in its whole. To know "Strange Interlud one must eavesdrop at its characte thoughts, not spy merely upon th actions.

And what is the import of the pla That, too, is for each person who sees to deduce after his own fashion. To som it will be summed up in the line: "He w passes beyond all desire has all the luck last." To others, it will be found in t line: "Old scars must be pointed out wi pride, to prove to ourselves that we ha been brave and noble." To still others, will rest in the line: "There is a secret gl ness in someone else's death; it flatters t vanity and makes one feel superior beca one is still living." To yet others, it w be dredged out of the line: "Being hap is the nearest we can ever come to kno ing what good is"—or, on the other ha from the line: "One must not learn cry for happiness!" But whatever brings to "Strange Interlude" out of fulness of one's life and whatever one fa with one from it, it will be found to one of the most distinguished pieces dramatic writing that our American st has known.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

What Constitutes a State?

IE MODERN STATE, by R. M. MacIver. $7. 8⅛ x 5½; 504 pp. Oxford: *The Clarendon Press.*

R. MacIver accepts Rousseau's doctrine at the state is a function of "the general ill," but he sees clearly that this general ill also has other agencies, and that some them, for this purpose or that, are far ore efficient. It is not a sign of communal ell-being when men turn to their govern- ent to execute all their business for them, at rather a sign of decay, as in the United ates today. The state, indeed, is but one the devices that a really healthy com- unity sets up to manage its affairs. It has the essential character of a corpora- on," and, like any other corporation, it rigidly limited in its powers. If it differs om all others, it is only in degree, not kind. It links them together as a holding rporation links together a group of ublic-service companies, and in addition is a sort of catch-all for duties that none ther can conveniently perform. But its ill is no more separate from that of the tizens who maintain and defend it than ie will of an ordinary corporation is sep- rate from that of its stockholders. It has, hile it functions, certain high privileges, ut it has no inherent rights, at least in odern times. Behind it lies the commu- ity, which has no formal organization, ut represents "that unity of society, that asis of order which reflects the common eeds and the common nature of social eings." The community, when it so wills, ay change the nature and functions of the tate; it may even, at least theoretically, bolish the state. Upon its bosom the ld concept of sovereignty gasps out a ast breath, smothered in checks and alances.

Here is a simple and charming doctrine, and Dr. MacIver maintains it with great learning and a fine show of persuasiveness. He is, it appears quickly, a firm partisan of democracy, and he apparently believes, along with the Liberals of our own unhappy land (he is himself a Canadian), that the cure for the evils which democracy still reveals to political pathologists is more democracy. Unluckily, this cast of mind leads him inevitably into assuming that there is a basic and radical difference, almost as great as that distinguishing black from white, between democratic government and any other kind of government. It seems to me that this is not so—more, that it is obviously and indisputably not so. The aims of all governments, whatever their names or forms, are precisely the same, at all times and everywhere. The first and foremost of them is simply to maintain the men constituting the government in their positions of power, that they may live gloriously at the expense of the people they govern, and enjoy all the honors and usufructs that go therewith. There may be other purposes in them from time to time, but those purposes are transient, and most of them are insincere. Good government, whether democratic or otherwise, is no more than a bone thrown to the dupes of all government; the motives behind it are not philanthropic or altruistic, but lie in enlightened self-interest. The natural tendency of every government is to grow steadily worse—that is, to grow more satisfactory to those who constitute it and less satisfactory to those who support it. When it moves in the other direction, it is no more than a sign that it has been, of late, too bad to be endured docilely—that its future safety demands some concession to the

desires and interests of those upon whom it preys.

This simple fact, it seems to me, should be plain to every student of human society, but it is seldom mentioned in the books. Nearly all of the authors of these books, starting out, like Dr. MacIver, from the sound position that government is a mere agency of society, begin to confuse it straightway with lesser and more direct agencies: they make it an agent in the crude sense that a bootblack or a barber is an agent. It is, of course, nothing of the kind; it is rather an agent after the fashion of the United States Steel Corporation. The Steel Corporation is not primarily devoted, nor even principally, to manufacturing steel for the American people, and so meeting one of their basic needs; it is devoted to making profits for itself. The price at which it sells steel is not determined by the intrinsic value of steel to the consumer; it is determined by his capacity to pay. If it appeared tomorrow that greater profits could be made by raising the price to such a level that housewives would have to go back to bone darning-needles and their husbands to flint razors—in other words, to such a level that the great majority of people could buy no steel at all—the company, failing intervention by the police power, would go to that level instantly. And if it were found that profits could be augmented by reducing the price, the price would be reduced. In other words, such a corporation is quite without genuine public purpose, and even quite amoral. It is bad whenever it can be bad profitably and safely; it is good whenever being good brings a reward.

The body of prehensile men constituting the government of every civilized state is a corporation of precisely the same character. What they have to sell to their customers is a form of service that is necessary to the orderly functioning of society, but they do not produce it as an altruistic act; they produce it for sale. Their aim is to get as much as they can for as little of it as will meet the deman When the times are running well for the they forget their customers altogether a devote themselves almost wholly to the own advantage and profit; when times a evil they are forced to consider the d contents across the counter. Now a then, true enough, their single-mind devotion to this selfish end is corrupt by something that also, on occasion, co rupts the devotion of the men who ope ate other corporations, to wit, pride workmanship. But it is not often. T only workmanship that the average pr fessional politician takes any pride in that kind which fools his dupes and keeps him in his job. He is quite willi if he knows it will make him secure, give those dupes what he knows will bad for them. There is no professio conscience in him; he has no princip and no pruderies. When the majority American politicians became convin that inflicting Prohibition upon the Am ican people would make their jobs s they got converted to the dry revelat overnight, though not to the extent abstaining themselves. Now, with tide beginning to turn, multitudes of th leap to the other side.

This eager leaping is often depicted apologists for democracy, as a laud docility: the agent is said to be virtu when he heeds the orders of his princip But it must be obvious that this is pop cock. The agent seldom gets direct or from his principals; moreover, he sel regards them as his principals; they simply the victims of his skill at his tr which is that of getting and holding o His orders, nine times out of ten, actu come from other agents, *e.g.*, the A Saloon League, the labor unions, the ganized farmers, the banks, or what His success in preying upon his victim largely, if not mainly, due to his arra ments with these other agents. He serve them in return for their service him. He can serve them by facilita their exploitation of the plain citi

ho hold the bag for all. Government us becomes an agency of divided objec- ves. The men constituting it must render rtain services to the people who support em, lest their franchise to govern be ken away altogether, but beyond that inimum they chiefly devote themselves exchanging advantages with the men other groups—groups designed, like e government group itself, to wring ofits out of the general masses of citizens. is folly to view government in any her way. When it is bad, *i.e.*, wasteful, pressive and useless, it is not diseased, r that is its natural state. It is good only ansiently, and as a means of enabling it be safely worse tomorrow. Here the blic jobholder is exactly like any other ferior man. His primary interest is a rrow self-interest. There is no man who less an unselfish patriot, for unselfish triotism can have no other end than e diminution of the profits of the trade which he has consecrated his time and s talents. He can no more be altruistic d hold his office than any other corpora- on officer could be altruistic and hold his fice.

There is, among men devoted to the vernmental business, a considerable *prit de corps;* they recognize the fact that ey constitute a class separate from the neral run of men, with interests opposed those of the latter, and they stand to- ther resolutely whenever their common lvantages are menaced. In a clash before ongress between the aspirations of job- olders and the common weal, the aspira- ons of the jobholders nearly always pre- il. And in a combat before the courts etween a public official and a private citi- n, the advantages of the public official e numerous and obvious. These advan- ges, rising beyond the values that natur- lly flow out of friendly feeling and fellow terest, often show themselves in positive w, for the members of the governmental rporation differ from the men of other rporations in the capital respect that, a very large extent, they make the rules which regulate their own conduct. It was not by chance that Congress passed the statute providing that, when a Prohibition agent or other such official assassin is accused of murdering a citizen, the Federal district attorney of the district shall not prosecute but defend him. Here the job- holders of the legislative arm deliberately violated the ancient principle of equality before the law in order to give favored jobholders of the executive arm the full benefit of the natural prejudice in their favor among the district attorneys and judges of the judicial arm—men put into office, as often as not, by the very Anti- Saloon League which also appointed the criminal before them. In countless other ways the members of the governing cor- poration help one another to violate the common rights of the plain citizen. At every session of Congress there is a legis- lative assault upon the Bill of Rights for the benefit of some group or other of ad- ministrative officers, and save on very rare occasions the Federal courts always con- jure up some sophistry to justify it. It causes considerable surprise, indeed, when they fail to do so. For whatever the adum- brations of theorists, the plain man is well aware that the interests of the shift- ing group of self-seeking men constituting the government are opposed, in the main, to his own interests—in brief, that gov- ernment, in its essence, is a conspiracy against his well-being.

Sometimes, coming to a realization of this fact suddenly and by some unusually painful process, he leaps to the conclusion that all government ought to be abolished, and even, perhaps, proposes that it be done at once. But this is not a rational conclusion; it is simply a deduction from a widely popular but immensely false premise, to wit, that all diseases can be cured. This is not true. Human society is full of incurable malaises, as the human body and soul are full of incurable mal- aises. No conceivable advance in medicine will ever rid humanity of the complex of degenerations commonly called old age,

and no conceivable accumulation of knowledge will ever obliterate completely the margin of the unknown, which is to say, the margin upon which religion flourishes. In the same way, I believe, the complicated chain of extortions and false pretenses known as government will survive every effort to dispose of it, however artful and ardent. Living in society, man must face forever the capital fact that the interests of his fellows, in the overwhelming preponderance of cases, are opposed to his own interests—that whatever their ostensible aims in life, their actual aims are to get all they can out of him. If they band together in groups, sinking their differences in desires that happen to be roughly common, they will prevail against him the easier, and whether the group he confronts be called the church or the United States Steel Corporation, the American Federation of Labor or the Anti-Saloon League, the movie trust or the government, it is all one. He cannot do without these agencies, and so he cannot beat them. But it pays to see things as they are, in this as in other fields; it is comforting to apprehend an enemy as an enemy, and not as a friend. I believe that something was accomplished when pathologists began to study and understand the complex of decays known as old age, even though they will never cure it, and that something was accomplished when other men penetrated to the truth about the structure of dubious assumptions and puerile conclusions constituting dogmatic religion, though it still remains to harass the human race. In the same way I believe that we'd all be more at ease if the old naïve trust in governments and governors, and the old barbarous habit of falling down and worshipping them, were thrown overboard, and a more realistic and accurate view of them adopted.

Here, of course, I ascribe no mystical potency to the truth, as has been the hab since time immemorial of the theologia who take its name in vain. It has no inhe ent power to prevail against error; th flow of natural forces, indeed, appears t run the other way. But if it is thus nu and of no effect objectively, it is at lea laden with high subjective uses. The ma who has embraced it has undergone process of catharsis; he is measurably ha pier than he was before, even if he somewhat less comfortable. Truth is solace to him in his hours of difficulty an despair; upon its slippery rock he fee himself a safer and a better man than ev he was upon the voluptuous couch of del sion. It is a refuge on gray and grave day like beauty, hope, ambition, alcohol dilute aqueous solution, and a wife who miraculously both beautiful and intel gent, amiable and provocative. Most all, it holds the charm of the uncerta the changeable, the protean and vario Like a lovely woman, it is never quite t same two days running. I expose, tod what seems to me to be a truth abo government, the common curse of us Tomorrow it may shift a bit: there m appear in the world, by some fiat of G a politician who is palpably honest, ind trious and unselfish, and so my truth m be diluted to the extent of some mi scopic fraction of one per cent. But i not likely, and the phenomenon, if appears, is apt to be transient, like a fl of beauty in a homely woman. For truth, varying as it may, always tend oscillate around a center. It has its p of maximum verity, its axis of revolut What I argue is that it is a charming exhilarating enterprise to seek such poi and to hang couronnes of pearls upon t when they are found. Such is the pro of truth-seeking. Such is one of the durably enchanting sports ever inve by man.

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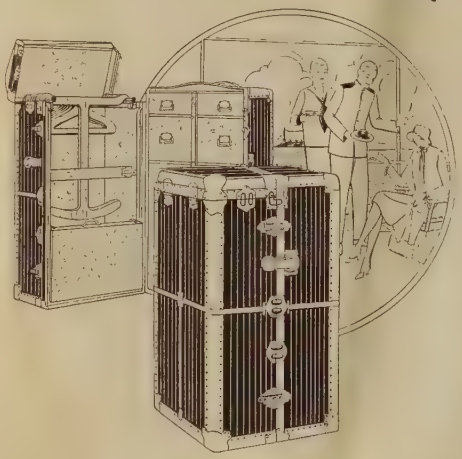

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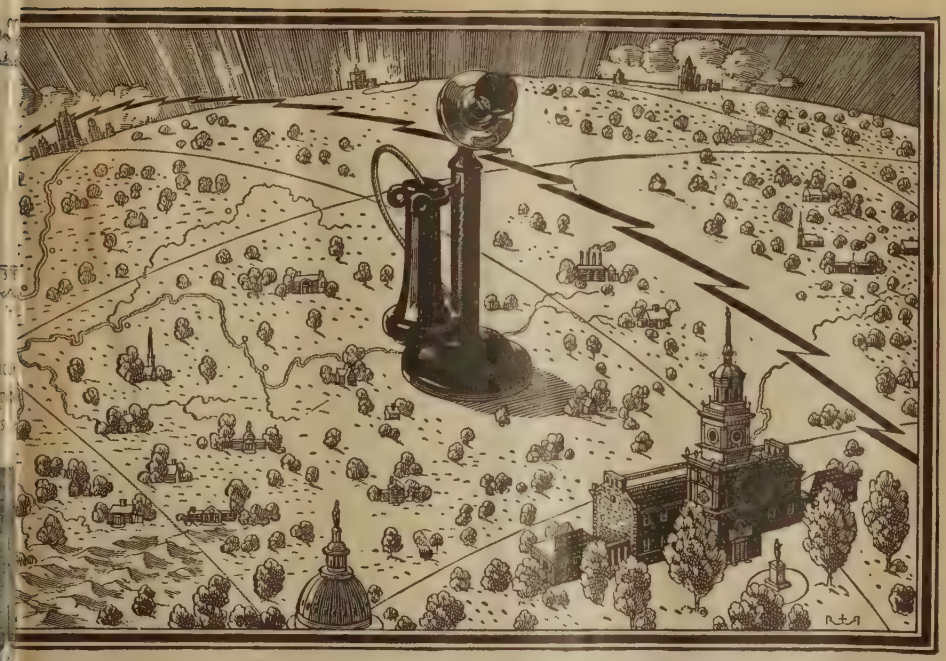
Editorial NOTES

From time to time, in this place AMERICAN MERCURY will present po of its more frequent contributors, with brief accounts of their lives and adventures in this world. The series is herewith inaugurated, appropriately enough, with a few lines about Herbert Asbury, whose first contribution, "Up From Methodism," was published in the issue for February, 1925. It caused a dreadful uproar among the customers of the Wesleyan revelation, and helped to lay the foundation of THE AMERICAN ME reputation as an organ at once of t ists and of the Pope. Later on Mr. expanded his story, and the resul book under the same title, publi 1926 and since riotously reviewed various *Christian Advocates*. Another from it, "Hatrack," was printed i sue for April, 1926. It led to the at suppression of the magazine by the wowsers, and, on their lamentable in court, to the barring of the num the mails, *ex post facto*, by the allie sers of the Postoffice. Few magazine printed in America have ever had circulation. Mr. Asbury has also

Herbert As

Continued on page xxxvi



The Traveler's Telephone

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

AMERICANS are the greatest travelers in the world. They have knit the country together by steel rails and made it the largest and most prosperous business community the world has ever seen. Business, friendship and political solidarity are maintained by personal touch, by travel and the telephone. Wherever the business man goes in this country, be it thirty miles or three thousand, he is still within earshot of his office, his family and his friends. He can get them and they can get him, and for the longest call in the United States the day rate is only $12 and the night rate is only $8.

For the Bell Telephone System is an idea in force nationally. All the instruments are designed in the largest industrial laboratory in the world and made in the same factories to the one standard of fitness. All of the telephone builders, repairers and operators are trained to the same ideal and aim; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for the nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling at all times anyone anywhere to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

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Also Obtainable In Canada
Twenty of the world's best cigarettes in one package—and they are always fresh—wrapped in heavy foil
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Marlboro Bridge Score sent free upon request.
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

uted the following: "The Passing Gangster," March, 1925; "Jim man," September, 1925; "Hearst C Atlanta," January, 1926; "Doyers June, 1926; "Brother Benjamin A August, 1926; "The Father of Prohi November, 1926; "The Palmy Methodism," December, 1926; a Old-Time Gangs of New York," i rent issue. "Brother Benjamin "The Father of Prohibition" a Palmy Days of Methodism" ente Mr. Asbury's book, "A Methodis published last March. It is a biog his great-great-uncle, Bishop Fra bury, the St. Paul of American ism. "Doyers Street," "The Passi Gangster" and "The Old-Time G New York" will be parts of his ne a history of the outstanding ga gangsters of New York City.

Mr. Asbury was born in Far Mo., in 1891. He received all of h education there, first in its public and then in the Elmwood Semin Baptist College and Carleton Col father, Samuel L., was a civil engi served as a major in the Confedera His grandfather was the Rev. Wi bury, a Methodist preacher, and h grandfather was the Rev. Danie of Virginia and North Carolina, one of the first Methodist Presidin The latter's uncle—the half broth father—was the celebrated Bisho Asbury.

Mr. Asbury has been in newspa all his life. He began in 1910 as a on the Quincy, Ill., *Journal*, the by Hiram N. Wheeler. Two years went to the Peoria, Ill., *Journal*, a and a half after that to the Atlan *Georgian*. On the latter paper h cover the Leo Frank murder case

Continued on page xxxviii

International Newsreel

Viewing a Timken railroad bearing application on display in the baggage car of the "Pioneer Limited." From left to right: President H. E. Byram of the Milwaukee Road; Mr. H. H. Timken, President of The Timken Roller Bearing Company; Mr. J. T. Gillick, Chief Operating Officer of the railroad; General Passenger Agent W. B. Dixon; and the Engineer of the train, Mr. Nicholas Kaiser.

Railroad History in the Making

w epoch in railroad history dates from May 927. On that day the "Pioneer Limited" e C. M. & St. Paul R. R. entered regular ce with every car on Timken Tapered er Bearings. A few weeks later the mpian," also completely equipped with ken Bearings, started schedule operation een Chicago and Seattle.

r before, anywhere in the world, have anti-friction bearings been used throughny Pullman train. These famous flyers of the Milwaukee Road are destined to make momentous and enduring railroad history.

The 88% reduction in starting load due to friction elimination only begins to express the value of Timken-equipped car journals. Eliminating wear, hot boxes, and by far the greater part of lubrication costs, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings with their tapered design, Timken-made Electric Steel and *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, have brought a new day in the whole field of railroad economics.

E TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
for 20 20¢
Extremely Mild

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

uary, 1915, he emigrated to New Yo became a member of the staff of th York *Press*, but when that pape butchered by the late lamented Fra Munsey in 1916 he joined the staff *Tribune*. At the outbreak of the w joined the Army as a private, and in 1918, was commissioned second-lieu of infantry and attached to the Se seventh Division. He served overse was wounded and gassed in action in command of a platoon of machin in the battle about the Vesle river several months of convalescence in and American hospitals he was hon discharged from the Army on Janua 1919. At the moment he is on the s the *Herald-Tribune*.

He has written considerable de fiction, as well as general articles. THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he has c uted to the *Red Book* and the *New* He professes to be an infidel, is a clo dent of the Bible, does not vote th hibition ticket, and dislikes the Am Legion. His chief interests, he says, the magical aspects of religion Japanese art. He has a large collect Japanese prints, and is now at wor book on the subject.

In addition to the books listed abo Asbury has also written "The Devil Ling," a mystery and horror novel on devil worship and demoniac poss He wrote the chapter on journal "Mirrors of the Year," a collect essays on the contemporary scene, by Grant Overton. The dramatic v of "Hatrack," done by Miss Maurin kins, the author of "Chicago," w produced in New York by Sam H. next Fall.

If suitable MSS. are procurable AMERICAN MERCURY will be glad to

Continued on page xl

Who's Who *among Nokol owners* in America

"To him that hath shall be given," doesn't refer to those who have wealth alone. Happily, the better things of life often go to those whose capital consists mainly of good taste, common sense, discriminating judgment.

In the list of Nokol owners you will find many of the wealthiest men of America — leaders in thought, word and action. But you will also find hundreds of families to whom the investment of several hundred dollars for automatic oil heat meant a great deal; families who considered every type of oil burner before making a final decision; families who used the same good judgment in buying an oil burner that they would use in selecting a home, a motor car, a college for son or daughter.

Here are a few prominent Nokol users

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SEWELL L. AVERY, Pres. of U. S. Gypsum Co.
ADMIRAL W. S. BENSON, U.S.N.
ALFRED C. FULLER, Pres., Fuller Brush Co.
R. E. OLDS, Pres., Reo Motor Car Co.
EDWARD S. JORDAN, Pres., Jordan Motor Car Co.
A. D. GEOGHEGAN, Mfr. Snowdrift and Wesson Oil
E. W. SEAHOLM, Chief Engineer Cadillac Motor Car Co.
WM. BUTTERWORTH, Mfr. of John Deere Plows
HENRY LELAND, Ex-Pres., Lincoln Motor Car Co.
L. P. FISHER, Pres., Cadillac Motor Car Co.
LEE DEFOREST, Radio Inventor
BISHOP J. J. HARTY, Omaha
DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, Health Com. of Chicago
F. J. HAYNES, Pres., Dodge Bros.
and 35,000 others!

The choice of those who know

It's common knowledge among oil burner salesmen that those who make a thorough investigation almost invariably choose the Nokol. Wealthy men select this pioneer because they know it numbers among its owners more prominent automotive manufacturers, more prominent engineers, architects, contractors and physicians than any other oil burner made. Men of moderate means select it because they know that, year in and year out, Nokol delivers the most economical automatic oil heat known—that in the homes of 35,000 users Nokol has made an amazing record of efficiency—that Nokol's ten years of successful operation protect their investment against the fate of the "orphan."

The Dividing Line between drudgery and comfort

For your own information you ought to know more about this remarkable oil burner. Mail the coupon today for free booklet and details of our attractive new budget plan.

New Silent

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AUTOMATIC OIL HEATING FOR HOMES

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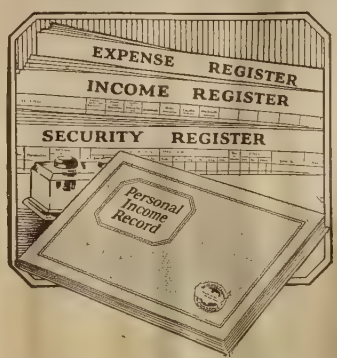

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

an occasional piece of original mus
a song or a short piano piece. The
ence will be given to composition
able and playable by performers of
genius, but there will be no con
otherwise: the Schönbergs will be
come as the Schuberts. Every MS
mitted must be sent in flat, with a s
and addressed envelope for its re
case it cannot be printed. In the ca
song, evidence must be offered th
composer has the right to use the
Cash money will be paid for the
rights to every composition printe
all other rights under the copyri
THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be
ferred to the composer one mont
publication.

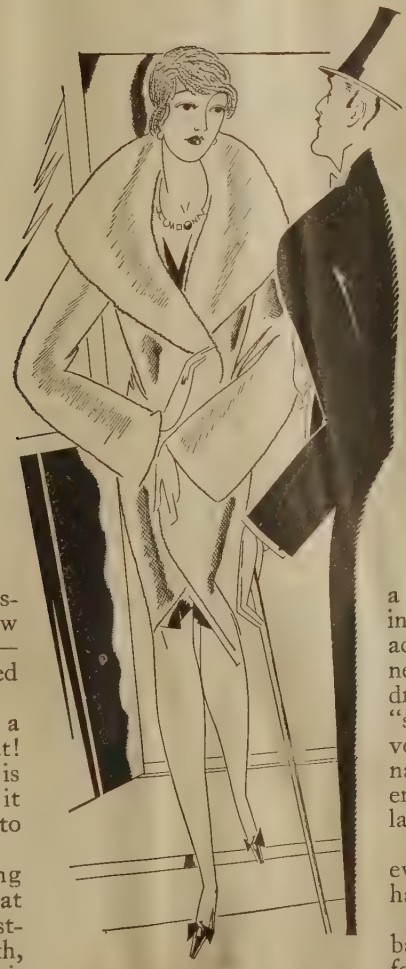
THE AMERICAN MERCURY welcom
return of Burton Rascoe to active e
work. Along with Seward B. Col
has taken over the *Bookman*, and t
issue under his editorship will be
September. Mr. Rascoe is one of th
acute and well-informed of Americ
ics, and during his days as literary
of the Chicago *Tribune*, and later
New York *Herald-Tribune*, he wa
widely read. The *Bookman* has a fin
tion behind it. When it was edited
late Harry Thurston Peck it was th
amusing literary magazine ever pu
in America. Mr. Rascoe is admirabl
to restore its old prestige and autho

From former Governor Henry J.
LL.D., of Kansas, comes the follo

"The University Travel Association of
York, as you may know, recently compl
test of the possibilities of combining re
classroom studies with the education of
on a round-the-world Floating University
experiment, I know from my own partici
in it, was eminently successful from an e
tional point of view, and has resulted i

Continued on page xlii

AT THIS NEW PACE . . .



ERTNESS is more neces-
than ever at our new
o. Life speeds up—
s rich and variegated
exciting.
t this new pace *is* a
n. No use dodging that!
now that keenness is
than ever desirable, it
mes all the harder to
always keen.
housands are finding
helpful in solving that
lem. Much dullness, list-
ess, and even ill-health,
lt from a sluggish intesti-
tract and improper elim-
ion, and from poisons
sometimes accumulate
result of dining too well.
those conditions effer-
ent, sparkling ENO is
to restore the sparkle of
g. That's why some
usiasts speak of ENO as
a "health drink." In restoring keenness to living, ENO acts with a gentle thoroughness very different from the drastic action of ordinary "salts." And its taste is very far indeed from the nauseating bitterness so generally associated with saline laxatives.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xl

establishment of the college afloat as a p
nent institution.

In annually setting down on foreign sh
large group of young Americans, the Fl
University acquires a real opportunity fo
moting international good will and under
ing. For this reason, I have acceded to a r
from the University Travel Association
serve as Chairman of a Committee on In
tional Relations for the institution. In or
promote friendly feeling abroad and to sh
some fitting gesture the university's app
tion of many kindnesses received durin
pioneer cruise, the University Travel As
tion would like to present to a number of
countries an appropriate souvenir of its
during the cruise, which sets out Septemb

The question is: What shall that gift
am writing to ask that you suggest a su
gift. It is our belief that a gift equival
spirit if not in scope to the cherry tree
bloom annually in Washington, the g
Japan, would be most fitting. It has a
been suggested that the following gifts
be appropriate: A small model of the L
Bell; a bronze statue of an American bi
small model of Independence Hall; a
American eagle. I believe that the purpos
gift is to serve is of such importance t
merits your attention personally if not offi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, unfortu
is unable to give its assent, either
ally or officially, to Governor Alle
posals. The eagle and the bison a
almost extinct, and a model of the
Bell would make any enlightened Eu
laugh. They read the papers ove
and know more about affairs in the
States than is commonly suspecte
better would be a bronze statuet
Ku Kluxer in full regalia, showi
holding aloft the severed head of th
Al Smith, LL.D. Or a copy of the
Rights engraved on a tablet of b
porphyry, showing the emendation
of late by the Anti-Saloon Leag
Methodist Board of Temperance, P
tion and Public Morals, and the S
Court. Or a large group photogr
Sacco, Vanzetti and Judge Webster T

RANK'S
5th ANNUAL

CRUISE DE LUXE
Jan. 25, 1928

MEDITERRANEAN

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from front advertising sectio
page xxx

MISCELLANEOUS

DER AMERIKANISHE JOURNALISMUS.
By Emil Dovifat. *Deutsche Verlags-*
M. 15 8¾ x 6; 256 pp. *St*

A well-informed and extremely intelligent sion of American newspaper practice. Dr. D author of previous volumes on journalism in G and in England, came to the United States t American journalism at first hand. He append chapters on schools of journalism.

ASK ME ANOTHER: *Series 2.*
By Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty. *The Viki*
$1.60 8 x 6½; 192 pp. *N*

ASK ME, TOO: *For Young People Up to 15.*
By J. N. Leonard. *The Viki*
$1 8 x 6¾; 119 pp. *N*

THE FOOLISH QUESTION BOOK.
By H. I. Phillips. *Edward*
$1 7¼ x 4½; 128 pp. *N*

Of these books, the most amusing and by Mr. Phillips' capital burlesque of the othe questions and answers are usually grotesquely e gant, but now and then there appears a to searching wisdom, as in this one: *Q.* What former President of the United States is buried Supreme Court? *A.* William Howard Taft.

READINGS.
Selected by Walter De La Mare and Thomas Quay Alfred A
$5 9¾ x 6⅜; 436 pp. *N*

An excellent compilation of excerpts from t terpieces of English prose, intended for the children. The printing is easily legible, and th cuts by C. T. Nightingale leave nothing to be

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.
By Leslie J. Swabacker. *Atwood &*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 149 pp.

A series of uplifting sermons on the usua texts—from Duty, Monogamy, Religio and C to Love and Marriage—written by a loving with the avowed purpose of "arming and a a girl against the world."

THE STORY OF A WONDER MAN.
By Ring Lardner. *Charles Scribn*
$1.25 7½ x 5; 151 pp. *N*

In this burlesque autobiography Lardner i most extravagant mood. The mordant under of his short stories is missing, and he is on a bu holiday, making fun even of his own humor are excellent illustrations by Margaret Freem

BALANCE SHEETS

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VOL. X, No. 2 AUGUST, 1927

The Borzoi BORZOI BOOKS Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

Mornings in Mexico

THERE is, of course, more than one Mexico. There is the Mexico of the tourists who buy holy little silver medals for curiosities, and large straw sombreros to go fishing in, back home. There is the Mexico that excludes all of itself but la Ciudad de Mejico. There is the ancient, magnificent, half-mythical land of the Aztecs. There is the Mexico of the haciendas, the mines, the raids, the peons—oh, that one very especially. And there is the Mexico of *Mr. Lawrence.*

His is, quite naturally, one man's realization: and yet it is the one Mexico which, of them all, might be most apt to recognize itself. From his vantage-point of "one rather crumbly adobe house built around two sides of a garden patio" he has savored the country lazily, wittily, gaily, and at the same time keenly and seriously. The gaiety has been of mind and tongue; the mind has been serious too.

In the patio "there is a little smell of carnations, because they are the nearest thing. And there is a resinous smell of ocote wood, and a smell of coffee, and a faint smell of leaves, and of Morning, and even of Mexico." In this patio the two tame parrots in the trees tease a fat curly little dog named Corasmin, and Rosalino, the mozo, sweeps up leaves with a twig broom and hugs his dark Indian soul to himself. Probably no one ever saw the parrots or Corasmin or Rosalino quite as *Mr. Lawrence* does. In the town, market is held and the Indians come from leagues away. "It is Satur-

(*Continued on page lii*)

The Mountain Man

"SAM LASH, hating his baggy homespun and his coonskin cap, trailed them to Hawkins's gun shop and put most of his money into a rifle twice as heavy as he had ever held, guaranteed to shoot plum center and throw a buffalo in his tracks. He trailed them to the Rocky Mountain House, where all of them hung out, and he sat in the bar listening to their lies. More and more came as it got later and liquor ran free.

"Men threw silver dollars in clattering handfuls on the bar and stood treat to all comers. Sam Lash was a comer every time till he felt like a mountain man himself. He wanted to tell 'em all that he could bark a squirrel as far as he could see one, that he could lick any man his weight, and that he'd never been scared in his life.

"Fiddles played, and yellow girls from *vide poche* were on the floor. Men grabbed them and danced, each his own way, whooping with delight.

"A corner wouldn't hold Sam Lash any longer. He got out in the middle and did a break-down while the crowd patted and stamped and whooped him on. Then he grabbed for a girl that had taken his eye. He thought he owned the house.

"A fist cracked on his jaw. He fell ten feet away, but came up fighting, vaguely aware of a crowd falling back, of shouts, and of a bloody face before him that he longed to smash. Then something hit him from behind, and the world exploded into smithereens of colored light and subsided into oblivion.

(*Continued on page lii*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Verses and Reverses: A Shop-talk

THE Shop-talker is apologetic and not a little sheepish over this month's punning title. But he decides to grit his teeth and bear it, and hopes his readers will do the same, because he can't think of a shorter way to make the title say what it must—namely, that the publication of verse nowadays is decidedly not all beer and skittles. The career of poetry is known from generation to generation to be a hard life for the poet, measured by its material rewards. What is not so generally realized is that poetry-publishing is, from the same point of view, a hard life for the publisher. And by the publisher's "material rewards," pray observe, something more is meant than the purely monetary return. It can go without saying (at least, for those who know anything about it) that poetry can't make money for its publisher if it doesn't for its author; also, that a publisher of any conscience or dignity is always in the business of issuing some books which not only may not, but certainly will not, pay their way. But, with most such books, he has a clear expectation of achieving some sort of result which, as he views it, discounts the financial loss—of accomplishing *some* desirable end or other which would not otherwise have been accomplished. With the unprofitable volume of poetry, it is often otherwise. The consequences of publishing it are often wholly indistinguishable (except for the loss) from the consequences of not publishing it; and, literally, it might as well not have been published. When such is the dismal outcome, the publisher has for the time being a

(*Continued on page l*)

The Ship Sails On

"Now and again the ship righted herself and
the seas back into the thundering ocean to
they belonged, and then the derricks rose lik
low logs above the frothing whirlpool. For p
a minute they would lie a hair's breadth abo
water, then another terrific wave would swee
the ship and the derricks would again be plun
the deep.

"'We'll have to chance the derricks, men!
second mate shouted back to them, and flung
self on to the spar, quick as lightning. Narvik
and Pedro ran out and followed him.

"Manna held the rest back. 'No, wait, you
wait!' he yelled; 'we'll have another sea in
se

"With wonderful sureness the four men ran
the round, slippery spar. With a mighty lea
sprang over to the after derrick, but the sea
when they were half-way down it. A huge
wall rose on the starboard side, stood totteri
instant, then lost its balance and fell like an
lanche upon the ship.

"... The hearts of those looking on stuck
in their breasts. Risör whispered: 'Jesus,
Jes——' when the word was torn from his lips
first three reached the bridge house and clun
to the rail there as the wave swept over th
rick. But Pedro was still a few yards off. T
swept him with it. But when the yellow, glis
spar again appeared above the swirl, they
pair of arms clasping the derrick, a head, a sh
In a flash Narvik was there, grabbed Pedro'
and dragged him into the bridge house. As
so another sea broke over the well.

"... 'Oh thank God,' gasped Manna. 'I
think he'd manage it. Now it's our turn.'

"He stood watching the sea to choose the
moment."

If the sea had swept Pedro away, the ship
have paused a moment in her course—nothing
This unembellished, relentless story of a
steamer on the way to Cape Town from N
is something altogether new in the annals
sea. Centering in a young ordinary seaman,
jamin Hall, it pictures rawly and tensely the n
of a crew's life on board and in port. Men con
go and die violently, lives are wrecked, a h
disease commits its ravages; but that smal
verse, the ship, inexorable and unheeding, sa

THE SHIP SAILS ON. *By* NOR
GRIEG. *Translated from the Norwegian by*
CHATER. $2.50 *net.*

Oriental Encounters

Rashîd the Fair, ex-soldier and devoted servi-
, were to read this book of his one-time master's,
one can doubt that he would say, "It is to our
ater honor, my Lord." Oriental Encoun-
rs is the chronicle of *Marmaduke Pickthall's*
st light-hearted adventuring in the Near East,
en at the age of eighteen he suddenly found
nself let loose in Jaffa with no one's will to follow
t his own—and his own a very ready one for
h adventuring. Certainly the recital of what he
l will disappoint no reader of Saïd the Fisher-
n. Rather, it will be understood why E. M.
rster has said of *Mr. Pickthall* that he is "the
ly contemporary novelist who understands the
arer East." With the invaluable self-attached
shîd on one hand and that jovial fount of wisdom,
leymân, on the other, the author set forth, accept-
g the people of the country and being accepted

them, eating their food, receiving their courtesy,
aring their stories, and learning to think from
eir point of view.

One day a money-belt was stolen, and suspicion
l on the despairing Rashîd. Suddenly Suleymân
peared.

"He heard our story with deliberation, and shook
s head at the police and the detective.

"'No use at all,' he scoffed. 'The one man for
ur purpose is the Chief of the Thieves. I know
m intimately.'

"'Ma-sh' Allah! Is there then a guild of thieves?'

"'There is.'

"'The Sheykh of the Thieves must be the great-
t rogue. I do not care to have to do with him.'

"'You err,' remarked Suleymân, with dignity.
our error has its root in the conviction that a
ief is evil. He may be evil as an individual; all
en are apt to be who strive for gain; but as a
member of a corporation he has pride and honour. With Europeans, it is just the opposite. They individually are more honourable than their governments and corporations. The Sheykh of the Thieves, I can assure you, is the soul of honour. I go at once to see him. He can clear Rashîd.'"

Rashîd was cleared.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS. *By* Marmaduke Pickthall, *author of "Saïd the Fisherman" and "The Valley of the Kings."* $3.50 *net.*

There Was Once a City

"It is told how that City increased in sin and pride, until there arose a Queen more wicked even than her fathers, whose godlessness and abominations made Heaven itself to shudder. In her days the Devil came in person and dwelt in their midst. Then at last was the long-suffering of the Lord exhausted. In one night His judgment descended, and the waves of His wrath swept down the river to remove the offense from His sight, so that not one stone raised upon another should tell, Here was once a City. Only of the wicked Queen it is said that she perished not with the others in the flood, for that the Devil did seize her and carry her down with him into the bowels of the earth."

Out of this legend *Godfrey Turton* has made a story with three protagonists—a queen named Aella, a river named Aella, and a City. Besides these three, he has projected into a mediæval setting and a mediæval theme characters who belong to no day but our own. The effect is one of glowing, intangible reality. No one could truly blame Aella (either one) because the noble Kiralyi of the right bank had never reflected that the city people were not meant to be oppressed. Neither, in fact, had the people reflected so until the idea was put into their heads by Baron Zsido. With the Baron came rebellion and, to help or hinder him, an American called Passmore, another one called Crawford, a lady whose name was Lulu, and a stranger known only as François. When at the very end the river sweeps over the city, *Mr. Turton* has explained the legend to anyone's satisfaction, and yet has most beautifully not explained it at all.

Queen Aella was a lovely madcap girl—unless, perhaps, she was a witch. And the river Aella was nothing but a river—unless, perhaps, it was a goddess. François was only a very young and charming man. But when the river drowned the city, it was he who carried the Queen into the tunnel.

THERE WAS ONCE A CITY. *By* Godfrey E. Turton. $2.50 *net.*

A Frenchman Looks at the Peace

THE Frenchman of the title is *Alcide Ébray*, former diplomatic correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, and his "look" at the Treaty of Versailles makes a volume of 275 pages. Both the point of view and the purpose are sharply enough defined by the title of the original edition in French, which translates into "The Unclean Peace of Versailles: Through Truth to Reconciliation." *M. Ébray's* chapters are part of the post-war renascence of liberal opinion in the countries formerly allied against Germany. It is to be noted, however, that the very publication of such a book by a distinguished Frenchman is an act of moral courage vastly in excess of that demanded by any corresponding declaration from an Englishman or an American. As recently as 1924, it was impossible for a French author, of whatever eminence or repute, to secure in Paris the publication of such a book except through one of the frankly insutgent and propagandist firms. *M. Ébray* refused that, because what he was signing had been conceived and written as a disinterested inquiry into the facts, and he could not consent to see any party label affixed to it in advance. He therefore gave the book its first publication entirely outside France, in Milan. That even a British author would not have been subject to the like necessity is a fact which measures the greater pres-

(*Continued on page lii*)

Verses and Reverses: A Shop-talk

(*Continued from page xlviii*)

pretty vivid suspicion that he is going full speed astern; and he takes to wondering what is the good of publishing poetry.

The reason for this evident lack of outcome is perfectly clear. Poets print their work in small units in a number and variety of poetry-printing magazines over a period of months or years; and a poet who has something to say accumulates by that process an audience of several thousand persons who remember his name, learn to identify his work, and perhaps even expect and look for it. The poet then gathers his eggs and asks a publisher to put them into the one basket of a permanent volume. The publisher does so, and—what happens? Why, the publisher works his head off for five months for the proud achievement of 750 sales to 750 of the (say) 4000 readers who know the poet's work already, and who buy the volume because they know it. The other 3250 refrain from buying the volume—for precisely the same reason.

Please note, this is not a complaint that the poetry magazines take business away from the book-publisher. If it were not for these magazin the sale of the volume would very likely instead of 750.

Is any further explanation needed of why it that many an excellent volume of verse appears the ten-cent counters of bookshops? Neverthele and in the face of the discouraging and apparen unanswerable facts, a publisher is somehow not a to regret his ventures in verse or to change policy toward verse. Events force him into the cu ously inconsistent attitude of deploring the we ness which betrayed him into accepting this volu or that, at the same time that he is militantly pro of his poetry list as a whole.

Our own experience of poetry-publishing exac ratifies the generalization. The poetry on our can be classified as follows, in terms of our o attitude toward it: (1) that which has hardly s at all, and which we are glad we published; (2) t which has sold very well indeed, and which we glad we published; and (3) that which we are li wise glad we published, though we don't know a thing about its sales until we ask the accountan

Imagine trying to measure by sales or by roya statements the legitimate self-esteem of the ho which has its imprint on *Miss Cather's* AP TWILIGHTS! Or on *Miss Genevieve Tagga* WORDS FOR THE CHISEL. Or on the two volu of *Mr. John Crowe Ransom*—CHILLS AND FE and TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS. Or on F FOOTPRINTS by *Elizabeth Coatsworth*, ENGL POEMS by *Edmund Blunden*, *Conrad Aik* PUNCH, and THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC A OTHER VERSES by *George S. Bryan* ("G. S. B. Or on *Mr. Witter Bynner's* six volumes of poe *Miss Edith Sitwell's* three, or *Mrs. Grace Ha Conkling's* two. Or on the COLLECTED POEMS *W. H. Davies* and of *James Elroy Flecker*. so on—for breath and space do not hold out more than a sampling of the list. It ought to obvious, even to those who take a cynical view publishers, that no publisher could possibly re his sponsorship of such poets and such poems. —our word for it—more than one of the volu named would have to be counted among the wor rankest failures if you were to measure it by earning capacity.

Be all this as it may, we publish new volume poetry from time to time, in the future as in past—including first volumes of unknown autho In fact, we signed the contract for one yester afternoon—and had the unprecedented amusem of seeing a young poet nearly fall dead with am ment at the discovery that on every copy of book sold a royalty was going to be paid.

the Days of Iván the Terrible

...E. the swans had been eaten, the servants ... out two by two and returned with three hun... roast peacocks, the tails of which were spread ...ike fans above every platter. Then came fish... smoked meat, cakes with meat and cheese, pan... of every kind, barley cakes, and custards. ...e the guests dined, servants carried around cups ...goblets of mead, liquor of cherries, of juniper, ...vild cherries. Others distributed imported wines, ...nea, Rhine and muscatelle. Special attendants ...ed back and forth, superintending the serving. ...pposite Serébryany sat an elderly boyar, at ...n the tsar was reported to be angry. This boyar ...expecting some punishment, but he had no idea ... form it would take, and he quietly awaited his ... To the surprise of all, Fédor Basmánov carried ...from the tsar a cup of wine.

... Vasíly-sy!',—said Basmánov, 'our great sover... presents you with this cup.'

...he old man stood up, bowed to Iván, and drank ...vine. Basmánov returned to the tsar and said: ... Vasíly-sy has drunk the cup and presents his ...ks.'

...ll rose and bowed to the old man and waited ...im to return their greeting, but the boyar made ...ove. His breathing became labored; his whole ... trembled. Suddenly his eyes became bloodshot, ...ace turned blue, and he fell to the ground.

... The boyar's drunk,'—said Iván Vasílyevich.— ...ry him out!' A murmur ran through the room ... he boyars looked at one another and then dropped ... eyes to their plate without daring to say a single ...l.

...erébryany shuddered. He had not long ago re... to believe the stories of Iván's cruelty and now ...ad himself been a witness of the tsar's horrible ...eance.

... Does the same fate await me too?' he thought. ...old man was carried out and the feast continued, ... nothing had happened. The musicians played, ...bells rang, and the courtiers talked loudly and ...hed. The servants who had been dressed in ...et now returned in brocade jackets. Such ...iges of costumes were one of the features at the ...s banquets. They placed on the table various ...s, cranes with spiced herbs, pickled hens ... ginger, boned chickens, and ducks with cu... bers. Then they served various soups and three ...ls of fish soups; white, black, and saffron kury... After the soup came wood-hen with plums, ...e with millet and blackcock with saffron.

...Then ensued a period of revelling during which the ...sts were served with mead currant, prince's mead, ...ar's mead, and wines, alikant, bastr, and malvazia.

"The guests began to talk in a louder voice, to laugh more frequently. Their heads began to whirl. Serébryany, looking at the opríchniks, saw at a far table the young man who some hours before had saved him from the bear. The prince inquired of his neighbors about him, but no one of the boyars knew him. The young opríchnik, resting his elbow on the table and supporting his head with his hand, was lost in thought and took no part in the hilarity. The prince had almost decided to ask of him from the servant who was waiting on him, when he suddenly heard:

"'Nikíta-sta! Our great sovereign presents you with a cup!'

"Serébryany started. Behind him stood Fédor Basmánov with that same impudent smile and handed him a cup.

"Without hesitating a second, the prince bowed to the tsar and drained the cup to the last drop. All looked at him with curiosity; he himself expected immediate death and was surprised that he did not feel any effect from the poison. Instead of a tremor and a chill, a grateful warmth ran through his veins and drove from him his involuntary pallor. The drink which the tsar had sent was pure old bastr. Iván either had forgiven him or had not yet learned of his encounter with the opríchniks.

"The meal had already lasted four hours but was as yet only half served."

The foregoing, from a tale considered by many critics to be the one considerable historical romance which has come out of Russia, is but a fraction of a single episode. The narrative is tumultuous with action throughout; in the proportion kept between thrilling events and static analysis, it belongs to the mode of QUENTIN DURWARD and THE THREE MUSKETEERS, not to that of the novels which one thinks of as typically Russian. Its historical background is the prolonged struggle between the opríchnina, the secret police of Iván, and the boyars, or landed nobility, who became outlaws in self-protection. An important historical character is Boris Godunov.

Count Alexis Tolstoy (1817–75) was a second cousin of Count Leo Tolstoy. A fact of some interest to American readers is that he was an uncle of the last Imperial Russian Ambassador in Washington, George Bakhmetev. More interesting to more readers will be the fact that a Russian work of such unprecedented readableness and popular quality has found a translator who contrives to preserve entire the color and thrill of the original.

A PRINCE OF OUTLAWS (PRINCE SERÉBRYANY). *By* ALEXIS KONSTANTINOVICH TOLSTOY. *Translated from the Russian by* CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MANNING. $3.00 *net.*

A Frenchman Looks at the Peace

(*Continued from page I*)

sure and intensity of French public opinion since the war, and inferentially the courage required to face and soberly to question the validity of this public opinion.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE falls, when analyzed, into three main divisions: (1) an assessment of the responsibility for precipitating the war; (2) an appraisal of the moral basis of the Treaty; and (3) an inquiry into the effect of the Treaty on the future of Europe. The author's prefatory synopsis of the second of these three parts is as follows:

"That peace was concluded in violation of the Wilsonian principles, and notably of the Fourteen Points, of which the benefit was promised to the vanquished before they laid down their arms; that the Peace was thus an unjust one; that after its conclusion its stipulations were violated, notably by France in the Ruhr, just as the Wilsonian principles had been violated; and that the Peace terms were thus unjustly applied."

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE. *By* ALCIDE ÉBRAY, *Ancien Consul-général et Ministre-résident de France. Translated by* E. W. DICKES. $4.00 *net.*

Mornings in Mexico

(*Continued from page xlvii*)

day, and the white dots of men are threading down the trail over the bare humps to the plain, following the dark twinkle-movement of asses, the dark nodding of the woman's head as she rides between the baskets." Perhaps no one has ever drawn a Mexican market more amusingly; quite certainly no one has found there so much to think about.

There is a hilarious chapter called "Walk to Huayapa" in which Rosalino chaperones his Patrón his Patrona on a mad expedition to an unk village. It leaves one with an impression of ve sun, very fair country, a dirty ridiculous town, ical fruit, shy orange-colored people, and an flowing wit.

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The Mountain Man

(*Continued from page xlvii*)

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